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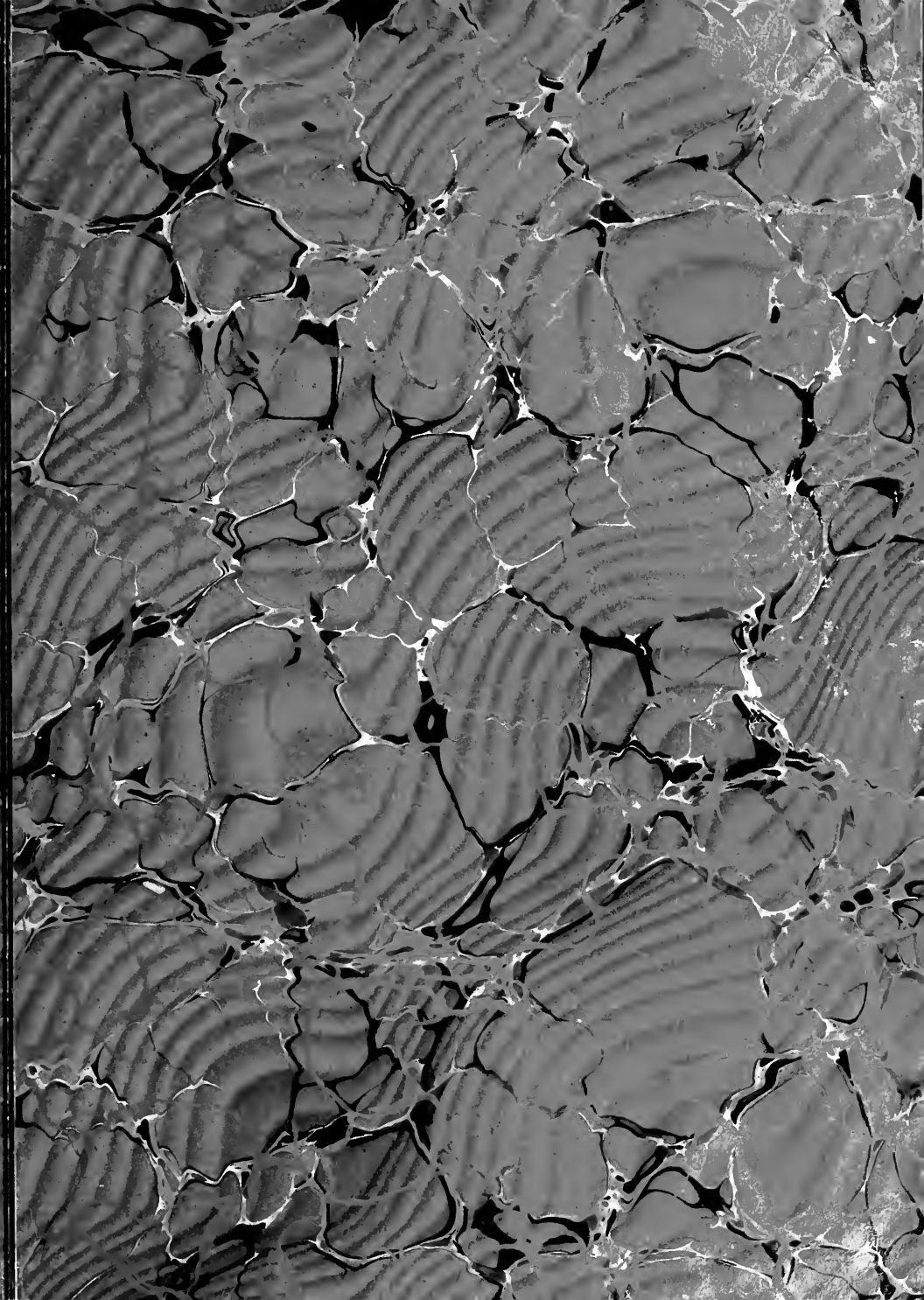
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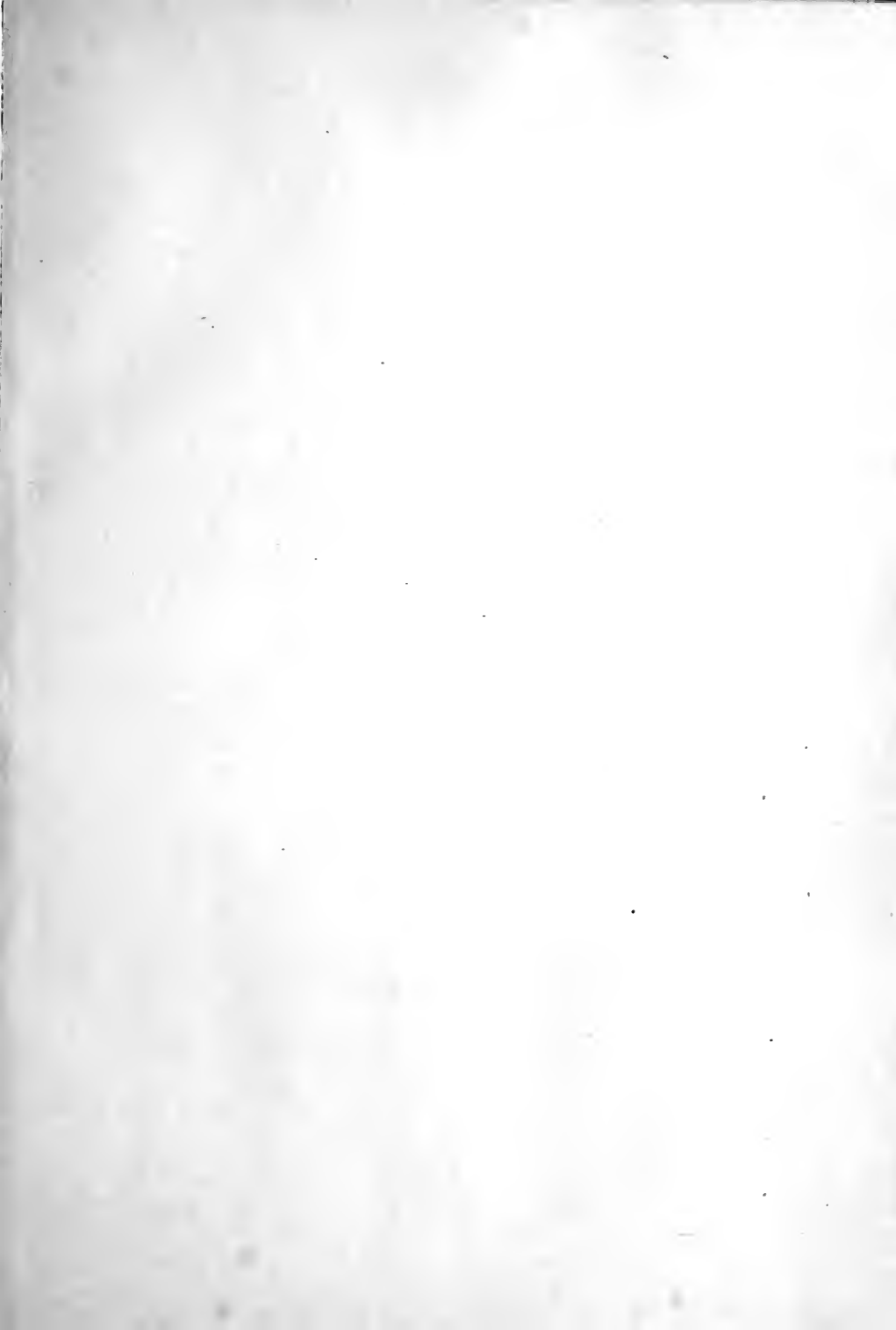
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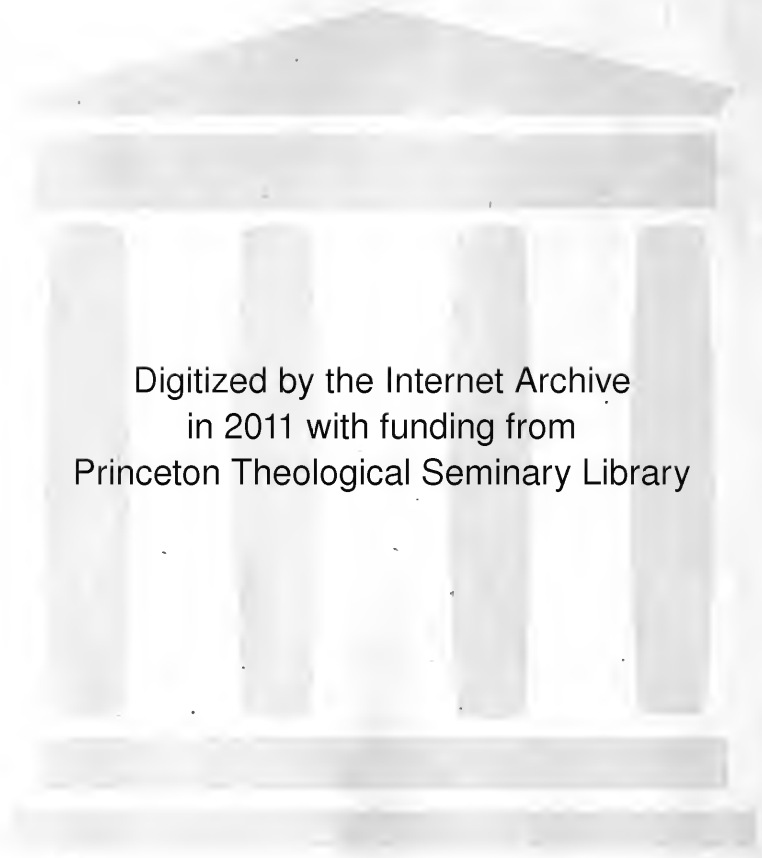
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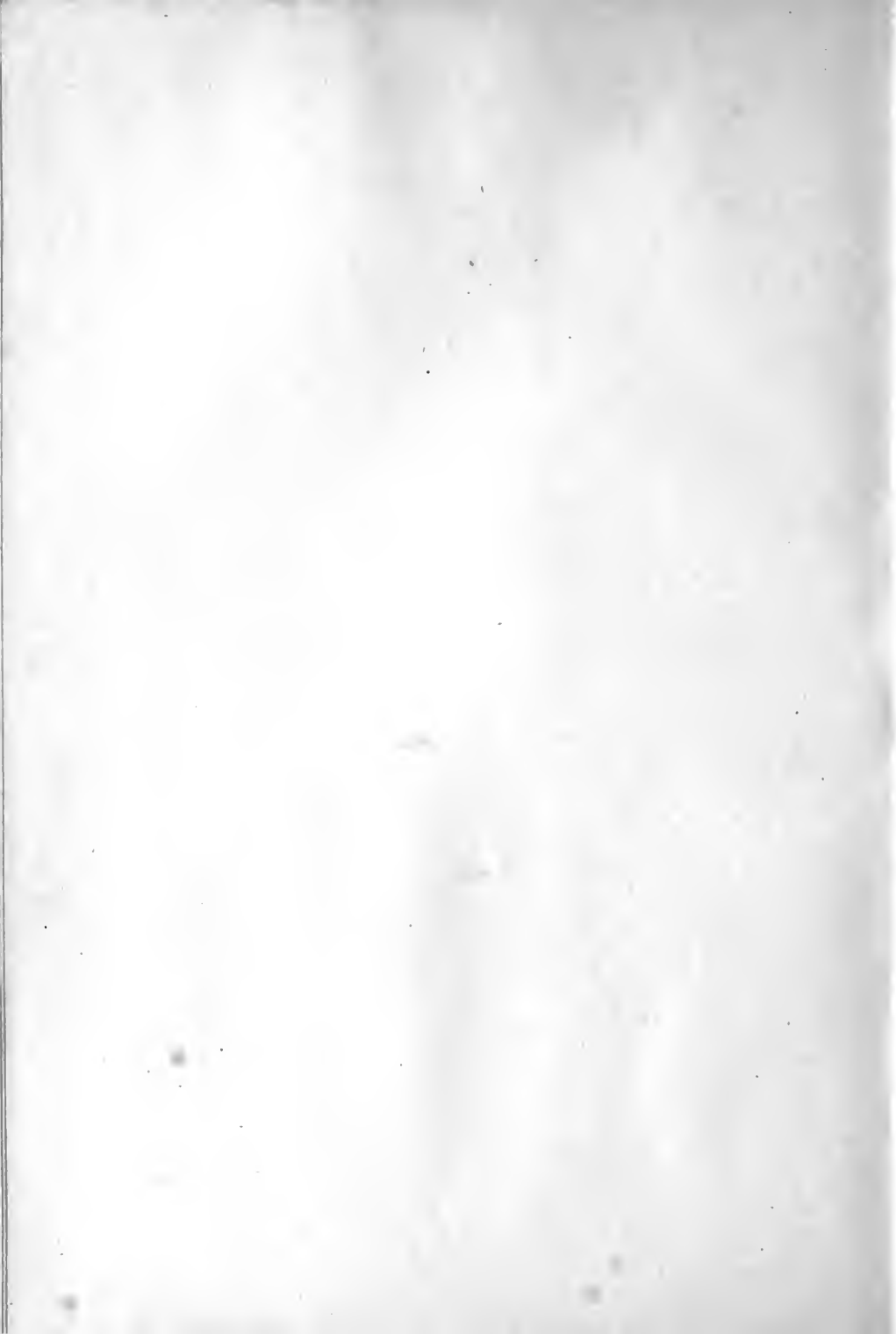




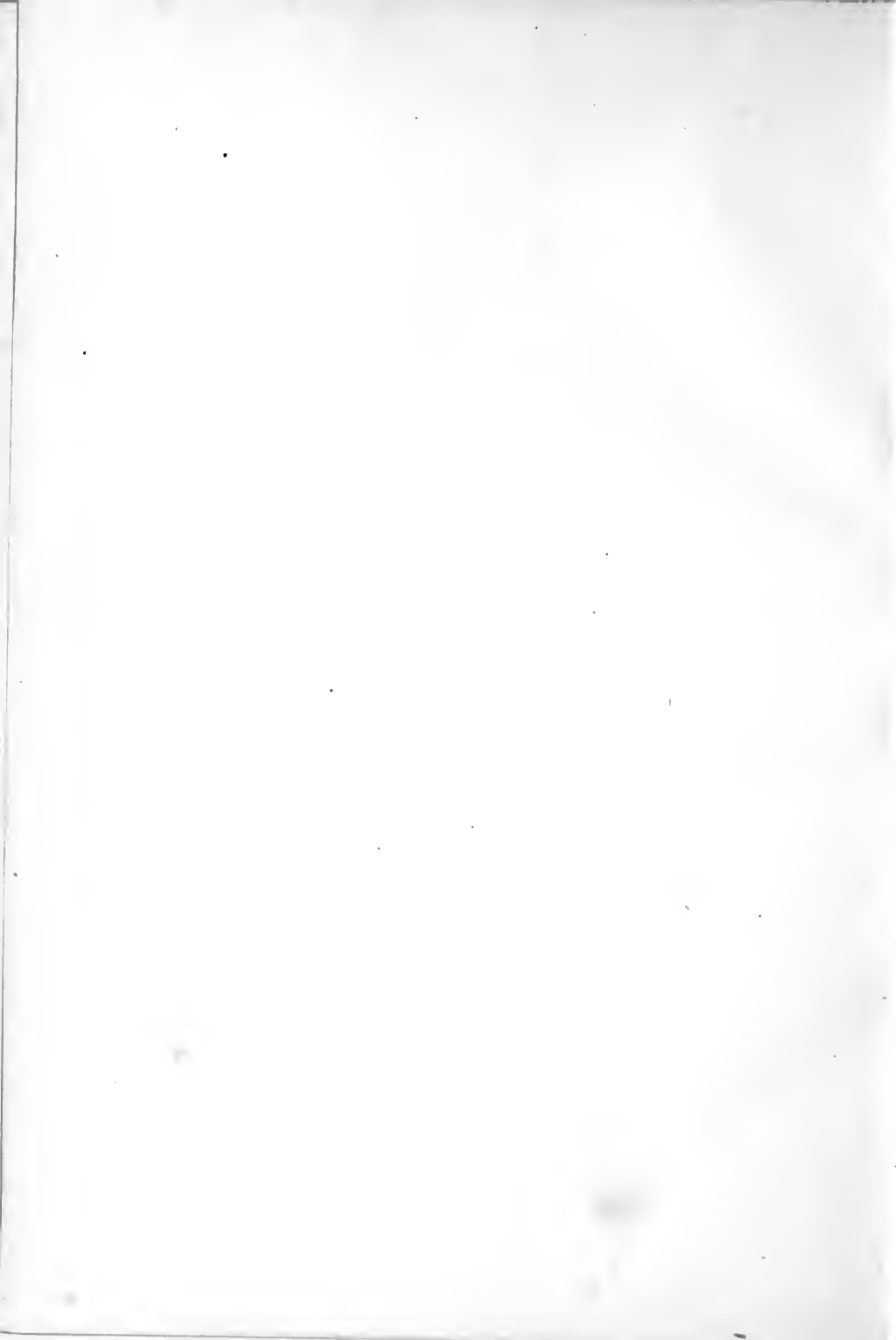


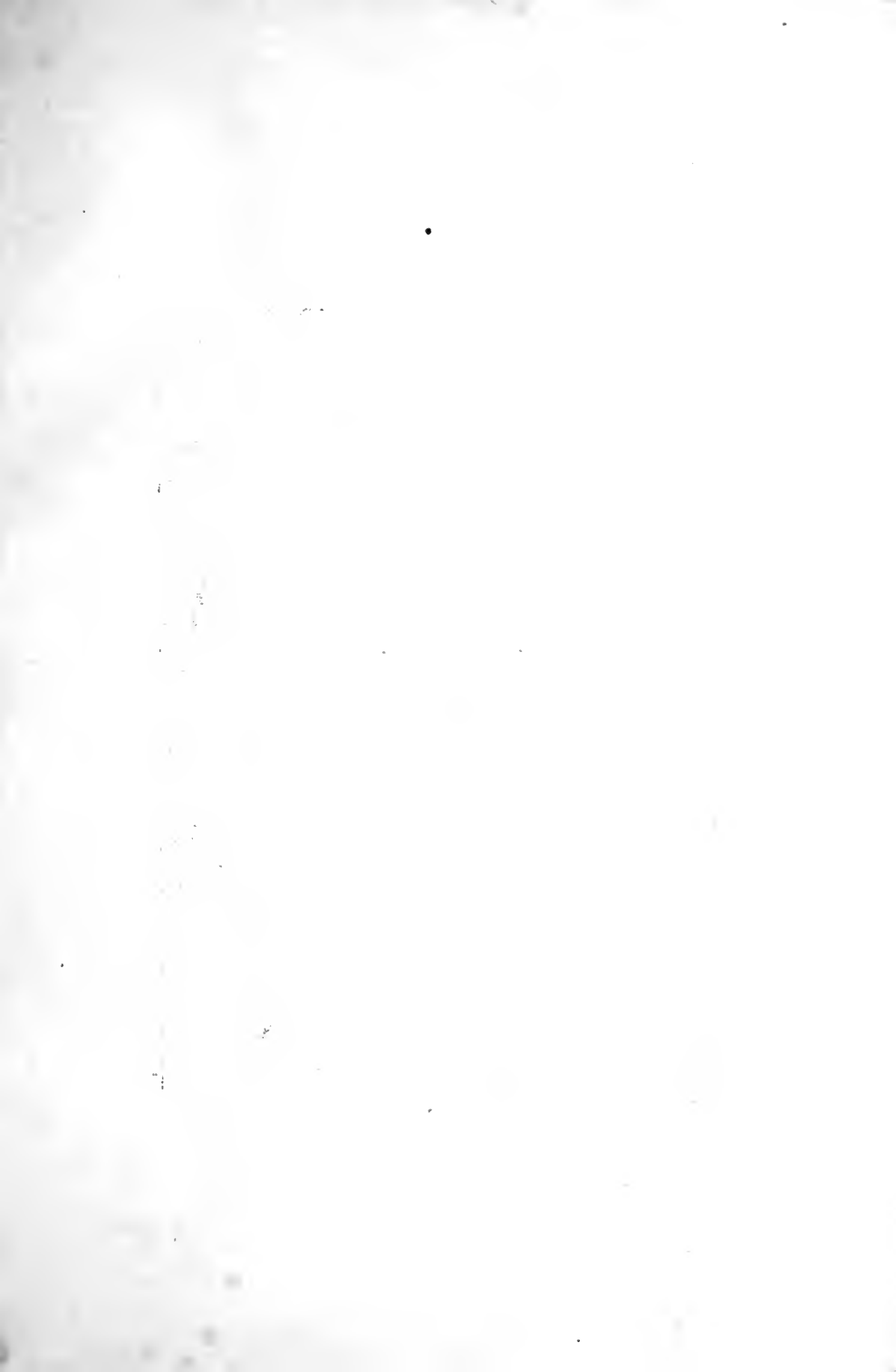
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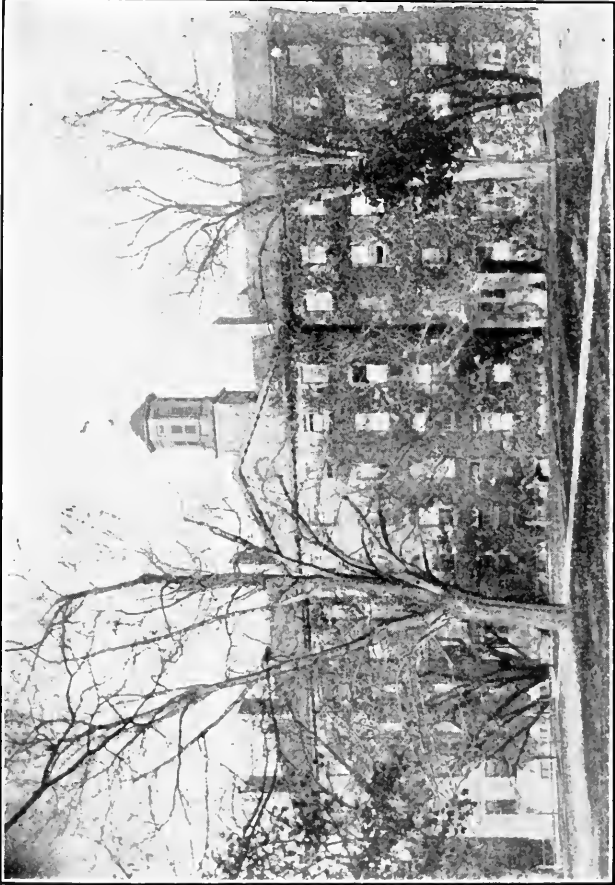












ALEXANDER HALL.

1875 — 1905

Tricennial Record

— of —

The Class of 1875

✓
Princeton

Theological Seminary

W. T. L. By

REV. W. T. L. KIEFFER, D. D., Secretary

1907.



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Corrigenda.

Orthographical and other minor errors scattered through the book are so obviously typographical that they need not be listed here. The over-confidence and precipitate haste of the printer prevented the author from correcting most of them. The reader's charitable judgment is invoked. But especial attention is called to the following:

- Page 12, line 15, read "Oliver" for "Olivir"
- Page 20, lines 21 and 26, read "reverent" for "reverend"
- Page 63, line 17, read "Frederic" for "Frederick"
- Page 66, line 13, read "1885" for "1895"
- Page 67, line 18, read "Sulton, etc." for "Sulton, and"
- Page 70, last line read "third floor" for "second floor"
- Page 71, line 19, read "In May 1879" for "In May"
- Page 144, "Thee" for "the" last line, verse 2.

An Explanation.

The author feels constrained to explain the tardiness of publication. The whole matter has been a gradual development from the time of the Reunion in 1905. Some time was required to gather the data, and then to write the story. Then the matter of having it printed required some correspondence with a number of the brethren; and thus the autumn of 1906 was here before the way seemed clear to print it as our Class book. Arrangement was then made for the printing, with every prospect of an early issue. But the printer's promise has been of the telescopic sort, lengthening out according to his own exigency and making May look as near to him as December. Thus the delay has been as unavoidable as it is regrettable. Meanwhile Goheen has died without seeing the book in which he was interested, and his sketch has had to be rewritten at the last moment. Contrary to expectation the book goes out under date of 1907 instead of 1906.

After the sketches were all printed it was learned that the present address of R. R. Hoes is U. S. Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va., to which he was transferred in March; and John A. McAlmon is reported to have changed from Wilton, N. D., to the churches of Nemaha and Pilgrim, Ia.; but he has not yet responded to inquiry.

The Class Roll.

Ernest Samuel Bayne,	
Hillsboro Manse, Mabou, N. S., Can.	31
Allan Bell, D. D.,	33
Florence, Col.	
George Scott Bell,	35
Annapolis, Md.	
William James Bridges,	37
Conklin, N. Y.	
John A. Carmichael, D. D.,	
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.	40
*John Joseph Casey,	43
James Chambers, D. D.,	
93 S. Broad St. Norwich, N. Y.	46
*Solomon Warner Curtis,	52
*Isaac Davison Decker,	52
Frederic Beal Duval, D. D.,	
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.	58
*Walter Reuben Frame,	64
James Frazer,	
Roblin, Manitoba, Canada.	67
*Joseph Milliken Goheen,	69
Roswell Randall Hoes,	
U. S. Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va.	74
William Thompson Linn Kieffer, D. D.,	
Milton, Pa.	83
Thomas Davies Latimer,	88
Springfield, Ky.	
Egbert Charles Lawrence, Ph. D.,	
36 University Place, Schenectady, N. Y.	90
Joseph William Mann,	93
Philo, Ill.	

John Alexander McAlmon, Wilton, N. Dakota.	95
Johnston McGaughy, Russell, Iowa.	98
*David McLeod,	102
Minot Spaulding Morgan, Elwood, N. J.	105
*Archibald Alexander Murphy,	108
Chester Paul Murray,	
10525 Earle Ave., Cleveland, O.	111
John Murray, Chinanfu, China.	113
John Campbell Oliver, Irwin, Pa.	118
*James Robinson,	121
Mark Rowse, Bath, Ontario, Can,	124
Alexander Gatherer Russell, Oyster Bay, N. Y.	129
Leigh Richmond Smith, Santa Clara, Calif.	132
William Kelly Tully, Media, Pa.	137
Newell Woolsey Wells,	
152 S. 3rd St. Brooklyn, N.Y.	140
*Deceased.	

Our Pictures.

It has been thought that, in this day when books are more or less profusely illustrated, our volume would not be complete without a few reminiscent pictures. On this list some of the buildings which were intimately associated with our course of study have a natural place. They represent fond memories, and speak to us with some of the attractiveness of an old home. As they have come to us in the annual Catalogue of the Seminary we have doubtless found peculiar pleasure in pointing out to our children and friends the location of the room we occupied, and rehearsing some of the incidents associated therewith. We are indebted to the Seminary authorities for the courtesy of using the plates for the pictures of these buildings.

And the old Faculty? Would our book be complete without their pictures? How natural they look! Each has his own pose as we have so often seen it. Will we not all recall some of our experiences in their class rooms?

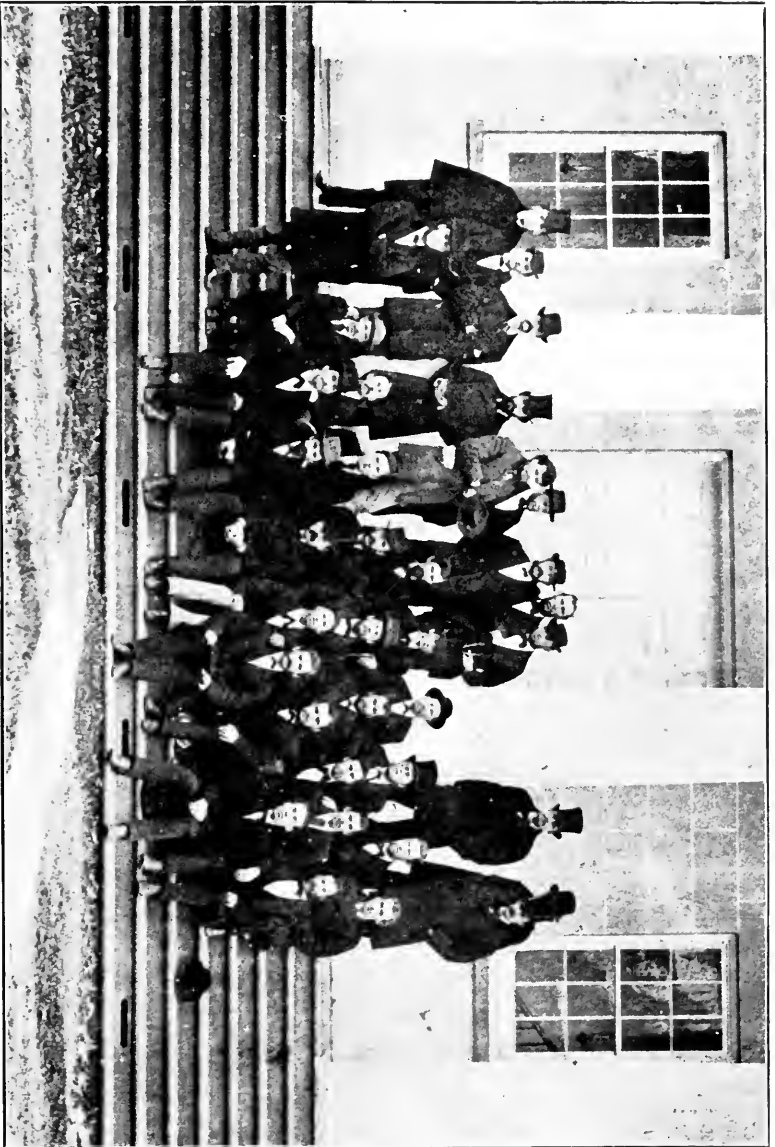
At graduation most of the class exchanged photographs. I obtained twenty-eight out of the thirty-two faces as they were then, and had them grouped on a page where they greet us as of yore. The photographs were all uniform in size and style but one, which accounts for the unusual prominence of that one. Bridges, Duval, C. P. Murray, and Murphy are missing. But the first three appear in the group picture taken of the class in 1872 on the Chapel steps a few months after matriculation, during my temporary absence. Most of the men who were with us in the Junior year only are also in this picture; but we have no picture of Murphy. As a son of the manse was looking at this old picture he

exclaimed: — “ What funny styles ! See their plug hats, whiskers, and old-style clothes ; and I don't believe any of 'em had their trousers pressed. See how this one's bag at the knees, and that one's too ! ” He could not allow for the latter feature because a sharp crease in the trouser belongs to his idea of a well-dressed man today. But we didn't bother about “ the crease ” in those days. Most of us were content just to have the trousers, and were blissfully unconscious of the “ bag in the knees. ”

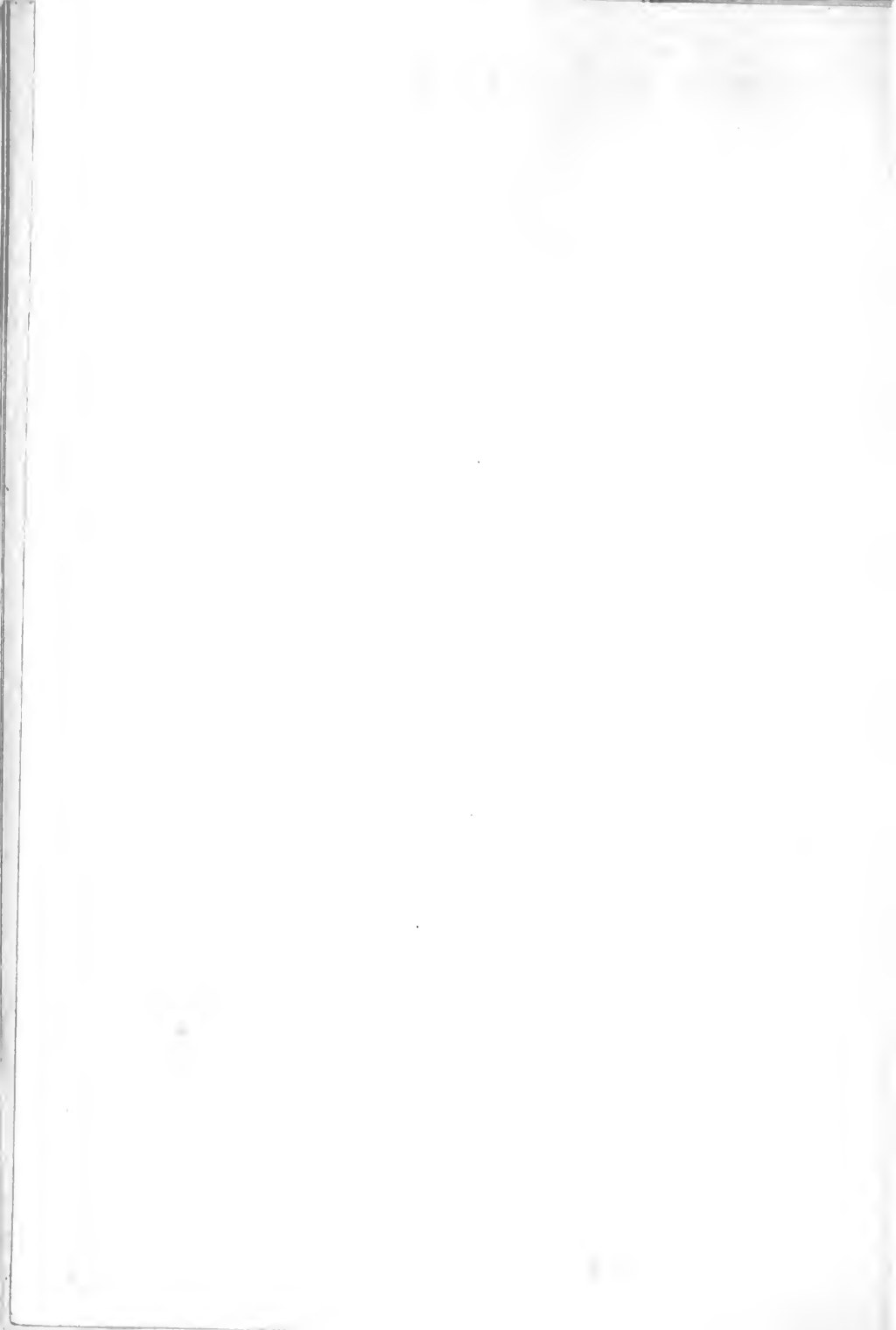
It would be very delightful to have a similar group of our men as they now are thirty years afterward. But this is impossible. The best attainable in that direction is the group of nine who were present at the tricennial reunion. Do you recognize them?

The old picture of Princeton as seen from the front of Brown Hall in 1875 will also be interesting as a memory, and as a contrast with present conditions. Criticism may be made of the old white shacks which make up so much of the foreground of the picture and which would doubtless add more to its beauty by their absence than their presence. But we are looking backward ; and those who have not been back to Princeton since 1875 will quickly recognize the surroundings from the picture as it is. They will then please turn over to the picture of Stuart Hall, and have their hearts cheered by the sight of the magnificent structure which stands where the aforesaid unsightly houses stood. The contrast exhilarates.

The little “ Fish Story ” is not meant to convey an admonition to any of our number who are piscatorially inclined, but to recall a certain occasion in Chapel made memorable by a discourse on John 3 : 14. The fourth point in the analysis does not appear in our picture, which may not even suggest it, as it would be a trifle hard to see “ The Remedy ” to such a predicament !



GROUP ON CHAPEL STEPS. 1872



The Closing Ode of 1875.

All the members of our Class will doubtless recall the Class Supper in the Refectory on the evening of April 26th, 1875. We were then at the parting of the ways, and were exchanging the last looks and words peculiar to such occasions. The program included a Closing Ode from Newell Woolsey Wells, which contributed somewhat to the pleasure of the moment. It has perhaps long since been lost from the hand and memory of most of us. It is herewith reprinted as a pleasant reminiscence, perchance, as the author says, to "bring a smile to the face of some, or help smooth the wrinkles that time has made."

Thoughts crowd upon each other as I take my pen.
(Obedient to the orders of my sage commander,)
To inflict upon your reverend selves again,
Some Rhymes more worthy Mother Goose or Father
Gander.

Full well in such a time my muse sad-eyed
Might find for me " plenary inspiration,"
And linger wearifully at my side
While I inscribed each thought at her dictation.

But why let all our thoughts be sorrowful,
And burdens add to hearts already aching ?
'Tis consolation's sweetest gift to lull
The griefs that crush the heart well-nigh to breaking.

Why let us gaze upon life's sadder phase,
When from those mysteries that so often vexed us—
This theologic labyrinth—that dark polemic maze—
We now come forth to laugh at what perplexed us.

To think how often grieving lips made plaint—
 O'er enigmatic Hebrew Masoretics !
 Or how our hearts grew sick and courage faint,
 When called upon to deal with Homiletics !

Who can forget those dread harassing fears
 That sometime we might turn to Semi-Arians,
 And in the progress of oncoming years,
 Forget that we were Princeton Semi-Narians.

Gone now, forever gone, those visions dire,
 Of chapel sermons—oratory tinder—
 Gone now those notes (mine helped to build my fire
 And proved so dry they quickly burned to cinder.)

Lost now that sweetest note of both the clefs,
 Whose faint low music lulled our souls to slumber,
 And filled our dreams with visionary F's
 And thoughts of angel-voices, passing number.

Gone now old *Teubingen* and all her boys,
 Her philosophic skeptic—e.g. *Baur*,
 With all his tendency to useless noise—
 Eternal thunder storm without the shower!

No more shall BELL with *Monitory* look
 Note down the absent ones who spurned His warning,
 Within that once MOMENT-ous record book
 Now A-BELL only to excite our scorning.

No more shall BAYNE and BRIDGES silently
 To current rumors bid a bold defiance;
 For who that looks upon them can but see
 That tongue speaks false who says " there are no
 giants."

No more shall GEORGE with his melodious tones
Awake *Brown Hall* to thoughts of daily duty;
No more JAI CHAMBERS deal in broken bones,
Or rhapsodize on analytic beauty.

No more CARMICHAEL with beguiling smiles
Shall enter on that tale that has no finis;
Nor CASEY in his *Augustinian* wiles
Trip up the tangled feet of old *Socinus*.

No more shall CURT, with innate modesty
Address the higher powers professorial;
No more our *double* DECKER pass us by
Full rigged on expeditions amatorial.

No more shall FRED. discuss idealism,
Or dote on metaphysical abstractions;
No more shall FRAME dread TULLY'S criticism,
Or bore the *College boys* with his exactions.

No more shall FRAZER waste his vital powers
Indulging in his savory *Havanas*;
No more GOHEEN shall have his temple hours
With shrine as popular as was *Diana's*.

No more shall HOES with great acumen
Discuss the beauties of the *Beecher* trial;
And KIEFFER ne'er shall have the chance again
To pour on *Trenton* all his wrathful vial.

No more shall LATIMER with frenzied zeal
Bore DR. HODGE with theologic questions;
No more shall LAWRENCE in his humor deal,
And trouble SMITH with critical suggestions.

No more MCLEOD shall from his airy heights
 Pour down on us his analytic showers;
 No more MCGAUGHEY cull the far world lights
 To deck his sermon and display his powers.

No more MCALMON shall exhaust his strength
 In picking dates from withered limbs of history;
 And MANN, no *longer*, shall bewail his *length*
 In strains that rival Orpheus' own in mystery.

No more shall MORGAN, veriest Israelite,
 Rattle the Hebrew off like any Moses;
 Nor C. P. MURRAY, our class anchorite,
 Grow pale and wan from telegraphic doses.

No more shall JOHN'S shrill whistle greet the ear
 Of doting lovers or of trembling debtors;
 Nor OLIVIR crack ghastly jokes and jeer,
 When *Schneckenbuger* holds the class in fetters.

No more shall ROBINSON in mines of truth
 Expect to find some bright material jewel;
 Nor ROWSE play foot ball with his neighbor's mouth,
 Or leave his broken nose for Time's renewal.

No more shall RUSSELL through the long, long hours,
 Enrage poor BAYNE with sundry dissonances;
 Nor SMITH be bored when TULLY tries his power
 Indoctrinating fancied audiences.

And STAHL, who found behind the legal bar
 No spirits whence to draw his inspiration,
 Shall be allowed to perpetrate no more
 Such wretched puns about his *in-stall*-ation.

And WELLS, your last and youngest one, shall bore
Your wearied ears but just a moment longer;
Then shall he too retire, and nevermore
Disgrace your honored body as rhyme-monger.

No more ! No more ! The words we often sing,
And laughing toss them from our lips uncaring ;
'Tis only in the echoes, as they ring
Through throbbing hearts, we know their full sad
bearing.

Ah ! Classmates, when I think these days are flown,
Passed backward — gone forever and forever,
I wonder not the smile would change to moan,
And eyes would ease with tears the heart's hot fever.

Life's partings hold the bitterness of death !
Life's farewells all its agony — its paining :
A breaking heart hides oftentimes beneath
The sweetest smile or word of blithest meaning.

So words of cheer, and laugh, and merriest art
May hide our pains till others may mistake them ;
As sweetest notes fall from the swan's full heart
When Death's cold hand sweeps o'er the strings to
wake them.

The cloud more royal in its amethyst
Than Kingliest King, may gleam with even's glory—
As though God's self had left His eucharist—
But tears alone can tell the cloud's true story.

But we whose hearts brought close together now
In this last hour of meeting and of parting,
Can hear through laughter, full sad sobs below,
And see through smiles the bitter tear-drop starting.

Let us in parting find a closer bond
Than three short years of meeting have afforded ;
Let heart clasp heart tho' lips may not respond,
Or speak the love in Heaven alone recorded.

*And so farewell, my classmates! May the Friend
Above all others guard you till the story
Of Life's sad crosses finds its blessed end
In Christ's sweet crown and Heaven's eternal glory.*

Our Class Reunions.

In 1885 the Tenth Anniversary of our graduation was observed ; but information is lacking as to the number in attendance. The beautiful hymn composed by Newell Woolsey Wells for the occasion is so appropriate to present purposes that it has been placed at the close of this volume as a timely expression of our grateful praise to Him who has brought us on our way, and in Whom our hope still is.

On May 7, 1895, our Twentieth Anniversary, there were present at the Class Reunion, at Princeton Inn, Bridges, Lawrence, Morgan, and Wells ; and Tully joined the group at the Alumni Dinner the next day. Six present, and letters were read from Carmichael, Curtis, Decker, and McLeod.

On May 8, 1900, our Twenty-fifth Anniversary, the Class Reunion was held in the parlor of Hodge Hall. There were present Kieffer, Lawrence, Morgan, Murphy, Russell, Stahl, and Wells,—seven. Letters of greeting and regret were read from Bridges, Carmichael, Chambers, Curtis, Decker, Duval, and J. Murray,—seven. Fourteen in all. At the Alumni Dinner the seven who were present sat together, and Wells responded for the Class of 1875. At this Reunion three deaths were reported, viz., J. J. Casey, W. R. Frame, and David McLeod.

On May 9, 1905, our Thirtieth Anniversary, nine were present, viz., Geo. S. Bell, Bridges, Duval, Kieffer, Lawrence, Morgan, J. Murray, Russell, and Wells. Letters were read from Bayne, Carmichael, Goheen,—also from Henry Bruen, and Arthur Johnson who belonged to us in the early part of the course. The special features of this Reunion will appear in the fol-

lowing narrative which covers the period of three decades, in which the story of the living and the dead is briefly told. No effort has been made in this sketch to trace the record of those who dropped out of our class before graduation. A glance at the group given in the picture taken in the Junior year will recall a considerable number of these latter men.

After Thirty Years.

On April 27, 1875, a Class of thirty-two young men received their diplomas from Princeton Theological Seminary and started upon the work of the Christian ministry.

This class began the Course in 1872 with forty-five members enrolled in the Junior year; dropped to thirty-eight in the Middle year; and to thirty-two in the Senior. After thirty years of service near and far, nine of them met again on the old Campus on May 9, 1905. It was indescribably pleasant to look once again into the same faces and hear again the same voices, the only lack of the occasion being the absence of the large majority. A complete Reunion seems impossible because of the widely scattered residences of the men composing the Class, and the as yet undeveloped condition of flying machines.

Doubtless the same group will never again assemble on earth; for there will always be at least one who cannot be present.

The tantalizing feature of such reunions is the brevity of time allowed for conference and fellowship. The Commencement exercises and the Alumni Dinner consume nearly the whole day and prevent much social mingling. By dint of effort we finally got together for a brief meeting in one corner of the old "Oratory" which is now the Seminary Parlor. When Geo. S. Bell, Bridges, Duval, Kieffer, Lawrence, Morgan, J. Murray, Russell, and Wells gathered there, heard letters read from some of the absent ones, exchanged inquiries about the rest, talked over bygone incidents, it really seemed impossible that we were no longer boys, but veterans in service !

Although the old Oratory is completely changed and bears no resemblance to the Prayer Hall of our Seminary days, yet the identity of the place grew so real under the sound of our familiar voices that one could easily recall the evening prayers or the Sabbath afternoon "Conference;" see the incoming students and the venerable Professors, and hear the service. There is the old desk still, and the chair in which Dr Charles Hodge sat when giving his Conference talks !

One could almost see and hear him ! How memorable the scene ! There sat the Faculty on Sabbath afternoons,—Drs. Hodge, Greene, McGill, Casper Hodge, Aiken and Moffat. What earnest talks they gave us, and how unconsciously we were receiving an inspiration for future life and service ! Few, if any of us, can ever forget the gracious personality of Dr. Charles Hodge, or the impression made thereby upon us. We may not remember all the wise and good things he told us ; but we always will remember the fine spirituality of his presence and doctrine. The living person, thoroughly filled with the truth and power of Christ, is after all mightier for good with men than any words can be ; and has any of us ever known or felt a finer personality than that of Dr. Charles Hodge ? Excellent as were his associates in the Faculty, they were easily excelled by him. How often at those memorable Conferences we wondered where he would find anything to say on the subject after all the other able Professors had had their turn at it. And lo ! when he got to speaking, the wonder was that any one else had said anything on it ! No honest young man could listen to him, especially when he was wrought up by the intense feeling of his address, without being assured that with him the religion of Jesus Christ was far more than a theory and was a vital and vitalizing fact. Such an object-lesson is worth tons

of doctrine from a man whose grasp of religion is merely speculative and not experimental.

We used to think that our Seminary life was a dull and heavy one; and perhaps for certain reasons and in certain ways it was so. We heard heavy sermons and prosaic lectures; and our spirituality was in peril of oozing away at times. Theologues are chronic growlers and "knockers." Few things suit them. They seem built to find fault. They feel themselves competent to sit in judgment on the great preachers and teachers; and they do not hesitate to pass sweeping judgments. They know no better. But after a few years in actual service as ministers, in constructive work of their own, they see things differently and are apt to think it was a rare chance they had in those good old days when they were pupils of the great preceptors and preachers. 'Twas so that day we nine sat close together in the corner of the Oratory! How meekly we could listen again to some of the counsel which once may have bored us! Here we are, thirty years out, painfully aware that we have fallen far below the standard set us; and we dare not ask ourselves how often our preaching has been counted faulty! Howbeit we thank God that we had such men to teach us.

But now they are all gone and new men are in their places. It seemed rather fitting than otherwise that the old Oratory and recitation rooms should have passed to other service with the passing of the old Faculty; peculiarly so that the platform and desk of the Oratory should be preserved inviolate as souvenirs of a rich Past, landmarks to men who, as they grow old in years, appreciate the things that have been. When a student it was hard to think that the Seminary could become so changed; and here at the rounding out of our third decade is a new and larger—can I

say stronger—Faculty, and a new and brighter material equipment.

Moved as by a mysterious gravitation in the earlier part of the morning, Bell, Bridges, Morgan, and myself went down to the cemetery and stood by the graves of our revered teachers, recalling their points of strength and weakness and various incidents of experience under them. As we were walking around in the balmy May morning a younger minister joined us while standing at the tomb of Jonathan Edwards. He told us that while a student at the University he and several others were detailed to escort a party of distinguished foreigners to the notable places in Princeton. They had gone the round and then informed the eminent tourists that that was all. A venerable Scot I think it was, showing some disappointment in his face, said there was one place he had always hoped to see, if he should get to Princeton. Being told this was the graveyard, the boys smothered their self-reproach and headed the party for the historic spot where lie so many of America's eminent scholars. The visitors preserved a reverend manner as though treading on holy ground while going from grave to grave; and, when they came to that of Jonathan Edwards, by a spontaneous movement their hats were removed, and with bared heads they stood in reverend silence, thus paying tribute of esteem to the memory of one whose intellectual supremacy they had long appreciated from afar. The young men, who had never thought of the graveyard as an interesting exhibit, were strangely impressed by the scene and have never forgotten it. One naturally feels a stirring of memory in that spot, and comes away with a desire to live more worthily.

They who have not been back to Princeton since 1875 will be interested to know that, while the place is the

same as of yore, there have been some marked changes in detail. "Old Sem.," whose corner-stone was laid in 1815, and which was first occupied in the autumn of 1817, has been renovated and modernized; and is now known as Alexander Hall. It ranks with the present generation as a choice dormitory instead of the dismal cloister it seemed in our day. The removal of Class work to the large and well-lighted recitation or lecture rooms in Stuart Hall has relieved "Old Sem." of its congestion and noise, and given it more of the air of agreeable residence. Not far away stands Hodge Hall—or on near the site of the "Gymnasium," so-called, of our day; and it holds pre-eminence as the theologian's place of habitation. It is a massive stone edifice of modern style and equipment; and, if the comforts of living will produce more virile scholars and efficient ministers than came out of the days of "plain living and high thinking," then may we confidently expect a race of notable preachers. Meanwhile it must be admitted that the plain "Old Sem." of long ago turned out some whose names have a luster not easily excelled.

Another massive stone structure stands opposite the entrance to Brown Hall, where formerly stood the little frame buildings known as the habitat of the "Zaph Club." This is Stuart Hall, which is appropriated to lecture-room purposes. In all its details it is solid and durable as the name it bears, and its accommodations are certainly a vast improvement over the dingy rooms we had for lectures in our day. One almost wishes he could be a student again in order to enjoy the improved facilities for study. The old Chapel has not been materially changed, and seems quite homelike,—or would do so, if one of the old Professors were in the pulpit. The Refectory still holds its ground, and is redolent with the memories of other days. The lawn and the trees

are beautiful in the light of the fair May morning and give to the surroundings a quiet charm not soon forgotten. One soon observes the development of the vicinity.

On my "Study" wall hangs a picture of Princeton as seen from the front of Brown Hall in 1874. In the forefront are the aforesaid Zaph buildings as the most prominent feature, serving as a realistic recollection of my boarding-place for two years; and beyond are pasture lots with a few kine luxuriating in the pastoral repose; and further still is the Rail Road Station with a column of steam rising from the engine; and on the other side of it are the few College buildings visible. But now those lots are built up in solid streets and the College, or University Campus is so extended in area and so filled with large and costly buildings as to make the old picture look very primitive and dwarfed.

It is very interesting to an old-timer to get back there and look over the familiar scenes; but if he has permitted himself to forget that the world keeps moving on, he may not at once know himself when he reaches the place. But he will rejoice to see all the visible signs of material advancement, hoping withal that there has been corresponding progress in the methods of work and in the whole life of the institution. He will be gratified to learn, however, that all this external improvement is not the sign of a change of the doctrinal system. The old truths are only studied under new conditions, but are not improved upon. Arrangements having been made with a photographer to have The Nine photographed, we repaired to the front of Hodge Hall where the light seemed best for the purpose. "Jai" Murray protested against having a stone wall as our background and a faded window-shade as the inartistic decoration. He craved the living foliage for the background. But the photographer must have his way,

as such men mostly do; and so we were taken right there on the stone steps. The picture was a success and is now a valuable souvenir of the Thirtieth Anniversary, at least to all the participants. Lawrence characteristically called it "a group of ministerial wall flowers," and "a bunch of whiteheaded daisies." I do not know what others may have done with it by way of experiment; but I found much amusement in asking friends to identify in the group the pictures taken of the same men in 1875. Unfortunately I did not have the earlier pictures of Bridges and Duval; but of the other seven few were identified, so greatly had their appearance changed. Lawrence and Wells have increased their girth so as to be far beyond the suggestion of the old picture; and the rest have changed enough with age to bother the guesser. People were greatly interested in the contrast of then and now; but could hardly accept the identification in several cases.

Our only regret about this picture is that it did not contain more of our men. An exchange of recent photographs would be a most interesting complement to the exchange of long ago! Why not do it? The mails are handy.

What memories are stirred when long separated students thus get together! On the previous evening Bell, Bridges, Kieffer, and Morgan assembled in a room in the Inn, and while the younger ministers were having reunions of their Clubs in the dining-rooms below, we sat and talked and talked of the absent men and the days that are gone! How fast the evening sped away! How it reminded us that we were not the youths that we once were; for late hours were found to consist ill enough with the habits and tastes of our more venerable brethren. But if all our living members had been there, doubtless the fraternal exchange of reminiscences

and experiences would have defied ordinary bed-time regulations. Such a reunion is apparently impossible; but what a pleasure it would be! At the Alumni Dinner we sat together and shared the enjoyment of the occasion. As will be observed in the sketch of Jai Murray, he was made spokesman for our Class; and well did he perform his part. He held the attention of the large assemblage, though immediately following a speech that had convulsed it with humor, and himself telling simply a few facts from the front. It was a truly gala time, perhaps the best Alumni festivity within my personal experience; and, if there had been more time for our own Class-fellowship, there would have been nothing to mar the pleasure of it. But one could not exclude the thought that we could not hope to be together on similar occasions. The years will scatter us to the far ends of the earth! The speeches over, farewell handshakings fervently given, there was a general rush for train. But before the final separation occurred the writer was appointed Secretary-Treasurer in place of I. D. Decker, deceased; and a tacit understanding obtained that somehow there might be realized not only a closer bond of fellowship in the years ahead, but also a more complete knowledge of our men during the years that have been. The discovery having been made that all the expense incurred in previous attempts at Reunions had been quietly borne by President Minot S. Morgan, the task was assigned the Treasurer of collecting funds to cover said outlay. Brother Morgan would not consent to other liquidation than the expense of the 1905 Reunion.

Pursuant to this arrangement the Secretary sent out in June a circular letter to all of the Class whose addresses he had. Satisfactory replies came back from the majority of the living members, some promptly, some

tardily. By a persistent use of the mails all have been located; but several have failed to reply to the request for an epitome of their career, as will be seen in the reading of the narratives which are arranged in the order of Class enrolment. Had all been prompt, the history might have been prepared sooner; but the writer was most reluctant to omit any from the sketch, and has therefore spent more time in searching for those who have not responded. From the epitomes received he has constructed the following brief biographical sketches of twenty-three of the twenty-five living members of the Class of 1875; and has at least told why the missing are not properly written. C. P. Murray and Smith did not furnish data.

The record will speak for itself; and the perusal of it will have an interest for each surviving member. We have been scattered pretty well over the earth and have worked under very varied conditions. City, town, country, frontier, and foreign field—North, South, East, and West—have all been represented in our service for the Master. Although no name has as yet attained the rank of a brilliant star, commanding national and international applause, yet our average is not to be deplored nor despised. It is ever gratefully remembered that the final plaudit of the Master is promised “the good and FAITHFUL servant;” and on that basis our narrative looks creditable and shows hopeful outlook. We need only pray for grace to continue in well doing unto the end!

Although our Class has furnished a fair quota of sons for the ministry, yet we seem to illustrate the common tendency of the sons of the manse to seek their careers in the more remunerative callings of secular life. From among the younger lads in our families, who have not yet reached the years of decision, there

may yet come some to take their fathers' places; but there is no rush to the ministry. Frame has contributed a son to Medical Missions in Persia, and another son is in the Seminary; Goheen has given a son to Medical Missions in India; Duval a daughter to Missions; Morgan and Murray have each a son in the ministry; and Kieffer, Mann, McGaughey, and Russell have each one either in the Seminary or contemplating the ministry. The record is encouraging; and possibly the next reunion may chronicle accessions to the group, or perchance grandchildren may rise up in the years unseen and assure the honor of our memory!

We were much impressed by the fact that seven of our number have died during the three decades, viz., John J. Casey in 1886; S. W. Curtis in 1903; I. D. Decker in 1903; W. R. Frame in 1890; David McLeod in 1898; A. A. Murphy in 1905; and James Robinson in 1897. At the time of our Reunion Murphy was lying very ill, though we did not know it and were wondering why he was not with us. He died a few days afterwards. By the aid of the Necrological Reports issued by the Alumni Association the essential points in the careers of these beloved dead have been thrown into a brief sketch of each; and they appear in the order of enrolment. The effort to trace the widows was successful in the case of four, viz., Curtis, Decker, Frame and McLeod; and they rendered material assistance with data and their cordial interest in the undertaking. Murphy and Robinson never married.

We recall all of these brethren very pleasantly, and cannot now think of them as other than victors in the great work to which they and we were given. We cherish the hope of meeting and knowing them again in the deathless service of the Master in the as yet unknown errandry of his saints in glory!

The writer has tried, for the sake of Auld Lang Syne, to bring together some information about his Classmates since graduation, hoping that thus there may be fostered a spirit of fellowship which hitherto has found no expression, though doubtless felt by most of us. No attempt has been made to give biographical information of the pre-Seminary period of the several members, as that would have expanded each sketch to prohibitive length. Even though we may never meet again on earth, and very few ever see each other and at best but seldom, yet it must encourage kindly mutual interest to have in such concrete form definite information of past service and present appointment of the several members. How often I have wished I knew where our men were, and what they were doing, and how they have fared! Doubtless few have known anything about others. The writing of this sketch has been with me a labor of love indeed; and if it shall accomplish its purpose in a closer mutual fellowship, ample reward will be realized. Much meditation upon the data furnished by the several members, mostly in their own penmanship, has made time and distance seem to vanish, and the living members stand before me as of old. The work has brought them all very near to me in spite of the years lying between. Memory has been stirred, and incidents associated with the individual men have been revived. But how impossible are memory's creations! For naturally we fail to appreciate the changes of the years in the forms and faces of the several men. It suffices to think of the men as we knew them; and when a letter comes from Nova Scotia from Bayne, or from Manitoba from Duval or from Frazer, or from N. Dakota from McAlmon, or from any other distant brother, bless you, it makes one thrill with the sense of living touch; and he forgets it is

thirty years since he saw them! May the reader feel some such sense of fellowship as these confidential pages are perused. It may seem a trifle common-place to have our pastoral itineraries narrated; but only so can we know how time has treated us, or how we have used it.

I have carefully abstained from embellishing the sketches with artificial graces, and have tried simply to pass on the data furnished me, meagre or full. There is no monotony, but a variety limited only by the number of men involved. The reader will not find in one narrative a hint as to the one next following. It is wonderful how varied the story of men's lives is. The tracing of three decades of those whom we have known so well can not fail to interest us. Disappointments and surprises confront us in these pages. Early promise has not been fulfilled in some cases, while in others excellent results have exceeded expectation. No study is more interesting than just "people," especially those with whom you have common interests and aims.

It has been thought wise to print our history in pamphlet form so as to keep the cost moderate. Should any person wish to have a copy more tastefully and durably bound, he can easily gratify his preference by calling the nearest book-bindery into service. Presumably we have passed the display-period, and wish the printed matter chiefly. Those of us who survive can add to the record the data for each five or ten-year period. And to this end the suggestion seems apropos that, if any one changes residence or has any noteworthy experiences and incidents, he would be contributing to history and the facility of tracing it by notifying either the President or the Secretary of such noteworthy facts. Considering the inherent difficulties involved, there has been gratifying success in gathering

the data for the first three decades. It is greatly regretted that any have failed to respond to the appeal of Auld Lang Syne.

This backward glance stirs memory. But it does more; for it also awakens hopes. What the years shall bring us of joy and sorrow, of service and reward, none can say. An undertone of sorrow is distinctly perceptible in these narratives. Our lives have shared the experiences of the people we have served. That which has been will be. And now we are beginning to think of that coming blessed time, when, the service over, we shall have that Reunion which never ends in the fellowship of our Lord, of the great and good, of our own beloved, and of one another! If it has been a joy to preach Christ here, how much greater the joy to be forever with Him there! May He keep us all true and faithful during life; and then bid us HOME!

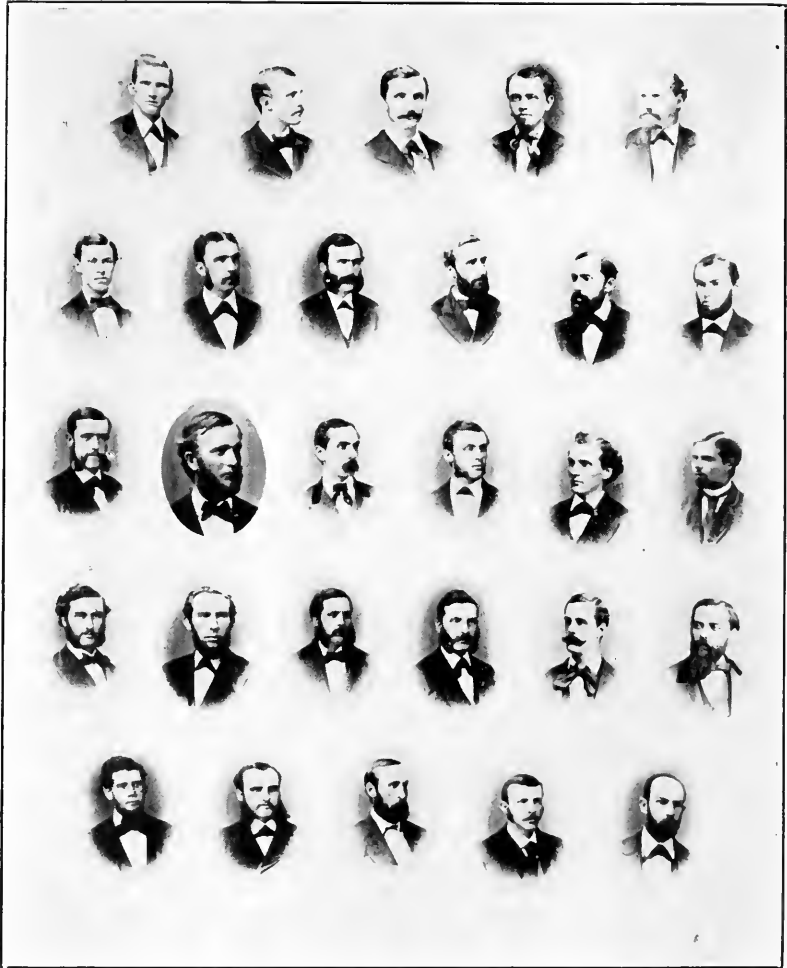
Believing these sentiments to be the common thought and wish of all who have contributed to this history, your Secretary commits his work to you and your children—and grandchildren! And writes himself the humble and obedient servant of all. In the bonds of Christ, of sacred memories, and of precious hopes,

Yours ever,

W. T. L. Kieffer.







Biographical Sketches of Individual Members.

Ernest Samuel Bayne

Born in Londonderry, N. S., Can.

Address—Hilsboro Manse, Mabou, N. S.

For three full years he smiled upon us out of the exuberance of his kindly nature and shared the labors of the Seminary course. Large of stature and vigorous of body and mind, gracing well the head of our roll, he is easily remembered. Since graduation he has labored upon his native heath, without interruption, to the present time. After a few months in mission work in the Maritime Provinces he became pastor in Murray Harbor, Prince Edward Island, on January 18, 1876, remaining there eight years and three months. His next pastorate was Middle Musquodoboit, from April, 1884, to March 30, 1890. After a brief interval of Supply work he became pastor of Mabou and Port Hood, December 30, 1890; and has therefore spent half of his ministry in one pastoral charge, a fact which nowadays indicates good wearing qualities. His two congregations are twelve miles apart. He is a faithful Presbyterian and has a large share of Presbyterian work. He has been "Convenor" of their S. S. Committee for over ten years. On May 27, 1879, he married Isabella Munro, Valley Field, P. E. I. Their vine has been fruitful and has gladdened them with eight children. Duval holds first honors in this particular, but has a close second in Bayne. The children's names are: 1. Alexander Herbert, who died in infancy. 2. James Hector, who died May 1, 1900, at

the age of twenty years. 3. Margaret Munro, who died May 8, 1900, at the age of seventeen years. 4. Robert—a clerk in the Bank of Montreal, Port Hood. 5. Thomas, at home attending school. 6. Mary, who is taking a course in musical instruction in Toronto. 7. Gladys, and 8. Lily, both at home attending school. We see our brother's experience has been marked with the interplay of sunshine and shadow; but we remember that in the final making of the true man of God the discipline of sorrow may count more than unclouded joy. These records will show that we have all had our touch of the rod wherewith our Father chastens His own whom He would fit for His service. Bayne has never been back to Princeton; but he still cherishes warm affection for it, and has vivid memory of our three years' course. He especially mentions our graduation day, with its never-to-be-forgotten scene of farewell on the Campus when Dr. Charles Hodge pronounced the benediction upon us. Doubtless none has forgotten that. Though the tie was then broken which bound us in school fellowship, yet it was not really severed and the years have not broken it, nor shall they break it. Bayne shows a genuine Class-spirit, a truly fraternal interest in the welfare of all; and has a latchstring out for any who wander his way. He suggests Cape Breton, with its wild scenery, as a good place for vacations. He is grateful for good health, which has always enabled him to keep at work. His vigor still abides with him, and may it long do so!

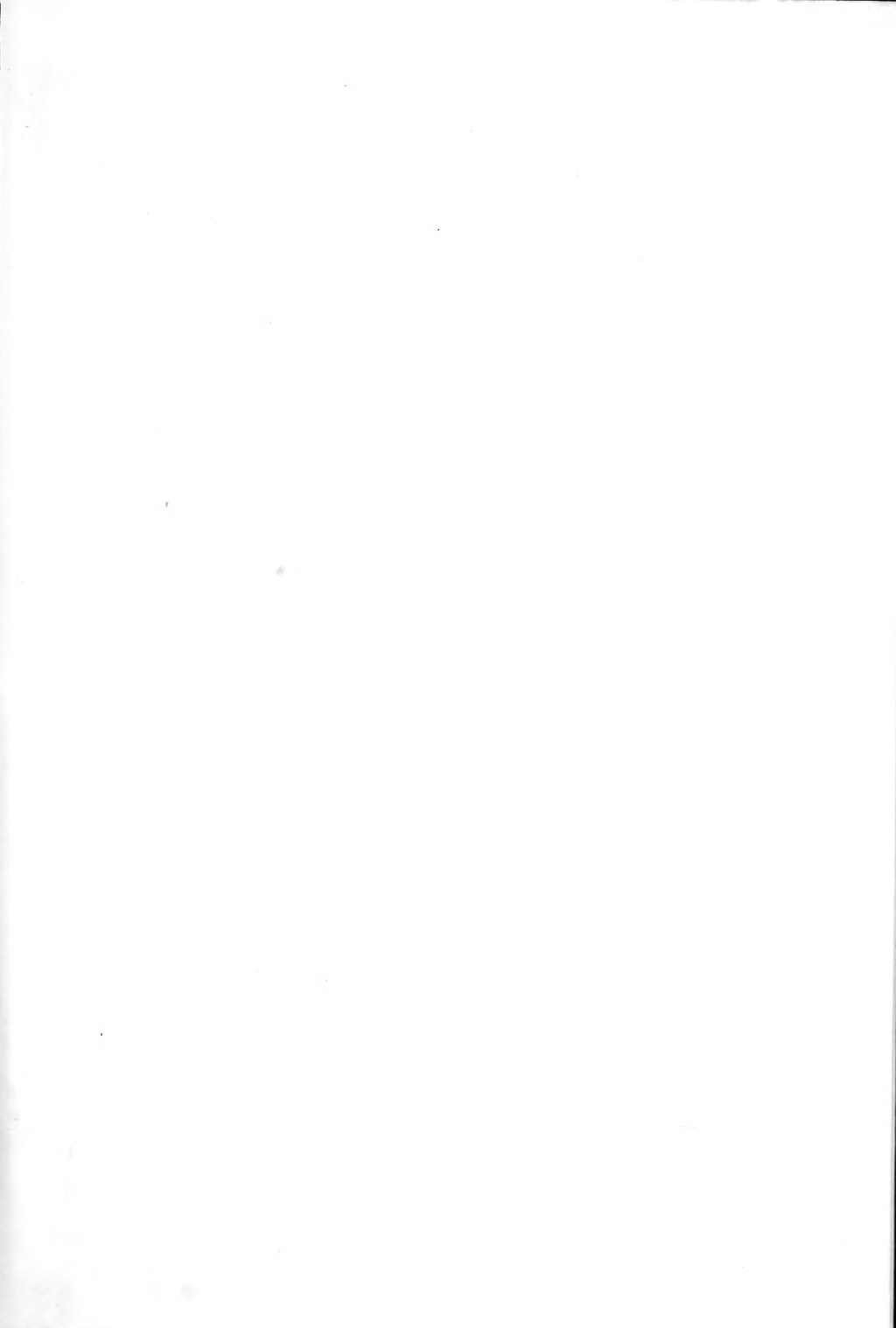
Allan Bell, D. D.

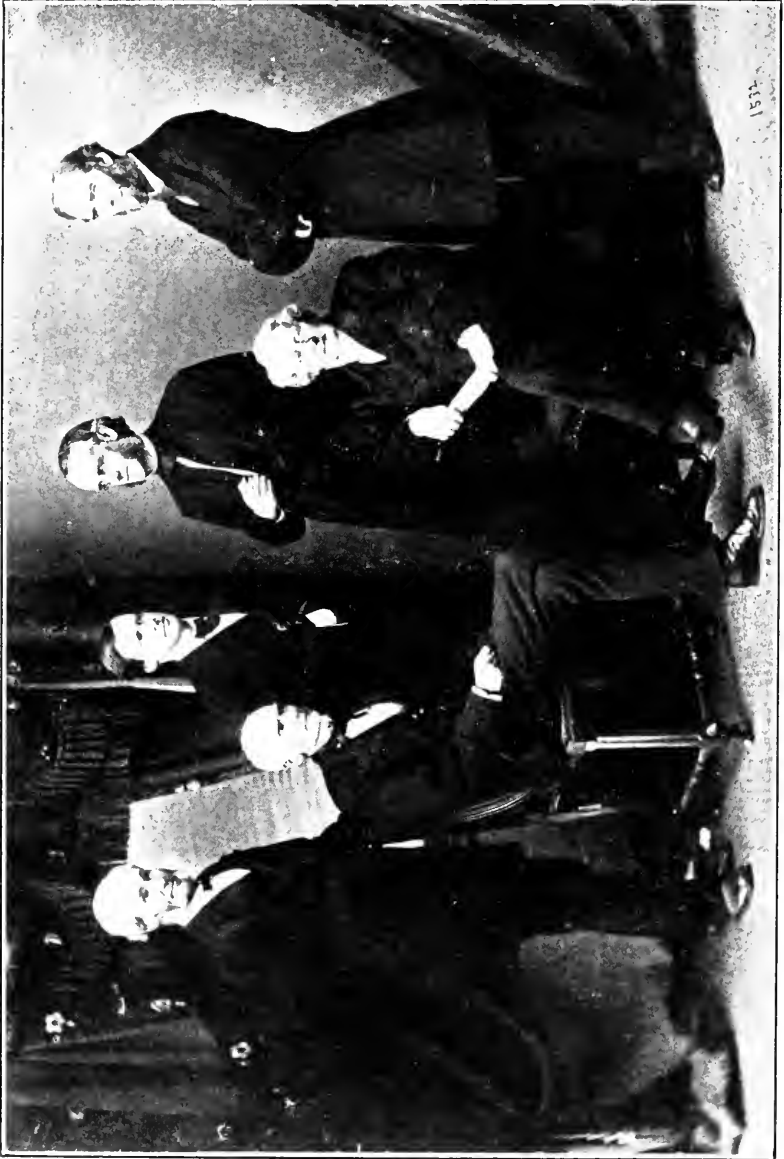
Born in London, Ontario.

Address—Florence, Colorado.

Under date of August 7, 1905, he wrote: " I was educated in the London High School and Toronto University; studied theology at Knox College and Princeton Seminary, N. J.; settled as pastor of the Presbyterian church in Portage La Prairie, Man., 1875-1888,—on leaving which place was presented with a gold watch and \$700, all classes in the community contributing; was pastor at Beaver Dam, Wis., 1888-1891; Winona, Minn., 1891-1900; Chatfield, Minn., 1900-1904. Present pastorate in Florence began in 1904. Was granted the degree of Doctor of Divinity by Chicago University. Was married in May, 1875, to Catherine Brown of Toronto, Ontario. Have four children, two sons and two daughters. Have been active in educational lines, serving at one time as School Superintendent for four years, while still holding the pastorate. Have engaged always in mission work in my Presbytery as time would allow. Have exerted influence for municipal reform, etc." In this nutshell we have the record of a useful man, whose prophecy was seen in the quiet studiousness and devotion of purpose which marked him during student days. In Class-room and on the Campus he maintained the bearing of the cultured gentleman; and always exhibited a Christian spirit. Glancing at the photographs exchanged at graduation, we observe that his smooth shaven face was an anticipation of a more modern style. Whiskers of some sort were generally worn in those days, with a noticeable partiality for side-whiskers among the clergy: but Bell eschewed them all, and thus escaped the irony of the remark

attributed to George Ade that "a hair-lip is a misfortune and club-feet are a defect; but *side-whiskers are a man's own fault.*" The writer came to this conclusion about six years ago, and, though a trifle late, adopted Bell's style. One must feel a bit curious to know the present fads of our men in this particular! External adornment does not equal the inward furnishing, and yet it belongs to us as a part of our individuality. How interesting it would be to look again upon the faces of all our members and see them as they now are!





OUR FACULTY.

George Scott Bell

Born in Franktown, Va.

Address—Annapolis, Md.

If you do not at once recall him, perhaps you will remember that day in Dr. Charles Hodge's class-room, when Bell was "up reciting," or rather floundering. Finally the gentle preceptor said, as though it were the last resort: "Well, Mr Bell, what does the Shorter Catechism say on the subject?" "I—I—I cannot exactly quote it, I never learned the Shorter Catechism: I was raised a Baptist, Sir," quoth he! Who that heard it can ever forget the quiet tenderness with which the beloved Doctor said, as he made ready to call the next man: "I'm sorry, Mr. Bell, but you'll have to go back and be raised over again!" Doubtless you will remember him without this incident; for Bell was so open-hearted, frank, spiritually-minded, that he impressed himself indelibly upon our attention. Although he has not gone "back to be raised over again," he has proved himself a genuine Presbyterian and has been active in the ministry, doing good service for the Master. He tells his story with characteristic shyness of the first personal pronoun.

"George Scott Bell, immediately after graduation, entered upon missionary work, taking charge of two churches, Conklingville and Day, Saratoga Co., N. Y. He remained two years in this work until the factories in the former place were destroyed by fire. He was ordained *sine titulo* in Schenectady, N. Y., February, 1876. November, 1877, he was called to the pastorate of the church at Wrightsville, Pa. During this pastorate of ten years, a debt of \$1600 was liquidated on the old church, the latter torn down, and a new one erected costing \$17,000, and without debt. In October, 1887,

he accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church at Freeport, L. I., N. Y. After three years of successful and happy ministry his health failed, being attacked with neuristhenia. He traveled and sojourned in the far South and California, and returned at the end of four months but slightly improved. After a few months longer service he resigned his charge and went to a Sanitarium. Thence to his old home in Virginia. The next three years were spent in recruiting health and supplying for absent pastors or in vacant churches—Bradford, Pa., for two months in 1893; Snow Hill, Md.; Shamokin, Pa., five months in '94-'95.

He accepted a call to Bedford Springs, Pa., in February, 1895, and remained there till the fall of the next year. He returned to his old home in Virginia, and supplied the churches of Belle Haven and Wachapreague, until he was called to his present charge, Annapolis, Md., in September, 1897. His ministry has been blessed by ingathering of souls. Two gracious revivals, Conklingville, 1876; Wrightsville, 1885.

He was married, June 6, 1876, to Sophie L. Palmer, daughter of A. H. Palmer, Brooklyn, N. Y. His wife died in July, 1883. Two children were born to them, Elizabeth Palmer, and Raymond Alexander. The latter died when he was six months old. The former graduated at Wilson College in 1901, and for the past three years has taught Latin, German and Civil Government in the Annapolis High School."

She is also doing the fine thing of making a "home" for her father.

When we met in May, 1905, on the old Princeton Campus, "Geo. S." did not seem, though like the rest he looked, older. He was the same genial, jolly fellow of old.

William James Bridges

Born in Baltimore, Md.

Address—Conklin, N. Y.

Large bodied and large-souled, this genial member gave at once weight and worth to our Class. His clear musical voice was indicative of the fine tone of his life. Of course some of us younger chaps looked upon him as a marvelous man, to keep house as a married man while a student; but we can now understand better how his state then was not burdensome. Presumably he escaped much of the tough beef-steak and other edibles that tried teeth, temper and digestion in the regulation Princeton boarding club. If so, he lacks some of the rare memories that have been the life-heritage of less favored students.

You will quickly perceive, from his characteristically brief and modest epitome, that his life has been a useful and happy one. Like that "disciple whom Jesus loved" he says little of himself; but we know that his pastorates have been enriched by his gentle and devoted spirit. He has not labored in vain; but will have many jewels in his crown of rejoicing. He tells his story as follows:—

"I was called to the Greene Avenue Presbyterian church in Brooklyn, N. Y., the same year and month the Class graduated, May, 1875. There I had a happy pastorate extending through fifteen years to the summer of 1890. In that year I went to the West Presbyterian church of Bridgeton, N. J., remaining thirteen years. This field was also a pleasant one. In 1903 I was called to this place, Conklin, near Binghamton, N. Y., where I remain at present and am happy in my work.

The Class will remember that I was not only married, but kept house in Princeton. Indeed many of them came to see me there. Two little children who were with us then and about whom we are often asked by the Class were not our own, but the children of a brother-in-law, Walter Carter, a lawyer of New York City. The older of these girls, Emma, became the wife of Rev. Edward Dickinson, now of the North church, Buffalo. The younger, Nettie, married Mr. Charles E. Hughes, a lawyer of New York City, who was recently engaged in a celebrated lawsuit against the Gas Trust.

I married, December 11th, 1862, Miss Susan Gist Jones of Frederick, Md., and would say to the Class although I am afraid it is too late—that marriage is no failure. Four children have been born to us, of whom a boy, William Hunt, and a girl Mollie Julia, died in their infancy. The first child of the living ones, Frances Antoinette, a graduate of Smith in '98, is one of the National Secretaries of the Y. W. C. A. work, and is engaged especially in the visiting of the girls' Colleges throughout the States and, as I believe, has been much blessed in her work. The youngest, Margaret Dickson (Dickson after Dr. Cyrus Dickson of Home Board memory) has just completed her third year at the Smith College."

"Jai" Murray visited me in November, 1905, and then went to Conklin for a brief visit with Bridges. He has carried with him to China a precious memory of his fellowship with his family and people.

It will bring great sorrow to every member of our Class to learn, as the delay in printing enables me to record, that, since the above was written, a severe affliction has come to the home and life of our dear brother. His daughter Frances Antoinette was married on December 27th, 1905, to Rev. George Hanna Atkins,

Pastor of the Presbyterian church in Monroe, North Carolina; and died on June 9th, 1906, shortly after making an address to the Student Conference of the Y. W. C. A. at Asheville, N. C. Her life was far reaching for good; and in this fact there is great comfort for her surviving kindred. A biography of her life is in preparation. One whose career was devoted to such excellent service on behalf of educated young women was a life-lesson in Gospel ministry. What a blessed reward is hers!

John A. Carmichael, D. D.

Born, London, Canada.

Address—302 Langside St., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

We recall very pleasantly this substantial member of our Class, and can readily understand why he has risen to conspicuous place and important service in the great Northwest country. The boy is said to be father to the man, and very often the student is the prophecy of the preacher or statesman. The years develop worth; and Duval says this has been true in this case, for Carmichael has grown into a strong man and is doing a great work!

He was ordained evangelist by the Presbytery of Washington City, May 24, 1875. For two years he was Stated Supply of the Presbyterian Church (North) of Manassas, Va., visiting also once a month a small church ten miles north of Washington on the Potomac. In 1877 he accepted a call to Columbus and Brooklyn church, Ontario, Canada, where he labored till 1890, thirteen years. In that year he became pastor of the Knox church in Regina, Capitol of the Northwest Territories, and now Capitol of the Province of Sashkatchewan. In addition to his church he had charge of the Home Mission work in Assiniboia and Sashkatchewan without salary.

In 1902 he was appointed Superintendent of Home Missions for the Synod of Manitoba and the North West Territories, and is still at work in that position. Some idea of the magnitude of his bishopric may be gotten from the fact that it requires three days and two nights of continuous car-riding to travel across it from east to west! A small man would soon be outclassed by such a position; but what possibilities of useful

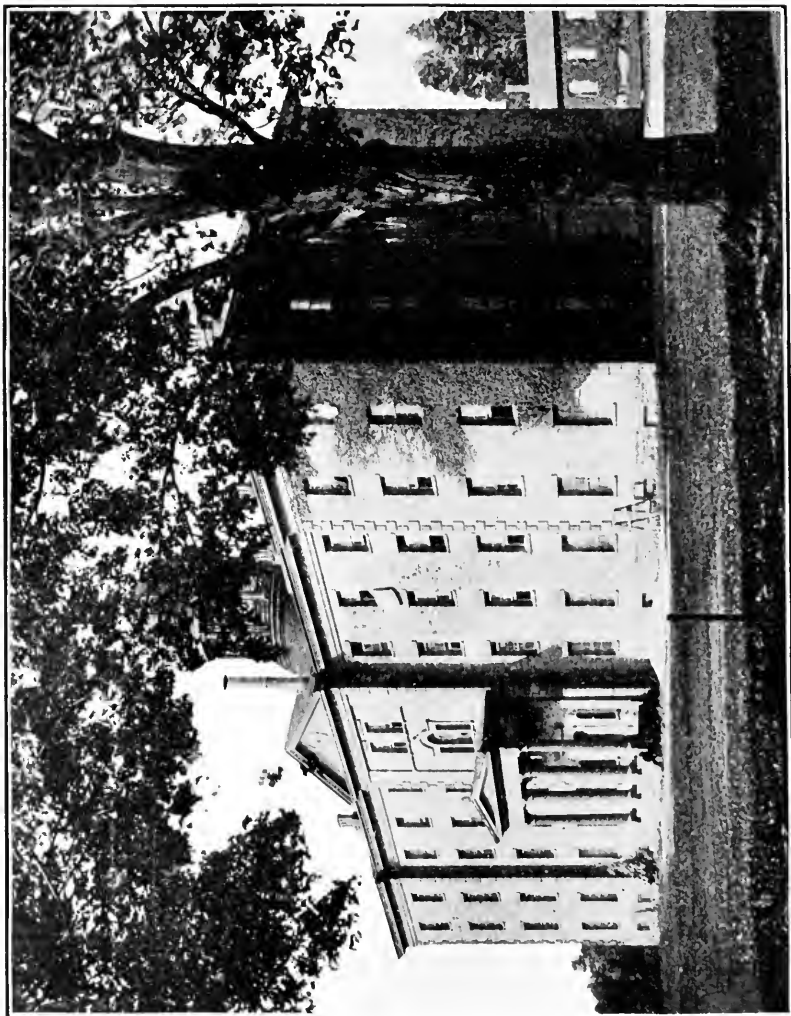
service lie before a man whose caliber is equal to the task. We get perhaps only a faint conception of the work from Carmichael's words "the amount of work here on account of the tremendous immigration is simply enormous." It involves large administration and calls for special executive ability. Our "Secretaries" and "Superintendents" of Missions carry great responsibilities and have cares and trials all their own. Like Generals commanding an army they survey the whole field, and plan for conquest. To be in the current of immigration and do the first things for new communities is a great work; but, Oh, the blessedness of it! Carmichael says "Jim" Frazer is one of his "Conveners," or lieutenants! They and Duval form a sort of "1875" triumvirate up there in the North West, and are all pegging away faithfully. There is peculiar interest in the fact that Carmichael's family attend Duval's church. No other incident of the kind is found in the relationships of our Class.

Carmichael was married on February 24, 1876, to Miss Cornelia Rowse. They have six children, three boys and three girls. (1) Kate Virginia, 29 years of age, a nurse in Chicago. (2) John Alexander, (al. "Jack"), 27 years, married. He is completing his law studies, has charge of a Law Office, and is also manager of a real estate company. (3) George, 25, is a clerk in the Dominion Land Office, Regina, Sash. (4) Nellie, 23, married and living in Calgary, Alta. (5), Mac., 21, is a third year student in Manitoba College. (6) Isabel, 18, is attending St. Margaret's College, Toronto, where she graduated June, 1906.

It would seem that Manitoba is a hopeful region, if the families of our Classmates up there may be taken as an indication; for Frazer has five, Carmichael six, and Duval nine children to their credit, respectively.

The very thought of the possibilities there in the matter of grandchildren drives us down-country folk out of the competition in shivers of despair! God bless them all and make them a blessing like unto their fathers!

In 1902 Manitoba College conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon Carmichael. There is special honor involved in this in that it was the first time the College had conferred this degree. This unique distinction must inspire the wearer of it with the purpose to set a high standard for all who afterwards may covet or attain the same honor.



BROWN HALL.

John Joseph Casey

Born, Dublin, Ireland, Aug. 25, 1844.

Died, Montreal, Canada, June 10, 1885.

How vividly the thoughtful face of this member of our Class comes to our memory! Quiet, courteous, scholarly, and spiritual, he devoted himself to the course of study with a steadfastness which indicated high purpose. More or less special interest attached to him from the known fact that his early career had been entirely within the Roman Catholic church. He had passed through experiences unknown to the rest of us, and had a reason for the faith which he then cherished. Although he had completely broken with the Catholic church, yet he never would divulge the inner workings of the Jesuit Order, feeling that it would not be honorable to expose to popular view that which he had vowed to keep. For this reason some felt a bit suspicious that after all he might not be a genuine convert, but a sort of Jesuit spy who was being prepared to serve as a priest where Protestant theology and methods needed forceful combating. But all such fears were unfounded and unworthy. His ministry was truly evangelical.

He was the first of our Class to be called Home by the Master! Our only information concerning him is found in the Necrological Report for 1886; and the sketch there given certainly shows a gratifying record of service during the ten years of his ministry. It says he was prepared for Maynooth (R. C.) College by private tuition; was graduated from St. Mary's (Jesuit) College, Montreal, Canada, 1870; at twelve years of age he joined the Roman Catholic church; at twenty-seven he became connected with the Cote St. Presby-

terian church, Montreal; spent 1871 in McGill College; 1872 in the Presbyterian Theological College, Montreal; and 1874-75 in Princeton Theological Seminary. He was licensed by the Presbytery of New Brunswick in 1875, and ordained by the Montreal Presbytery, Dec. 12, 1876. He was pastor of the Elgin and Athelstane churches, Huntingdon, Can., 1876-82; pastor Taylor Presbyterian church, Champlain St., Montreal, 1882-85.

Mr. Casey was an acceptable and earnest preacher, regarded as a rising man, and possessed of a large intellectual endowment. He took a deep and living interest in the conversion of Roman Catholics. He died of smallpox, at Montreal, Can., June 10, 1885, in the forty-first year of his age. Mr. Casey was married in 1878 to a daughter of Rev. James Watson of Huntingdon.

The above epitome, written at the time, tells us the essentials of his career in the Presbyterian ministry; and we praise God for his useful service, wondering withal why so well furnished and promising a man should be removed in his prime. After the lapse of twenty years it is very difficult, especially in a different country, to get new information about a person. The present pastor of the Taylor Church in Montreal replied courteously to my letter of inquiry, but could tell me nothing about him, or his widow, except that the latter was in the city a few years ago. I am indebted to his courtesy for a copy of an historical sketch of Taylor church issued in 1902, from which we learn that this church resulted from various prolonged missionary efforts in the east end of that great city, and had reached the point of definite organization in 1876. It says:—"On March 16, 1882, the first minister of the church, the Rev. J. J. Casey, went to work with a will, and, by untiring energy, devoted zeal, and eloquent

preaching, soon succeeded in drawing around him a good congregation. At the last communion dispensed by Mr. Casey in 1885 there were eighty-seven members sitting down at the Lord's table. About that time the small-pox epidemic broke out in Montreal, and while faithfully and fearlessly doing his duty in the plague-stricken east end, Mr. Casey contracted the terrible disease and on June 10, 1885, passed to his reward. Tender and fragrant still are the memories cherished by the older members of Taylor church of their beloved pastor, who so suddenly was called from the post of duty. During Mr. Casey's time the church was thoroughly organized."

We may judge the worth of his pioneer work from the fact that now this church has a membership of 1008.

James Chambers, D. D.

Born in Holbrook, Ont., Can.

Address—93 S. Broadth St., Norwich, N. Y.

“Jai” behaved like a straight-out Presbyterian clear through the course; and then jumped into a Congregational pastorate! It was Tully’s fault, inasmuch as he turned the eyes of the new graduate, who had no call in hand, to such a church at Sherbourne, N. Y. In those days Tully exercised a sort of bishopric in the matter of vacant churches, and knew where good jobs could be found; and Chambers accepted his appointment as above on the Sabbath following graduation. In June, 1875, he received a cordial call to the pastorate of this church; and, retaining his Presbyterian allegiance, he served the church as Stated Supply for seven years.

He was ordained by the Presbytery of New Brunswick in August, 1875.

During this period of pastoral service 110 persons were added to the church, a new building costing \$25,000 was erected after the old one had been destroyed by a fire which threatened the entire village, and \$7,120 were raised for benevolent purposes. The year of the fire the church gave \$100 more than in any previous year, a total of \$1300 that year in response to the pastor’s insistence that the benevolence must not sag. The church became the banner church in benevolence in three counties.

Among the other good things accomplished here he had the fortune to marry, on August 29, 1877, Miss Jessie Irene Buell, daughter of David C. Buell, of the congregation, and niece of the late Prof. Hubert A. Newton, of Yale University. In July, 1882, he resigned; and the Congregationalist of that date says that as an

evidence of the people's regard for him they accompanied their acceptance of his resignation with the continuance of his salary for three months. Another paper said he "grew rapidly in ability as a preacher, and has succeeded in leaving an impression upon this community as one of the best speakers it has ever had." He accepted a call to the Calvary Presbyterian Church in New York City, then newly organized; and was installed in November, 1882. The church had twenty-six members and no edifice. The work of organization was very arduous, but after ten strenuous years the pastor and people invited their friends to rejoice with them in taking account of stock, which netted a beautiful edifice with convenient appointments, one portion of a group of buildings planned for a plot of ground obtained at 5th Ave., and 116th St., N. Y. They sold at a 50 per cent. profit a lot previously purchased in another locality; and this, with other generous help, enabled them to secure a property adequate to the needs of a large church. At the end of ten years they reported that during that period they had received 1000 members, and had all debts paid except a mortgage on the property!

"Jai" says: "An interesting feature of this period of my life was the advent to our locality of our good friend and President, Rev. Minot S. Morgan. He came to me at a period of personal bereavement, and while saying that he came to me for help, he really helped me. He entered into the church work and gave me most practical and efficient assistance and encouragement."

He cherishes happy memories of his work and friends in New York. The brethren of the Presbytery inspired and cheered him with their confidence which was attested by their sending him to four General Assemblies, viz., Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Minneapolis, and Wash-

ington, D. C. ; electing him Moderator five times; making him Chairman of their Committee of Education, treasurer of a special committee to organize a colored congregation, Chairman of the upper district of New York in the Foreign Mission campaign, during which President Harrison made a speech, Secretary of the S. S. Committee of Presbytery for the establishment and maintenance of new schools in the Presbytery, (one of which Bro. Morgan afterwards took charge of as a church.)

He also served as President of the Presbyterian Ministers' Association, and (1892) of the Presbyterian Club. In 1893 he was one of the founders of the Presbyterian Union, an organization which grew to large proportions and still exerts wide influence in New York. In 1897 he was made Vice Moderator of the Synod of New York at Elmira, serving also on important committees. As commissioner to the Washington Assembly in 1893 he defended the Presbytery's action in the Briggs case. His speech was warmly praised and was printed in full in the Washington Post, and was considered hurtful to the cause of the heretic. He was Moderator of the Presbytery when the famous Briggs case was initiated, and he avers that those were times that tried men's souls.

He has been a bit literary, having written and published an essay on the Value of Creeds, which won him his "D. D." from Chicago. He had previously received his "A. M." from Princeton. He received an invitation to the University of Tokio to teach and a call to a church in Brooklyn, N. Y., also an official inquiry as to a church in Boston. He founded and for 12 years conducted a monthly paper called "Our Church At Work," and has furnished various contributions to magazines and papers and the staff correspondence of the Binghamton Republican. He wrote the Assembly letters for the

Christian at Work in 1885, and reported the Assembly in full for the New York Observer. An extended interview in the New York Herald on the subject of Divorce was copied in some foreign papers and made quite a stir in the social and legislative world.

After 18 years of work in this field conditions became so changed that it was obviously inadvisable to continue, as the Jews were flocking into the vicinity. He says: "After full consideration and hearty cooperation with my people we decided that our property could best serve the Lord's cause in some other locality; so with the permission of the Presbytery we sold out and turned over to that body an equity of between \$50,000 and \$60,000 to be utilized in City work. I resigned and the church-members became identified with other churches. It was an act of renunciation, but it has given me many a day of joy since. Too much of the Lord's money is being wasted in vain efforts to force things against natural and spiritual laws. My health had greatly suffered, and as my son, Robert Newton, at the age of fifteen, had passed his entrance Exams for Princeton, we determined to retire, in 1899, to our farm, "Edgehill," Sherbourne, N. Y., and rusticate. Think of a colt turned loose after long stabling, and you can imagine my feelings! It was "fine," as the young folks say; and served to restore us all, sending Robert into Princeton the following year with vigor and strength sufficient to carry him into the first group in some of his studies.

Since that time I have been preaching for vacant churches, having served one continuously for two-and-a-half years, while they were in search of a pastor. I have refrained from settling in any pastorate, but have done a great deal of Sunday work, serving as many as a dozen churches at various times, all the while working during the week as assistant to the cashier of the

National Bank of Norwich, N. Y. I came to the latter position at first only to fill the vacancy for a month while the cashier went to Porto Rico; but that was over four years ago. In explanation of this course and in order that my Classmates may understand, let me say that I have not demitted the ministry, nor have I preached much less than when in the active pastorate; but I made up my mind that I could do as much good by becoming a peripatetic preacher as otherwise; and then I had a chance to recover my health, which was badly broken by a severe trouble in my right eye which resulted in an operation performed by Dr. Roosa in Nov. 1904, in the Post Graduate Hospital, N. Y.

Our children are: (1) Katherine Lucas—born June 20, 1878, in Sherbourne, N. Y., now the wife of Francis George Hood (Class 1903, Brown University), lumber-merchant, married in Norwich, April 2, 1902. They have a home in Saginaw, Mich., one in Chicago, and have built a beautiful home in the Northern Peninsula of Mich., where he has built a town and named it for an Indian Princess, viz., Pentoga Iron Co. He owns large lumber interests there. Their children are Jean, born Oct. 14, 1903, and Francis James, born April 11, 1905, on his great-grandmother's birthday—my mother.

(2) Robert Newton—born July 27, 1883, at Sherbourne, N. Y., although the family residence was in New York. He was graduated from the Chapin Collegiate School, Madison Ave. and 61st St., N. Y., in June, 1899, Princeton University, 1904, and is now completing his second year in law at Columbia University.

(3) Jessie Irene—born in N. Y. City, Feb. 6, 1886, and died Dec. 12, 1904. She was a most delightfully happy child, sweet in disposition, and a radiant joy in our home. It left us stricken to lose her, but the memory of her beautiful life is an ever increasing gladness as

the years pass along. We have had our measure of prosperity and of sorrow, and now as we are beginning to go down the other side of life's hill we find ourselves enjoying more than our deserts—a preponderance of comfort in retrospect and outlook—and are trying to be grateful. My occupations since graduation may be summarized as preacher, editor, reviewer, farmer, banker; and as variety is the spice of life, my life should at least be regarded as spicy. My cordial regards to all the Classmates!"

D

Solomon Warner Curtis

Born in Cambridge, N. Y., April 15, 1847.

Died, June 22, 1902, at Las Vegas, N. M.

The eventful time in the theological student's life is when he has to decide whether he will give himself to the Master's service in the home-country, or in far off lands. So far as this decision is his own it involves a great and grave responsibility, and until it is disposed of it may occasion many hours of anxious thought. Providential signs may make it easier for some; but as an abstract problem it bothers others. But I remember how peculiarly calm and happy all the students were who had once decided to go as foreign missionaries. I do not recall one who showed a pessimistic thought or feeling after such decision. Our three foreign missionaries--Curtis, Goheen, and Murray--faced the future with a cheerful assurance, on Graduation Day, which some of the rest of us may scarcely have felt. And now after thirty years theirs is the special honor!

We recall the quiet good face of brother Curtis as a pleasant memory. He was a diligent student and was always in his place; and this fidelity was an earnest of his devoted service as a minister of Jesus Christ. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Troy, Feb. 16, 1875, and ordained an evangelist by the same Aug 7, 1875, at Cambridge, N. Y., having given himself to the cause of Foreign Missions. He was sent to Chili, South America, and took up his missionary labors in Santiago, remaining there until Feb. 1, 1877. From that date until Nov. 1, 1880, he was Stated Supply of the Mission church at Talca, Chili; at Concepcion from Nov., 1880,

until March, 1885, and at Valparaiso also from the latter date until September of the same year.

Returning then to the United States he gave himself to the missionary work among the Spanish-speaking population of New Mexico, and was Stated Supply of the Spanish congregation of Taos, N. M., from March, 1886, until November, 1891; and then of a similar charge at Las Vegas until his death, serving also during this time the churches of La Luz, Los Valles, and La Paz. He died of pneumonia on June 22, 1902, at Las Vegas in the 56th year of his age, having served ten years under the Foreign Board, and sixteen under the Home Board.

He was a conscientious, hardworking missionary. His widow tells me that he used to go on foot to his different Mission stations, the most distant one—a place named Trementina—being seventy miles from Las Vegas. He would walk there and home again, unless a chance ride offered on the road either way. He could not afford to keep a conveyance, and there was no Railroad within that distance. En route he would sleep wherever night overtook him. No surprise is excited by her remark:—"I think my husband died from pure exposure." It is distressing to think that such faithful servants of the King must undergo such hardships; and equally so to think how complacently many people listen to stories about missionaries' luxuries! The church on earth can never know the price of selfdenying labor paid by the missionaries for the advancement of the Lord's cause in the hard places. But who has ever heard a missionary complain or whine?

Brother Curtis was married, August 25, 1875, in East Zorra, Ontario, Canada, to Miss Isabella Campbell, who, with two sons and two daughters, survives him.

They have their home now in Cambridge, N. Y. The

children are; (1) William Warner, who was born in Santiago, Chili, on October 29, 1876. He is a machinist, and works at the General Electric Works, Schenectady, N. Y.

(2) Eliza, who was born in Talca, Chili, S. A., April 23, 1879. She taught school six months in the Las Vegas Mission School the year before her father died. She also taught a class in the Spanish Sabbath School for two years, having a good knowledge of the Spanish language.

(3) Inez, who was born in Taos, New Mexico, December 4, 1868. She was attending school at the time of her father's death, and has been deprived of school privileges since then. She covets the opportunity to take a course in stenography.

(4) John Barry, who was born in Las Vegas, N. M., April 17, 1894. He is attending school.

The two daughters are employed in the Seed Rooms of J. B. Rice in Cambridge. This fact enables us to catch the unintentional pathos of the mother's remark: "Of course their father's death made a great change with every one of us." It seems strange and hard that a good man should be stricken down in the midst of his usefulness, and that his family should be deprived of his care. But the memory of his faithfulness is a rich legacy to them, and his heroic spirit is the inspiration of their fortitude and selfhelp. Our fraternal sympathy and best wishes are extended to the widow and children of our esteemed Classmate, who has only gone before us to the eternal reward. She expresses appreciation of our inquiry for her, and a pleasant interest in the Class biography.

Isaac Davison Decker

Born, Fairmount, N. J., April 19, 1846.

Died, West Sunbury, Pa., Jan. 3, 1903.

This brother was one of the first to greet me on my arrival as a stranger in Princeton in the Autumn of 1872. The friendship then formed continued throughout the course in the Seminary and the subsequent years until his death. For a number of years we met annually in our Synod's Committee on Missions and Sustentation, as the representatives of our Presbyteries in the Synod of Pennsylvania; and found mutual pleasure in the meeting. The early impressions of his worth as a man and student were amply confirmed by these later observations. He was a strong and winsome personality, and was rated a wise counselor. Unassuming and quiet, his presence gave dignity and worth to any assembly of workers.

He was licensed by the Presbytery of Newton, Oct. 6, 1875, and ordained by the Presbytery of Butler, Nov. 1, 1876, being installed pastor of the church at Fairview, Pa., which he had been serving as supply for a year.

This relation was dissolved Sep. 25, 1888. In connection with this charge he served also the church at Karns City, Pa., as supply from November, 1875, and then as pastor during the same period as his pastorate at Fairview. In addition to these two he served the church at Petrolia, Pa., from 1878 to 1888, and the church at Martinsburg, Pa., from 1883 to 1888. He was pastor at Harmony, N. J., from Nov. 15, 1888, to June, 1893. As Stated Supply and pastor he served the churches of North Butler and West Sunbury, Pa., from 1893 until his death; at the same time from 1896 he had

the care of the church at Pleasant Valley, Pa. During a part of this period he was classical instructor in the West Sunbury Academy. He was chairman of the committee on Synodical Missions and Sustentation in the Presbytery of Butler from 1894 until his death.

His death occurred in the fifty-seventh year of his age, and resulted from a complication of diseases culminating in bronchial pneumonia. Some years ago he was nearly killed in a natural gas explosion in his house. Not knowing there had been a gas leak which filled his cellar, he went into it with a lighted lamp, and the terrific explosion which instantly followed nearly killed him. His escape seemed miraculous. His health was affected by it, and he was never as rugged as before, although he had grown very stout and robust looking.

He was twice married. 1. May 8, 1878, in Fredon, N. J., to Miss Margaret Catherine Goble, who died April 8, 1892; 2. Aug. 21, 1895, in Greece City, Pa., to Margaret Adelia Aggas, who, with her two sons and one daughter, survives him. The widow and children reside in West Sunbury, Pa. The children are, —Horace Aggas, born July 21, 1896; Kenneth Negley, born Dec. 28, 1898; and Margaret Elizabeth, born Sept. 22, 1901. They have the eminent satisfaction which comes from the memory of good men. While the world stands Christian character will outwear all trial and sorrow, and defy death itself. It is the imperishable heritage of the good. We mourn with this widow and her children; and yet we rejoice with them in the excellent life-work and the sure victory of their beloved husband and father. He will live with us ever as one whom we loved and can never forget.

I find in a letter written by him to the President of our Class in 1895, at the time of our Twentieth Anniver-

sary, a few lines which are so characteristic of his habitual sentiment and practice that I quote them as picturing to us the fidelity and devotion of his whole career. He said: "I do enjoy my work; only there is so much of it that I cannot reach, when I have my time in the class-room every day from 7.15 till 2, with one-and-a-half hours rest at 11. 30, and my two churches to serve. It is a combination that requires two persons. I wish however I could tell in your ever appreciative presence the many things that have cheered me, in the way of reward for services here. Never before have I felt so in touch with the young, and the warm confidence and grateful testimonies from numbers are like gold to me, better, and much better. As you would surmise, a visit to Princeton this May is out of the question. I am sorry. It would please me greatly to meet the classmates there again. I can but think of you all, and the pleasant days of twenty years ago. TWENTY YEARS! We're moving on, Bro. Morgan. May we all keep step with the dear Master, and the end will not be so much shrunk from as welcomed. Time flying, and so much to do. Oh, to be more thoroughly conscious of it and faithful in it." None but a truly consecrated man could have penned these lines. In the midst of his work the Lord called him Home!

After reading the above our Class President aptly says:—"What an honor to have had such a man in our class!"

Frederic Beal Duval, D. D.

Born in Bladensburg, Md.

Address—Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.

We remember him best as plain "Fred." No honors or eminence can put him beyond this familiar title when among us. He was one of our brainy men, with a marked philosophical taste and thorough scholarship. He was a student, a careful thinker; and has not disappointed early promise of usefulness. He has filled important positions and is now an active and virile force in his community.

After graduation he was pastor for nine years of the First Presbyterian church of Wilmington, Del.; then four years in Toledo, Ohio; and then he jumped to the Knox Presbyterian church of Winnipeg, Manitoba, where for over seventeen years, (now eighteen), he has led a strenuous life in the most important pastorate of the Capitol city of the Northwest British Dominion. There he has faced all the problems and labor incident to the founding of a new great power,—religious, moral, educational, and governmental. His fitness for leadership made him manager of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty for the State of Delaware while at Wilmington; trustee of Medical College at Toledo, O., and in Winnipeg a member of the University Council and Chairman of the Citizens' Committee on the suppression of vice, all of which appointments have brought him into more or less prominence and public disputation, and given him opportunity of usefulness.

He is also a member of the General Assembly's Committee on Church Union in Canada, and Chairman of the Doctrinal Committee for the West. The official re-



"A BUNCH OF WHITE-HEADED DAISIES."

- LAWRENCE.
- BRIDGES.
- BELL.
- MORGAN.
- MURRAY.
- WELLS.
- KNEPPER.
- DUVAL.
- RUSSELL.



port of the Devil's Lake Conference says:—"Dr. Duval's discourse on Church Union in Canada thrilled the audience."

His long residence in Winnipeg has given him somewhat of a Scotch appearance and speech. When the nine of us met on May 9, 1905, I did not at first recognize the venerable Scotsman I saw and heard in the group; but when one said: "Why Fred, where did you learn Scotch?", and I heard him reply, "Oh, I've been living among 'em," I immediately identified him. This linguistic acquisition was doubtless easy for him, for we remember his facility years ago in imitating Dr. McCosh and Dr. Atwater, or any one else he wished to. The whiteness of his hair and beard mark the ripeness of his personality, as his picture in the group of nine shows. I have found it rather hard to get him to say much about himself; and for that very reason I feel justified in shocking his modesty by recording here that one day a breeze from the Northwest blew into my ears the statement that "when Dr. Duval is at his best, he is the best preacher in the city."

He has also developed some poetical ability, which has won him the epithet of "preacher-poet" from a literary critic. During the last summer (1906) the Knox church was closed three months for repairs and the installing of a new magnificent organ. Re-opening services were held on Aug. 12th; and for this interesting occasion he wrote the following Dedicatory Hymn, which one whose opinion is worth while says "is just the thing, admirable in sentiment and poetic execution, a real contribution to that order of Hymnology."

O God, this house we have prepared,
Obedient to thy sovereign will,
Accept it for thy dwelling place;
Its reverent courts with glory fill.

Whene'er we with our children dear,
 Our footsteps turn towards this place,
 We pray the Holy Spirit near
 To fill our hearts with saving grace.

Give true repentance from all sin,
 And faith to grasp redeeming love,
 Transform the hidden life within
 And sanctify it from above.

That we within these walls may learn
 Thy holy precepts to fulfil;
 To imitate the Savior's life
 And gladly do His gracious will.

So that as from Thy house we go
 To mingle with the world around,
 The world itself may witness give
 That in our lives the Christ is found.

Another of his hymns under the head of "Aspiration After Holiness" is worthy a place in this sketch, as reflecting the trend of the author's spirit and expression of the noble thought which should actuate us all.

O Lord, my God, whose throne around
 Encompassed is with mercy sweet,
 Let thy rich grace to me abound,
 A suppliant kneeling at Thy feet.

I tread life's doubtful way with fear
 And, sometimes weary, faint and fall;
 Then give me faith to feel Thee near,
 And confidence on Thee to call.

It still is true that Thou wilt be
 A help to every contrite heart;
 O come to me that I may see
 That Thou my sure Redeemer art.

I know I am unworthy, Lord,
To greet Thy coming at my door ;
But boundless grace Thou dost accord,
And come, and stand, and knock the more.

Such wondrous love, a spring-time dower,
Awakes in me a hope secure ;
For light that resurrects the flower,
Avails to make it strong and pure.

Then welcome, Lord, this very hour ;
For here Thy dwelling-place shall be,
And cause Thy purifying power
To reign a radiant grace in me.

That our brother's intellectual acumen is not all expended on doctrinal discussions, ecclesiastical propaganda, and civic reforms, but has also its brighter vein, appears in the following beautiful lines. They were inspired by the rage of the ocean as he stood on an exposed rock at Point Lobos on the Pacific coast, and viewed the gathering storm :—

Roll on, old Ocean, roll !
Thy waves' majestic power,
In this dark, threatening hour,
Compels the land to cower
Before thy rage.

Roll on, old Ocean, roll !
I will not fear to stand
Upon this rock-ribbed land,
Upon this trembling strand,
And hear thy roar.

FREDERIC BEAL DUVAL, D. D.

Roll on, old Ocean, roll!
 A power far more renowned,
 Hath set for thee thy bound,
 And compassed thee around
 With bars and doors.

Roll on, old Ocean, roll!
 The continents thy cage,
 Through all the hoary age,
 Have curbed thy passion's rage.
 Roar on, roar on!

Roll on, old Ocean, roll!
 I'll listen on thy verge;
 There's music in the surge,
 A deeply solemn dirge--
 Eternity.

More gently, Ocean, roll!
 The storm is passing by;
 The Lord of sea and sky
 Is drawing very nigh.
 Now gently roll!

With reverence, Ocean, roll!
 A word comes from above,
 The voice of peace and love,
 'Tis softer than the dove,
 Now cease thy roll!

“ Fred ” was married in 1875 in Philadelphia to Miss Corrinne L. Kearfoot. Together they have known the lights and shadows of the Manse. They have had nine children, of whom seven are now living; and three grandchildren gladden their lives. Fully appreciating Fred's eminence as preacher and poet, we cheerfully accord him our Class banner on the score of paternity.

In 1887 Wooster University, Ohio, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. But this honor looks small in comparison with that of children and children's children; for does not the Wise man say these are "the crown of old men"? He has an excusable pride and pleasure in his family. The chastening of previous sorrow is continued in the present serious impairment of his wife's health. She is now a confirmed and helpless invalid; but the shadow only intensifies the brightness, the bitterness only shows the sweetness of her spirit.

The children's names are—(1) Genevieve, now Mrs. Herbert Livingston Irvin, Missionary, A. M. B. F. M.,—Caesarea Mission. (2) Lina Dunham,—now Mrs. Hugh Sanderson, Lower Winnipeg. (3) Lorraine Elevee,—instructor in German and French, Manitoba College. (4) Frederick Coligny, first honors Manitoba University,—his pride and joy, died at the age of nineteen. (5) Robert Kearfoot, died in infancy. (6) Edward William,—now twenty, Secretary to the General Superintendent of the Canadian Pacific R. R. (7) Anna Corrinne,—eighteen, at home. (8) Paul Guyot,—twelve. (9) Merlin Kearfoot,—ten. So far as heard from the rivalry in grandchildren seems limited to Chambers and Duval. The former says:—"Duval goes me one better as to number, but I'll match up with him any day as to other qualities! Well, the subject is beyond my pen! No man can grow old gracefully without them, with humble apologies to our bachelors, and also to our 'mere' fathers!" The braggart!

Walter Reuben Frame

Born in South Salem, N. J., Jan. 26, 1849.

Died in Stevens Point, Wis., Jan. 29, 1890.

This brother's personality is indelibly impressed upon the memory of his associates. His intense energy of purpose made him a good student, and gave early promise of an earnest ministry. He did nothing by halves, but put himself wholly into his work. He was ordained as an evangelist by the Presbytery of New Brunswick on Oct. 6, 1875, after which he supplied the church at Kingston, Pa., nearly a year. He went to LaCrosse, Wisconsin, in the summer of 1876, and was installed pastor of North church there in October, 1876, and remained there three years.

In the fall of 1879 he became pastor of the Presbyterian church in Hudson, Wis., and continued till 1884. The Presbyterian and Congregational churches having consolidated, he with characteristic unselfishness withdrew in order that the united church might call a pastor. In the Spring of 1884 he became pastor of the church in Stevens Point, Wis., and while in that relation died there on Jan. 29, 1890, from pneumonia, in the forty-second year of his age. One is pleased to note that the church there is now listed as the "Frame Memorial," a fitting testimony to the worth of a consecrated preacher and pastor.

He was Stated Clerk of the Synod of Wisconsin from 1883 to his death in 1890. The aforesaid energy made him a tireless worker as a soul-saver and a leader in all church enterprises. I remember meeting him in Philadelphia during the Pan-Presbyterian Council in

1880; and I found him so full of his work that like a coil spring he scarcely could quit vibrating long enough to chat with friends on other subjects. He talked of the opportunities in his region, and was looking for men to fill them. I am therefore not at all surprised by the lines in the *Necrological* of 1890:—"His services had become in many ways valuable to the church at large, as well as to his own congregation, and his early death was deeply lamented. One cannot see the wisdom of the removal of so competent and useful a minister in the prime of his manhood; but the Lord knows!" He seemed destined to become a forceful and prominent factor in the work of that region; but in the midst of his service he was called home, having gone just half-way though the period of thirty years observed in our Reunion.

On October 7, 1879, he was married to Miss Ellen Stevens of Trempealeau, Wis., at the beginning of his pastorate in Hudson. His wife and three children still survive him. In 1895 they moved to Wooster, Ohio, for educational reasons; and it is most gratifying to his Classmates to know that all three children took their College course in the University, graduating with a "Magna Cum Laude." The eldest son, John Davidson Frame, then took a medical course at the University of Pennsylvania, and is now the Dr. Frame on the medical missionary force in Persia. The second son, Murray Scott Frame, after graduation, spent three years in India as a teacher in the Forman Christian College at Lahore, India. He returned in 1904 and entered Union Theological Seminary, where he is now preparing for the Christian ministry. The daughter, Margaret Anna Frame, graduated in June, 1905, and is now teaching in the High School of Zanesville, Ohio.

The home at Wooster has been broken up, and the

mother is, temporarily at least, in the home of a nephew, Dr. S. F. Lance, of Lane Seminary, No. 4 Lane Sem. Place, Cincinnati, O. His Classmates find peculiar pleasure in knowing that his children have proved their worthiness to bear his name, and that in them, though dead, he shall go on to speak for Christ. We extend cordial congratulations to his widow, and rejoice with her as a sister who sees her prayers answered and her hopes realized.

I find in his letter of regret for absence from the Tenth Anniversary a few key-note sentences which seem worth quoting. Writing from Stevens Point, Wis., May 1, 1895, he said: " I find my home cares and church duties, both in connection with my congregation and for the Synod and Presbytery, keep me under the hammer most of the time. I have been working away, keeping heart in hopes of getting caught up, but it seems to accumulate. Nevertheless it is a grand work to be in and I thank God for the privilege of serving Him in the ministry and in this busy region of His Kingdom.....I have probably less than ten gray hairs all told in hair and whiskers and do not look much different from what I did ten years ago. *Moral*, come out into Wisconsin and work hard for the Master and enjoy His rich blessing."

James Frazer

Born at Glen William, Ontario, Can.

Address—Roblin, Manitoba.

Frazer was one of the quiet, well-behaved members of the Class, who went in and out among us without disturbing any one. Perhaps for this reason the historian has little to say by way of recollection. His thoughtful, earnest face is riveted in my memory as that of a man who attended the Seminary for a purpose, and who meant to carry out that purpose. One bother about tracing the brethren from Canada, through the past years, has been that their church Roll has not been at hand as has been that of our own Assembly. Annually we have been able to locate our several Class-mates who labor within our Assembly; but the Canadian brethren dropped from view after graduation. This meagre sketch-book has restored the connection for a time and brought them to view again.

After graduation Frazer served as pastor of St. Ann's and Wellandport, in the Presbytery of Hamilton, 1876-1879; of Sulton, and Presbytery of Toronto, Can., 1879-1899; of Shoal Lake, Can., Presbytery of Numidosa, 1899-1902, serving at the same time as Convener of the Home Mission Committee of the Presbytery with supervision of a very large territory. In 1902 he was in California for recuperation. He spent 1903-1905 among the miners and lumberjacks. Since May 1, '05, he has been in Manitoba with a district about thirty miles square, the only clergyman in the district, with a student to help. He handles five stations, three every Sabbath, driving 35 to 40 miles; and his helper has two stations. Evidently he has little time to devote to ennui, and is

making his work go. Honor to the men that give themselves to hard service for the Master. Their reward awaits them.

He says he sees Carmichael and Duval "once in a while;" and doubtless the fellowship of the old classroom lends good cheer to the meeting.

He married Miss Margaret Cooper of Welland, Ont., in 1877; and has gathered a goodly bunch of arrows in his quiver. Their names are (1) Helen; (2) John McNab, rancher in British Columbia; (3) J. Gordon, druggist; (4) D. Craig, clerk, Shoal Lake, Man.; (5) Mary I, school teacher. They all engage in Sunday School work wherever they are.

Joseph Milliken Goheen.

Born at Rock Spring, Pa., February 16, 1847.

Died at Wooster, O., February 11, 1907.

We were greatly shocked to hear of this beloved brother's death, which was caused by pleuro-pneumonia developed from a sudden cold. He and his wife arrived in New York on April 29, 1906, having left India the last of February and spent several weeks en route in the south of France. During his last year in India his health was very poor, and in October last he wrote the author an intimation of grave doubt as to his return to his post in India. He sought recuperation at the old homestead at Rock Spring, in the fellowship of his father who still lives there at the age of eighty-nine years. The condition of his health prohibited him from making missionary addresses, as during previous furloughs. For several years he was troubled with arterio-sclerosis, and it was recently discovered that this was affecting his heart. Thereupon it was decided that he should not be separated from his family, but live quietly so that he might avoid excitement and over-exertion. The sudden seizure by pneumonia cut short the enjoyment of that domestic felicity which was so great a part of his life. His widow writes: "In eleven days he was gone from us. The pleurisy was soon reduced so that he did not suffer acute pain, though the last three days there was difficulty in breathing. He was for hours at a time delirious, and in his delirium he was traveling and preaching in India, sometimes speaking to crowds of people and sometimes to individuals. When I spoke to him he always recognized me. He passed quietly and peacefully away at 8.30 a.m.,

Feb. 11. An hour and a half before the last I said to him, 'You are not sorry to go to Jesus?' He looked surprised and said, 'How soon?' speaking clearly but with difficulty. 'Probably in a few hours,' I answered. A look of perfect peace came over his face and never left it. That evening, Feb. 11, we had a brief service at the house conducted by Dr. O. A. Hills, who had received Milliken into the church forty-two years ago. The next morning we took the precious casket to the old homestead at Rock Spring. The three younger children accompanied me. The funeral services were on Wednesday, the 13th, there being a short service at the house first on account of the dear old father, and at 2 p. m. another service in the church at Graysville, both conducted by Rev. R. M. Campbell and Rev. William Gemmill. The interment was at Graysville where four generations of Goheens are lying." Rev. Wm. Gemmill says: "There was a large turn-out at the funeral. Everybody knew MILLIKEN, and thought well of him; they always did, and the more so after his years of faithful service as a missionary on the foreign field. I was at a Farewell meeting when he and his first wife started abroad, took part in the exercises, and went with them some distance on the way to their point of departure. As I looked at the familiar form I thought of then, and now, and of the toil and effort of that consecrated life and all that he had done and passed through, I felt that he had fought a good fight, that he had been faithful to the end, and that he had gone to receive the crown." How consistent with the life preceding it is this beautiful ending of his career! We all remember him in connection with the class-room and the social fellowship of Seminary days, and will most pleasantly recall his gracious personality as the occupant of room 39, Brown Hall, at the top of the stairs, second floor, whither nearly the whole student-

body went to buy books. Doubtless he was often vexed over grievances common to book agents; but his irenic spirit kept him from showing it. The same genial and gentle spirit marked his work amid far greater trials in distant India. He served long and well in a most trying climate, under conditions of peculiar physical and mental strain. He brought honor to us by his sustained fidelity. We are proud of the record made by him and Jay Murray and Curtis, and gladly put them in the front rank.

Goheen was one of the promptest to respond to the appeal for data for this Class history. And now that his work is done, his communication of 1905 has a peculiar interest and force. He said: "I was married to Miss Nannie Bell in June, 1875, and sailed for India in October, 1875. We arrived in Kolhapur, India, December 25th, 1875, where I have lived ever since. My wife died in January, 1878. My health failed at this time and I was ill for some months. In May I was married to Miss Amanda Blair McGinness, who had been on the field for two years. We have five children living,—four boys and one girl. Our second child, a little girl, is in Heaven. We have had two furloughs, and our third is drawing near.

During these thirty years I have labored in Kolhapur and the surrounding district. I was pastor of the native church for about fifteen years. When I came to this Mission there was only one church; now there are eight. I have helped to organize nearly all of them. In 1875 there were about twenty-four communicants; now there are over 1000 in all. There are in the bounds of this Mission about 4,000,000 people, many of whom have not heard of Jesus.

I have tried to reach as many of them as possible. During the last half of my stay my work has been evangelistic and educational. I have established schools in

many towns and villages. My wife wishes me to say that I have dug wells in four villages where we have Christians. This has been necessary as the people are not allowed to take water from the public well in the village after they have become Christians. In closing, I will add that our oldest son and his wife are on their way to India, and will be stationed at Miraj, thirty miles from Kolhapur, where he will be associated with Dr. Wanless as a medical missionary." Soon after this was written this son arrived on the field. At the Reunion in May, 1905, a letter was read from Goheen in which he appealed to us at home to "hold the ropes," while he and others worked in the deep, dark, damp well or mine of benighted India. This appeal should stay with us and inspire our devotion to Missions; for, though he is gone, there are others still down in the mine dependent upon our support. It is dreadful to think of the catastrophe which must follow if we fail properly to hold the ropes. Goheen visited me during each of his two previous furloughs, and we were looking forward to another visit; but now that cannot be in this world. It is postponed. The last time he was with me (Feb. 1897) he was rather stout, and looked venerable in his white hair and beard.

Conversation having hinted that some preachers in this country had removed whiskers, which had turned gray, so as to prolong the semblance of youth, he said that advancing age was no bugbear to him so far as acceptability for service was concerned. For the older and grayer and balder he became, the wiser and safer he was supposed to be according to Oriental standards; and thus his frosted beard had a professional value unknown to the American preacher. In this fact the missionary abroad finds pleasant compensation for some of the privations involved in the missionary situation. During that

visit he read my copy of "A Princetonian," which had shortly before that come out. He enjoyed it greatly and never quit until he had finished it. It seemed to take him back to old Nassau and revive sacred memories. I recall his hearty outbreaks of laughter as some of the thrilling incidents of the book were sprung upon him. He seemed to get back to the old times and be a boy again.

His love for Princeton was very strong; and no far away scenes and experiences could disturb that attachment. The man who has a warm heart for his Alma Mater is usually found warm hearted for other good things! His oldest son, Robert H., is now a medical missionary in India. The second son, John L., is a Professor in Occidental College, Los Angeles, Cal.; he expects ultimately to attend a medical college. Another son is a Mechanical Engineer in Altoona; another is at Winona Lake.

The father cherished the hope that the youngest of this interesting quartet of sons would study theology. He said he avows his purpose to go to India and take his father's place! Frances, the daughter and youngest of the family, is with her mother at the home in Wooster. He has gone from us, but not beyond us; for he shall always live in our memory to make life nobler and sweeter, and after a while we will go to him! May our "last end be like his!"

Roswell Randall Hoes

Born February 28, 1850, in Kingston, N. Y.
Address—U. S. Navy Yard, Washington, D. C.

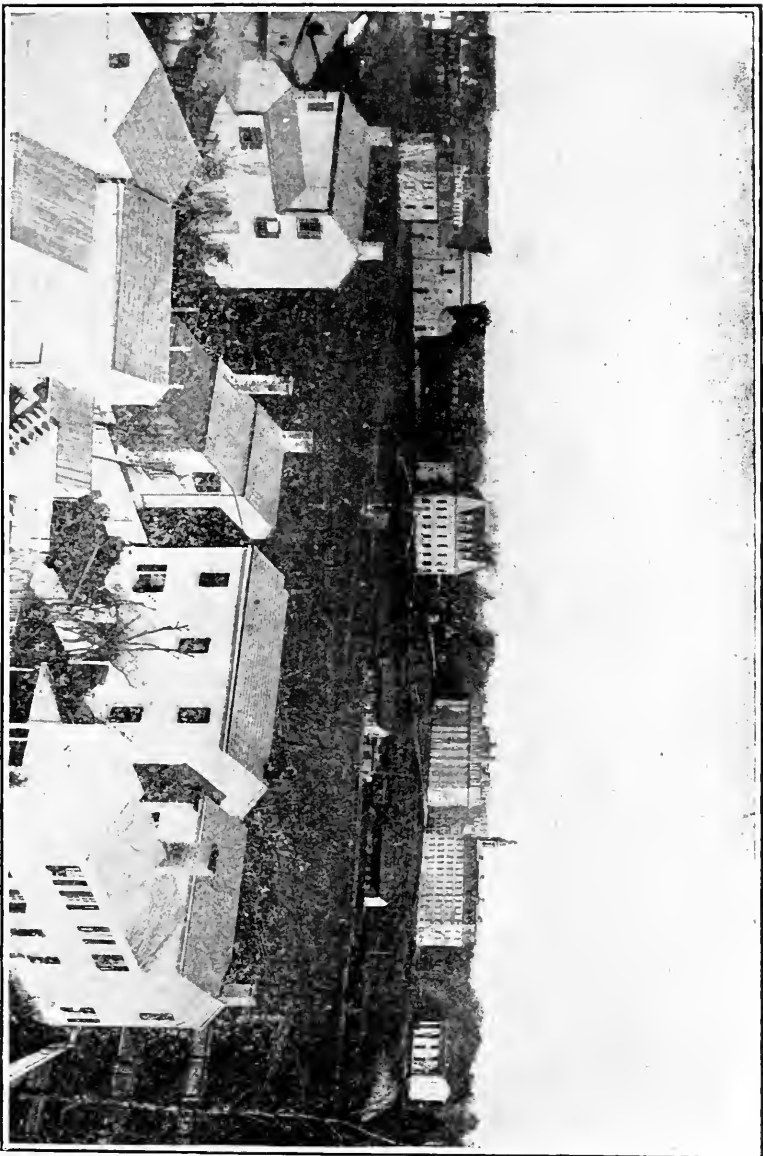
After long waiting and much coaxing, patience has been amply rewarded by the receipt of the following letter from this brother. Perhaps most of us had practically lost sight of him while he sailed the seas; but we will all be glad to know that he has acquitted himself creditably. We find we have been represented in both Army and Navy, Tully having been a military chaplain for some years. This letter gives me personally the impression that our Class history may have been undertaken by the wrong man, inasmuch as Hoes seems to have a predilection towards historical work. His letter will best tell his story, if given verbatim.

Washington, D. C., September 8th, 1906.

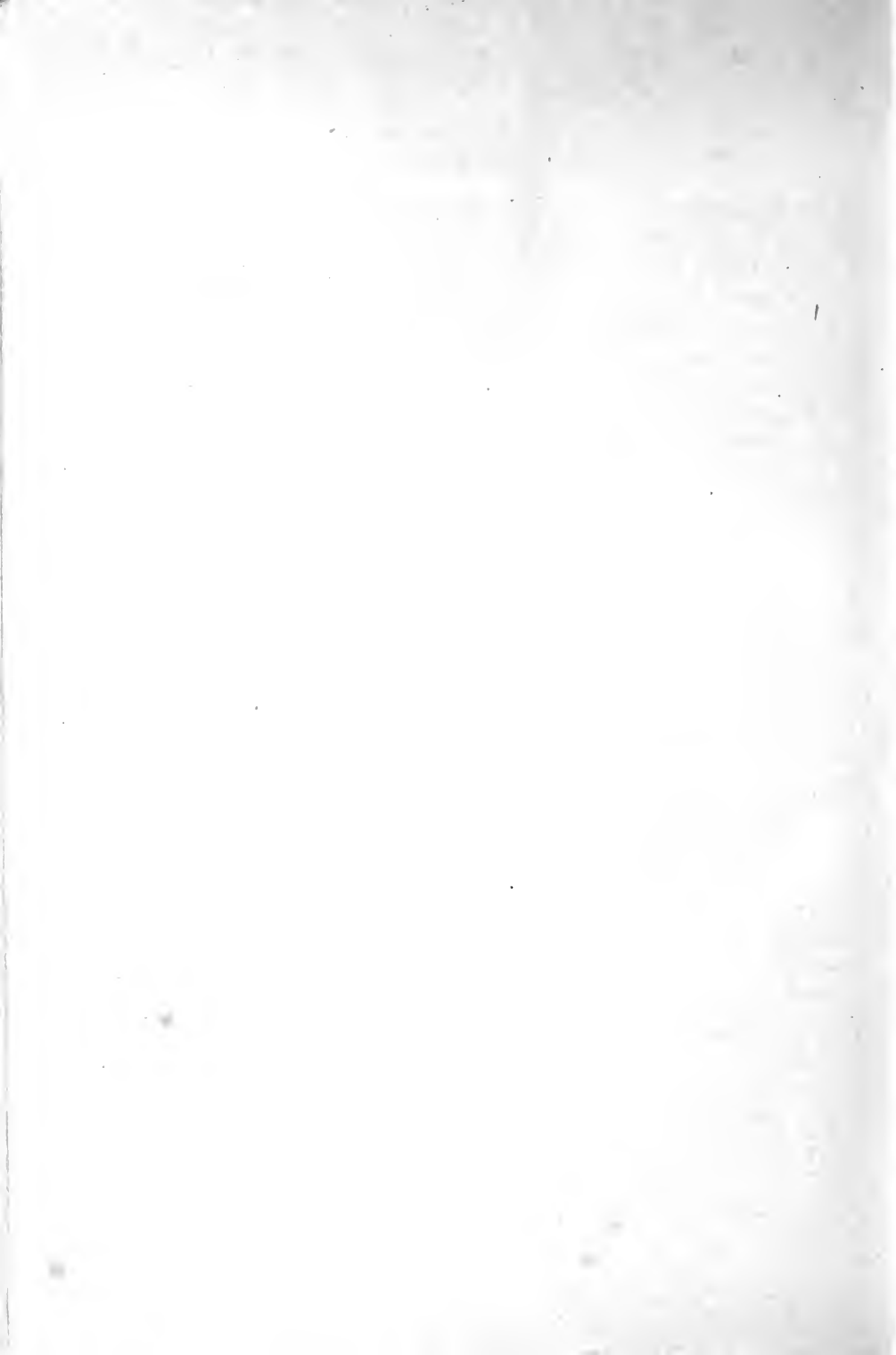
My Dear Brother Kieffer:

I am not at all fond of talking about myself, but as I understand that these memoirs of our classmates are a purely family matter, and not intended for the general eye of the public, no one has a moral right to be squeamish or to have an undue regard for his personal preferences, especially as your appeals for information have been so courteous as well as insistent.

To begin, then, way back—so far back, indeed, that it has long ceased to be a laughable matter—I was born on the 28th of February, 1850, at Kingston, N. Y., and am the only son of the late Rev. John C. F. Hoes,



THE COLLEGE AS SEEN FROM BROWN HALL.
1875.



D. D., for many years the pastor of the Old Dutch Reformed Church of that place, and of his wife, Lucy Maria, daughter of the late General Roswell Randall, of Cortland, N. Y. I was prepared for college at Kingston Academy, one of the oldest institutions of learning in the state; entered Amherst College, my Father's "Alma Mater," in the Fall of 1867; was honorably dismissed therefrom at the close of my Sophomore year in 1869; and in the Autumn of the same year entered the Junior Class of Princeton College, from which I was graduated in 1871. During the following year I was tutor of a private class of ten boys in Lambertville, N. J., and while residing there I assumed charge of a Sabbath School Mission, directly across the Delaware river, in New Hope, Penn., and larger accommodations becoming necessary, I raised sufficient funds and secured the erection of a chapel, which has since been regularly organized as a Presbyterian church. In the Fall of 1872, I entered Princeton Theological Seminary, pursued the full course and was graduated in the Spring of 1875. It has always been a source of peculiar gratification to me that both my father and myself studied theology under that grand old Christian scholar, the Rev. Dr. Charles Hodge.

Before my graduation I had accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church of Mount Holly, the county town of Burlington Co., New Jersey, as the successor of the late Dr. Samuel Miller, a profound scholar and son of the distinguished Dr. Samuel Miller, long known as the "Chesterfield of the American Pulpit," and for many years a highly distinguished Professor in Princeton Theological Seminary. On the 1st of July, 1875, I was ordained to the ministry in Mount Holly, my father preaching the ordination sermon, and immediately commenced my professional

labors in that place. Under God's blessing, the membership of that church was more than doubled during my ministry, and I look back upon those days as among the happiest of my life. As an aid to my pastoral labors in that place, I commenced the publication of a parish paper called "The Sower" which was finally transferred to the New Jersey State Sunday School Association and became its official organ. In 1878, after a pastorate of exactly three years, I resigned this charge and in the Fall of the same year accepted a unanimous call to the Presbyterian Church of New Rochelle, in Westchester Co., N. Y., a few miles from New York City. On the occasion of my installation the sermon was preached by the venerable James McCosh, President of Princeton College. Among the incidents of my ministry there were the exact doubling of the church membership; the addition of two large stone wings to the church edifice, the funds for which were entirely raised by myself; the organization of regular Sabbath services among the U. S. Troops garrisoned at David's Islands, in Long Island Sound; and my election as President of the "Young People's Association of New Rochelle," an organization for the promotion of temperance among the young. After securing the co-operation of a number of citizens, I commenced a systematic crusade while there against the rum interests of the town, resulting in a large reduction of the licenses granted, the virtual suppression of the illegal traffic in the town, and the organization of the "Citizen's Protective Association," as a means of maintaining the effected reform.

Having resigned the pastorate of the New Rochelle Church, I was appointed by President Arthur a Chaplain in the Navy on the 26th of July, 1882. From the Winter of that year until the 10th of November, 1885, I served on the "Tennessee," at that time the largest ship

in the Navy and the flag-ship of the North Atlantic Squadron, making three successive winter cruises to the West Indian Islands and visiting various ports in South America, Mexico, and the eastern coast of the United States as far north as Portland, Maine, and taking an inland trip from New Orleans through several of the Southern States. During this cruise, I volunteered (1884) to accompany the relief expedition ordered to the Arctic to search for Greely and his party, but as "it was determined to send no officer not absolutely necessary to the success of the expedition," the offer was declined with thanks by the Secretary of the Navy.

In November, 1885, I received permission to leave the United States and traveled abroad until the early part of January, 1887, visiting various parts of Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, (including Sicily) Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Turkey, Greece, several of the Balkan States, Egypt, Tunis, Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor. While in England I delivered an address before the Huguenot Society of London, and, as its guest, was the recipient of marked attentions. Returning to the United States, I served in the New York Navy Yard from the summer of 1887 until the Fall of 1889, when I was ordered to the Washington Navy Yard. In the Autumn of 1890 I was ordered to the "Pensacola," flagship of the South Atlantic Squadron, and while attached to her I visited portions of Brazil, Uruguay, Patagonia, Chili, Peru, Mexico, and subsequently the Hawaiian Islands. While in Honolulu I was instrumental, in conjunction with a few of its prominent citizens, in organizing the Hawaiian Historical Society, and gathered for its library what was said to be the largest collection then in existence of English, German and French books and pamphlets relating to the Kingdom of Hawaii. At the request of the Queen to Mr.

Blaine, our Secretary of State, through the American Minister, the late Hon. John L. Stevens, I was detached from the "Pensacola" on the eve of her return to the United States, and remained in Honolulu for the purpose of arranging the historical archives of the government and preparing a Bibliography of the Hawaiian Kingdom. A "Plan" for this Bibliography, prepared by me, was published in full in the appendix to a special report of the Committee on Foreign Relations made to the Hawaiian Legislature advocating the work, and recommending a liberal appropriation to defray the expenses attending it.

In the Spring of 1893 I returned to the United States, and in May of the same year was assigned to duty as Chaplain of the United States Naval Home in Philadelphia, where I remained until December, 1894, when I was ordered to the Navy Yard in the same city. I remained on that station until June, 1897, when I was offered by Admiral Crowninshield, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, the Chaplaincy of the "Iowa," at that time but just completed, and the most powerful battleship then in our Navy. I accepted the offer at once, little suspecting at the moment that in the following year I should be on board of that ship through some of the most thrilling naval experiences connected with the Spanish-American war. The "Iowa," under command of Captain (now Rear Admiral) Robley D. Evans, ("Fighting Bob,") formed a part of the squadron that, as our first overt naval act in the war, established the blockade of Havana. From there we sailed to Porto Rico and took part in the bombardment of San Juan, and subsequently assisted in establishing the blockade of Santiago where the Spanish Admiral Cervera was most effectively caged and subsequently crushed. Words can never describe the terrors and grandeur of the several

bombardments of the Spanish fortifications in which the "Iowa" participated during the progress of that famous blockade. Still more feeble is language to portray the sublimity as well as the horror of the scenes I witnessed at the Battle of Santiago on that memorable 3rd of July, 1898, when the finishing stroke was given to the power and prestige of Spain in the Western World. For the first time in my life I could adequately appreciate the words uttered by Gen. Sherman that "War is Hell!" As far as our officers and men were concerned, it was nearly a bloodless combat; but to the Spaniards—poor, deceived and misguided wretches—it was a veritable slaughter-house! The wounded and other prisoners were brought to the "Iowa" and as, in the absence of the other officers at their several stations of duty, I was detailed to receive them as they came on board, I had ample opportunity to witness sights so unspeakably ghastly that they will stand out in my memory like weird and horrible spectres until my dying day. Even my commanding officer, whom no one can accuse of desiring to avoid a fight, when necessary, said with great emphasis in my presence on the quarter deck of the "Iowa" shortly after the battle: "Gentlemen, it is a disgrace to the nineteenth century that such things are possible!"

On the 16th of September, 1898, after the return of Admiral Sampson's squadron from Cuban waters to New York, I was detached from the Battleship "Iowa" and ordered to duty at the Boston Navy Yard. On "Decoration Day," 1900, I delivered the annual oration at Tremont Temple, in Boston. While on duty in that city I was appointed Chaplain of the "Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company," and on the 4th of June, 1900, preached the 262nd annual sermon before that organization in the "New Old South Church."

This appointment was especially gratifying to me as my ancestor Brian Pendleton (born 1599) was in early colonial days a prominent member of that Company. In the same year and month I was ordered to the Battleship "Kearsarge" of the North Atlantic Squadron, and the following winter made my fourth cruise among the West Indian Islands. I was detached from this ship in May, 1902, and since then have been serving as Chaplain of the Washington Navy Yard.

I was promoted to the rank of Commander (the same as Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army) on the 19th of March, 1897; and to the rank of Captain (the same as Colonel in the Army and the highest rank established by law for Chaplains) on the 2nd of March, 1903.

I received the degree of Master of Arts from Princeton College in 1874, and was subsequently offered by President Welling of Columbian University, in Washington, the professorate of Belles Lettres and English Literature in that institution, which I declined.

I am a life member of the American Bible Society and of the American Tract Society. For two years I was corresponding secretary of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society. I am also a corresponding member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society; the State Historical Societies of New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Virginia; the Huguenot Society of America; the Minisink Historical Society; the Newport Historical Society; the Hawaiian Historical Society; a member of the American Historical Association; the Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania; the Holland Society of New York; the Netherlands Society of Philadelphia; the American Society of Church History; the Sons of the Revolution; and a charter member of the Rhode Island Society of Colonial Wars.

Among my printed writings are the following: Decora-

tion Day Orations at Mount Holly and New Rochelle; Discourse on the Assassination of President Garfield; Address delivered before the Board of Excise of New Rochelle; Farewell Sermon in Presbyterian Church in New Rochelle; Address before the Huguenot Society, London; Fourth of July Oration at Honolulu; A Plan for a Bibliography of the Hawaiian Kingdom; "God's Hand at Santiago. A Sermon preached on board U. S. Battleship Iowa in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, July 10, 1898, the Sunday following the Naval Battle of Santiago"—published by request of the crew of the Battleship "Iowa," and privately printed by the DeVinne Press, N. Y., 1898; Decoration Day Address, Tremont Temple, Boston, 1900; Two Hundred and Sixty-Second Annual Sermon before the "Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company," Boston, 1900; Sermon on the Assassination of President McKinley, delivered on the Battleship "Kearsarge;" various articles for historical and genealogical periodicals and contributions to the religious and secular press; and a quarto volume of 797 pages entitled "Baptismal and Marriage Registers of the Old Dutch Church of Kingston, Ulster County, New York (formerly named Wiltwyck, and often familiarly called Esopus or 'Sopus), for One Hundred and Fifty Years from their Commencement in 1660," privately printed by the DeVinne Press, N. Y., 1891.

I married, first, May 12, 1875, Miss Elizabeth Seabrook Welch, of Lambertville, N. J., who died April 8, 1879. Children:—Isabel Dorrance, born 3 June, 1876; and John Paul, born 7 March, 1879. I married, secondly, Dec. 5, 1888, Miss Rose de Chine Gouverneur, a great-grand-daughter of President James Monroe. Children:—Gouverneur, born 10 September, 1889; Roswell Randall, junior, born 19 June, 1891 and died

April 12th, 1901; and Lawrence Gouverneur, born January 8th, 1900.

I never before in my whole life talked so much about myself, but you, my dear Kieffer, are to blame, *for you would have it!*

Faithfully yours,

Roswell Randall Hoes.



STUART HALL

William Thompson Linn Kieffer, D. D.

Born, in Mifflinburg, Pa.

Address—Milton, Pa.

On the day of graduation, April 27, 1875, I had no prospect of a pastoral settlement or of matrimony; and was therefore quite unlike the majority of my classmates. But the Lord will provide! On the ensuing Sabbath, while en route to Washington, D. C., to visit "Joe" Kelly, I preached at Churchville, Md., at the request of Leigh Richmond Smith, who expected a call from that church but could not fill an engagement there that day. It happened that factions in the congregation had formed so that neither of two candidates could be chosen; and that proved to be my psychological moment. Perhaps as the easiest way out of a dilemma all parties united on me; and in about ten days I received one of my life-surprises in the form of a unanimous call to a church I had not sought. After receiving the call I spent two Sabbaths in the parish in order to see what it was like. On the evening of the first of these Sabbaths a memorable and unique episode befel me, which made me feel quite glad that I then had the "Call" in my possession, whatever disposal I might make of it. The pulpit light was dim, the penmanship pale, the preacher inexperienced. Being somewhat of a gesticulator and having to keep near the parchment, I chanced to swing the right arm in such way and with such force that the edge of the stiff cuff caught the edge of the manuscript and sent it flying in a beautiful curve towards the heads of the people. A quick and desperate grab failed to catch it. It settled upside down on the floor below the pulpit and the agile young parson

sprinted after it with such celerity that no one near by got there ahead of him. And the preaching went serenely on! The preacher was much mortified; but the people admired his nerve in emergency. Of course that mishap has never occurred again, although some others quite as embarrassing have befallen me.

On Nov. 12, 1875, I was ordained and installed by the Presbytery of Baltimore. My parish was a widely scattered rural congregation, with residence six miles from a railroad, in a fertile and beautiful country, and among excellent people. I can never forget the sense of responsibility which came to me after the installation. I felt then the force of Paul's words to Timothy:— "Let no man despise thy youth;" and as I now occasionally glance at some of the sermons preached then I wonder they did not do so! The isolation and loneliness of the country at first oppressed me; but I resolved, if possible, to stay at least two years! But before I realized it I had been there four years as a bachelor, the Lord not being as prompt with the good wife as He was with the church. When the wife came, she wished her novitiate there instead of in a larger settlement, and as the life proved congenial her novitiate also covered four years; and so my first pastorate continued eight years; We always will cherish those years among our happiest memories.

In July, 1883, I became pastor of the church in Mercersburg, Pa., Presbytery of Carlisle; and remained there nine years in the enjoyment of a prosperous pastorate. In July, 1892, I accepted a call to the Third Presbyterian church of Washington, Pa., where I remained three and one-fourth years. The congregation was one year old when I took charge of it, and I was the first pastor. Each of my two previous churches was at least one hundred and fifty years old, and had a definite groove of

precedent and usage in which things would go whether the bishop knew the polity or not. I found it a big jump to a situation where precedent had to be established in the first-hand organization of the work. After much hard and trying work I had gotten to the clearing, and was contemplating a long residence in a congenial community, when the Lord wrought another surprise by arranging, without conscious connivance on my part, an unexpected and unanimous call for me from the church in Milton, Pa., four miles distant from the town in which my mother, then feeling the burden of years, resided.

In November, 1895, I became pastor of the church in Milton, Pa., Presbytery of Northumberland; and at the time of writing am in the eleventh year of my pastorate. My only trouble here has been with malaria microbes; but acclimation, aided by a trip to California, seems at least partially to have overcome them. The future no man knoweth. I have thus far in my ministry escaped many of the afflictions which distress and disturb some pastors, having had peaceable congregations to deal with. Perhaps the wise Master gave me a useful training at the beginning of my ministry, by permitting me to become owner of a balking horse! I assure you this was not a small matter to the young parson. Though the obviously needed lesson in self-control was not all learned, yet I think I have since seen how that exasperating brute was the Lord's messenger to teach me how to deal with cross-grained and balky people. The animal was a pointer for treatment of some people of the same sort I have had to deal with for a time; and so far as I learned my lesson I have felt amply compensated for the money lost on the horse deal! I have never enjoyed a story quite so keenly as I did that of David Harum; and it was all because of

that wonderful beast! I have seen many church troubles as a Presbyterian, and have had much to do with judicial committees and the like; but I must say that I have very often thought that, if the troublesome and troubled brethren had only begun their ministry with a downright balky horse, they might have escaped many of their serious predicaments! I am glad, however, that I got my lesson early and I do devoutly pray that I may never have to learn from a balky horse again! Revisiting that parish in the summer of 1905, a friend said: "Parson, we used to wonder how you could drive that beast without cussin', but we knew you never did swear at her and accordingly credited you with some self control!" I appreciated the remark!

I have been commissioner to three General Assemblies, viz., Springfield, Ill., 1882; Saratoga, 1890; and Los Angeles, 1903. For nine years I have been Chairman of our Presbyterian Committee on Synodical Home Missions, and as such have represented my Presbytery in Synod's Committee on the same, which is practically the Board of Home Missions for Pennsylvania; and am also a member of Presbytery's Committee on Mission work for, or among, the foreigners in our bounds,—now a momentous problem.

In 1905 the Trustees of Lafayette College took it upon themselves to confer on me the degree of Doctor of Divinity; and I am still wondering why. I have done nothing outside of the regular pastoral service, and have no literary monuments in the form of books, magazine articles, lectures, etc., to reflect glory on the Class.

On June 24, 1879, I was married in Carlisle, Pa., to Miss Elizabeth Gould Miles; and I have no quarrel to make with Providence for making me wait to find her, for she has proved worth waiting for. We have had three children—(1) William Miles, August 13, 1882.

He graduated from Lafayette College in 1904 and has been Assistant Principal of our Local High School ever since. He expects to go to the Theological Seminary at Princeton, September, 1906. (2) Tompson Linn, May 19, 1884; died July 9, 1885; and (3), Harold Creigh, July 23, 1887. He is attending school at home and shows as yet no indication of future career, but insists he will not be a preacher. (Oct., '06.—William is now at work in Junior Class in the Seminary.)

After thirty years' service in the ministry I can and do cordially testify that the old theology taught us by Charles Hodge, with its distinct Pauline color, has proved itself sufficient. Notwithstanding the hue and cry of Higher Critics, Agnostics, and the like since our graduation, the old Gospel still furnishes the only solvent of the world's trouble. I can wish no greater privilege than to keep on preaching "Christ and Him crucified," while my time of service lasts. Some day there is going to be a great Coronation; and I hope we may all have a share in it.

Thomas Davis^e Latimer
Born, York Co., S. C.
Address—Springfield, Kentucky.

This was our representative from the South, and he has labored in that region since graduation. He was licensed June 13, 1874, by the Bethel Presbytery at Chester, S. C. He was ordained by the Presbytery of Atlanta at Griffin, Ga., Oct. 3, 1875, and installed pastor of the Moore Memorial church Oct. 31, 1875. This relation continued till Dec. 28, 1876, when it was dissolved at his own request. He next served the First church of Jefferson City, Texas, as Stated Supply, '77-'78; but ill health compelled him to seek a change of climate. Accordingly he went to South Florida to recuperate. He engaged successfully for eleven months in the evangelistic work of St. John's Presbytery, '78-'80, organizing churches and strengthening weaker ones. He was pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Mayslick, Ky., '80-'81. He took a course in the National School of Oratory in Philadelphia, graduating therefrom in 1884. He then served the First church of Corinth, Miss., as Stated Supply, '85-'90, and in the same way the St. Elmo church of Chattanooga, Tenn., '91-'92. He was pastor at Cleveland, Tenn., '92-'93; Macon, Miss., '95-'99. On Jan. 4, 1904, he began work as pastor of the First Presbyterian church, Springfield, Ky., a delightful charge in the blue grass region.

His church is one of the strongest and most influential in the Presbytery of Transylvania. Last year thirty-one were added to his church, chiefly on profession of faith, besides twenty-five to the churches in which he had done evangelistic service the previous summer. He has been instrumental in leading many souls to Christ,

being quite successful in evangelistic work; and gives joyful praise to God for it. He has been commissioner to the General Assembly (South) at Augusta, Ga., in 1886; the Centennial Assembly in Baltimore, Md., in 1888, which participated in the centennial celebration with the Northern Assembly in Philadelphia; and at Atlanta in 1900. He has also been honored with the Moderatorship in the Presbyteries where he has resided. On June 5, 1884, he was married to Miss M. Jennie Moffatt, daughter of Capt. T. B. Moffatt, Rives, Tenn. Their children are:

1. Annie Josephine, born at Rives, Tenn., April 26, 1885.
2. Thomas Moffatt, born at Bethel Springs, Tenn., May 28, 1894.

He says: "My daughter Annie has a fine voice and renders valuable service as the leading soprano in my church choir. She received her musical training while a student at the Mississippi State College for Young Ladies. My son, twelve years of age, is now a student in our City High School, and stands high in his class, though the youngest and smallest member of it. I trust that some day he may take my place in the Master's service." It is pleasant to know that this brother has had evangelistic success in the Southland. His career has been varied; but he has held true to the Master's call. It is hoped that years of fruitful service await him either in his present pastorate or wherever his lot is cast by Him who guides us all. He retains a warm feeling for the members of the Class, and shows great interest in the history. After being lost to our view and out of touch so long it is pleasant to discover him; and we hope he will keep in sight hereafter.

Egbert Charles Lawrence, Ph. D.

Born in Borodino, N. Y.

Address—36 University Place, Schenectady, N. Y.

Everybody remembers the great "Serpent" sermon this brother preached in Chapel on John 3: 14. Accordingly in 1905 we all inquired as to his present knowledge of snakes! But he averred that he had dropped that branch of natural history and had confined himself to quieter and safer paths of study. He has grown very stout and shows good keeping. The humorous twinkle *is still in his eye, and his voice has its old kindly ring. Like some more of us he feels an increasing interest in our Class affairs as the years roll on; and shows a cordial feeling towards all our members. After graduation he was pastor (1875-77) of Grace Presbyterian church, Brooklyn, N. Y., which afterwards became the Lewis Ave. Congregational; (77-78), the Reformed church of Owasco Outlet, just outside the city of Auburn; (78-80), the Second Dutch Reformed church, Schenectady; (82-86), the Reformed church of the Thousand Isles; (86-90), Mount Vernon Presbyterian church, Vernon, N. Y.; (1890-1901), the Westhampton Presbyterian church. While residing in Brooklyn and Schenectady he has also supplied many different pulpits. He took a fourth year at Auburn, and is a post-graduate of that Seminary. In 1889 he received the degree of Ph. D. from the National University of Chicago after a course in Physical Science under the direction of Syracuse University. In 1876-7 he assisted James B. Thompson, LL. D., in making an Arithmetic and an Algebra and the keys to the same. From 1878-1882 he was instructor in Latin and Mathematics and Adjunct Professor of History in Union College, his Alma Mater. For several years he

was Corresponding Secretary of the Long Island Bible Society; and in this capacity he had the honor of engaging President Roosevelt to deliver his address on the Bible in Russell's church at Oyster Bay. This occasion was doubtless one of rare interest and enjoyment to both Lawrence and Russell, the Secretary and the Pastor. The President must have been a mere factotum in comparison! Lawrence thinks Russell was very elated and happy; and surmises that the "G" in his name henceforth stands for "Great." Alexander the Great? Or perhaps for "Grateful"—to Lawrence for arranging the honor! An impression exists that Russell enjoys an enviable intimacy with the distinguished summer resident at Oyster Bay; and possibly he may have felt no unusual exaltation on this occasion, but Lawrence, unwonted to such high life, lost his head and saw double! Anyhow, it interests us to know that any of our classmates have at any time stood in with the nobility!

In 1877 he married Miss Sarah Jean Burtis, the youngest daughter of Rev. Arthur Burtis, D. D., Prof. of Greek in Miami University. They were married in the Central Presbyterian church, Buffalo, N. Y. Three children blessed this marriage;—(1), Arthur Burtis (1879) who after a five years' course in Union College entered the shops of the General Electric Works and now holds a responsible position in the main office of that great concern. (2), Grace Phillips (1881), graduate of Buffalo Seminary, wife of Wm. C. Yates, head of Rheostat Department of the General Electric works in Schenectady, N. Y., and (3), John Joel, (1883), who is now in the Albany Law School. In the summer of 1882, five years after marriage, they took their wedding trip to Europe, and incidentally traced out the old home of the bride's ancestors in Dumbarton, Scotland. In 1892, after a long illness, Mrs. Lawrence died.

In 1896 he married Miss Mary Sylvester Dering, a Colonial Dame, tracing her descent through her father, Henry S. Dering, M. D., from the first white settlers and owners of Shelter Island; and through her mother from William (Tangier) Smith, acting Governor of the Province of New York in 1701. She owns, by inheritance from her mother, the old Colonial homestead at Setauket, Long Island, where she was born and reared and continued to live till her marriage.

This narrative shows that Lawrence, too, has felt the lights and shadows of life. Just now he is not in the pastorate, but is constantly preaching as "Supply" here and there. He congratulates himself that matrimony has accrued to his financial advantage; "otherwise," he writes, "I might now be pretty badly stranded, for churches pay next to nothing for supplies; some of them are more penurious than Judas Iscariot himself." He is Treasurer of the Schenectady Department of the Mohawk and Hudson River Humane Society; but this office doubtless gives no chance for "graft" and livelihood. He is now also the Chairman of his Presbytery's Permanent Committee on Ministerial Relief.

A FISH STORY



(1) The bite



(2) The biter.



(3) The bitten.

Joseph William Mann.

Born Bethany, Ind.

Address—Philo, Ill.

This good brother lived very quietly among us as a Hoosier! There are no ungracious recollections of him because of behavior; on the contrary, he is pleasantly remembered for his uniform devotion to his work. He has never been East since graduation; but has kept pretty close to his starting-point in the middle-West. The great size of our country makes it impracticable for us to see each other very often, if at all. In 1897 he met Curtis and Goheen at the Assembly in Winona; but has not seen any others of the Class. The writer has been a member of three Assemblies and a visitor at several others; but has seldom met members of the Class.

Mann wrote, August 15, 1905:—"I was very glad indeed to hear from you and through you of so many of the boys. I had heard nothing of the effort to have a Reunion last May, though I should not have been able to attend, owing to financial matters. I had two boys in College last year, and upon the salary some of us preachers get there is not much left when such expenses are met. I should have enjoyed exceedingly the opportunity of meeting my old classmates once more in the flesh.

I wish it were possible for us all (who are left) to meet together again; but I doubt very much if it can be accomplished. I have never been East since I graduated, and have only been able to make one visit to my College Alma Mater. My ministerial life has all been spent in Indiana and Illinois. I was born and brought up in Crawfordsville Presbytery, Synod of Indiana, which ordained me. I spent the first fourteen or fifteen years of my ministry in that Presbytery, and then came to Illinois

where I have since been." It will be remembered that at our Class Supper on the eve of graduation, when matrimonial prospects were being confessed or hinted, Mann very aptly remarked that, if he ever could find a woman who was willing to "become a man," he would be married; otherwise he would remain a bachelor! His diligence in this search was rewarded in a few years; for he says: "I was married in February, 1879, while in my second charge at Newtown, Ind., where we remained ten years. I married Miss S. C. Moore, Southport, Ind., a suburb of Indianapolis. Our children, three boys, were born at Newtown, Ind., where the church erected for us a parsonage at Beulah, a part of the field.

My oldest son, Ralph Curtis, is 23 years old. He has been in newspaper work to some extent and has been traveling in the Southwest the last few months. My second son, Joseph Montgomery, 21 years old, is assistant cashier in a bank at Hinkley, Ill. The youngest, 19 years old, was in the Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill., last year, and expects to go through College; has not yet fully decided whether to be a teacher or a minister.

In this State I have been at Rossville, Mansfield, Pawpaw, Toledo, and Philo. While at Pawpaw we built a \$10,000 church. We are now at Philo, Ill., in Bloomington Presbytery. The University of Illinois is located at Urbana, the county-seat of this county.

I was at one time Moderator of Crawfordsville Presbytery, and for several years its treasurer; and was sent from that Presbytery to the General Assembly at Madison, Wis., in 1880. I was also a member of the Assembly at Winona, Ind., in 1897, from Bloomington Presbytery, Synod of Illinois. I received the A. M. degree from my Alma Mater, Hanover College, Ind.

John Alexander McAlmon

Born in Co. Armagh, Ireland.

Address,—Wilton, McLean Co., N. Dakota.

This brother now represents us as a Sky Pilot out on the frontier. Up in North Dakota, where the air is surcharged with ozone and Jack Frost has his pincers razor-edged in winter, one's pulse is apt to bound with the very pleasure of being alive. But the spiritual ozone is not apt to be so abundant, nor the religious pulse to beat so strongly. For this very reason it is well that good men take up the mission of evangelist, and seek by precept and example to make Christ known. Valuable souls with warm hearts inhabit the vast regions of that Western empire; and the Gospel is their hope. Traveling through that region, one is impressed with the vastness of the territory; and soon comes to feel the freeness of the life that is common to it. Said a Conductor to me on a Northern Pacific train:— " Pennsylvania is a good old State to live in when a man wants to settle down; but out here a man has more room and more freedom." And doubtless many others share that feeling; and the Gospel should be there to meet them and help them upward.

Brother McAlmon writes very briefly, but enough to show that he has the heart of an earnest worker who fears not the hardship of frontier evangelism. His classmates can best appreciate his story by reading it directly from his hand, under date of March 14, 1906. He says:—" Yours of the 7th inst. was forwarded to me from Galesburg, N. Dak., where I was last year. I am now twenty miles north of Bismark, the Capitol of N.

Dak., in a new country and in a town of some 500 population, with a coal mine, etc. My career has been varied. I spent twelve years in Ontario, Canada. Helped to build two churches and two parsonages.

I married a wife in 1876. My family consists of four boys and four girls. May, our first daughter, is a teacher in Minneapolis. Anna, our second daughter, has graduated as a nurse in Chicago. Our eldest son, Bertie, is in a wholesale store in Detroit, Michigan. Bessie, Willie, Grace, George, and Robbie are still attending school in Madison, S. Dakota. I reached S. Dakota in 1887, and spent two years there at Dell Rapids. Spent the next three years in Iowa at Paullina, after which I spent seven years in Kansas. Since returning from Kansas I have been two years at Volga, S. Dak., and a little over one year in N. Dakota. My present field is a weak one, although there is prospect of growth.

I received no letter from you or any other brother. Inclosed find \$1.00, as I am sure it will be well to keep up dues. I have not much hope of seeing my Class-mates until we graduate and get home. I am white-headed now. May God keep you in remembrance until that day. With kind love I remain your Bro."

It is pleasant to hear thus from our frontiersman; for it is gratifying to know that "1875" has a hand in the building of the Kingdom of Christ in that great Northwest. By means of our missionaries in the Foreign Field we are linked with China and India in a peculiar sense; and in the persons of McAlmon, McGaughey and others we are aligned with the great Home Mission work of our Church. Now that we know where they are, we can, to some extent at least, share their labors with them; for it is all the Lord's work and we are co-workers with Him and with one another.

Our President is constrained to cap his perusal of this sketch with the exclamation: "Just think of raising and educating a family of eight children under such conditions!"

Johnston McGaughey

Born in Dayton, Pa.

Address—Russell, Iowa

This brother has devoted most of his ministry to Home Missions, and deserves to rank in the honor grade with Curtis, Goheen and Murray. In July following graduation he became pastor of Stewartstown and Center churches in the Presbytery of Westminster, in the Synod of Pennsylvania, remaining till 1879. Evidence of successful service appears in the fact that at the close of his three and a half years' pastorate each church called a pastor for full time. He then went to Laramie City, Wyoming, Synod of Colorado, where he remained till December, 1880,—twenty-three months. From here he went to Santa Fe, New Mexico, to become pastor of the church there and to superintend the educational work at that place which had been organized in 1867 by Rev. David F. McFarland. The church-membership was small, but increased 500 per cent. in the two and one half years of his pastorate; and a church was built and paid for at a cost of \$6,400. The Mexican Mission school was reorganized, a teacher appointed, and steps taken which led to the present Boarding School for Mexican girls. The classical department of our educational work, founded by McFarland in 1867, having passed out of our hands, was won back and as Santa Fe Academy put fully under control of the Presbyterian Church.

In March, 1883, he was appointed Synodical Missionary for New Mexico and Arizona, in which capacity he served one year. He organized two churches and secured pastors for them, organized an Academy at Silver City, N. M., raised money and secured a lot for an

Academy building, with a Chapel for church services and a minister in charge of it.

In 1884 he was appointed in charge of Mission work in Raton, N. M. With headquarters in Raton, he spent ten years in charge of the Mission work at that and adjacent points. The fruits of this service were:—"Two churches and a Day School for Mexican children organized; served the English church as pastor, the Mexican as Superintendent; lots secured, one church built, another in part, money secured from the Women's Executive Committee for the house for the Day School; left the English church with 40 members and 120 in the Sabbath School, Spanish Church with 70 members and 100 in the Sabbath School; the Day School with two teachers and 85 pupils." In 1893-4 he had charge also of Mission work in San Juan County, N. M., preaching regularly at four different points and building a church at one of them, Farmington.

In January, 1895, he was called to the Presbyterian church of Kossuth, Iowa, which he served as pastor for seven years. While here he organized two other churches at Mission points and built a church at one of them, Oakville, and put it about on a self-supporting basis. Besides all this he served two years (97-99) as Principal of the Kossuth Classical and Normal Academy. He was called to his present charge, Russell, Ia., Jan. 1, 1902. He declined a call to Iola, Kansas, in 1892 on account of climatic conditions.

He was Stated Clerk, 1883-1891, of the Presbytery of Santa Fe; was Commissioner to the General Assembly in 1885 and 1892. In 1882 attended the General Assembly at Springfield, Ill., as the representative of the Mission and Educational Work in New Mexico. He formulated the action taken by the Assembly and the Synod of Colorado, erecting the Presbyteries of Arizona and Rio

Grande from the territory of Santa Fe Presbytery, and for the organization of the Synod of New Mexico. He also edited and published an eight page monthly religious illustrated paper at Laramie City and afterwards at Santa Fe.

On September 20, 1877, he was married to Miss Emma Thompson, of Rising Sun, Md. Their children are: Charles Hodge, October 29, 1878; now Assistant Postmaster at Raton, N. M. He took a partial Commercial course and learned the printing business. (2) Ralph Thompson, May 27, 1880, graduated at the head of his Class in 1901 at Parsons College in Fairfield, Ia; taught two years, first as Assistant Principal of the High School in Fairfield, and then as Principal of the High School in Brighton. Impaired health has prevented permanent work since 1903; was thinking of going to Princeton Seminary, Fall Term, 1905. (3) John Dwight, Dec. 16, 1883; has taken three years in College studying Civil Engineering and since February, 1905, has been with a surveying corps locating a railroad near Raton, N. M. (4) Albert Johnson, Sept. 20, 1885; has taken High School course, and at time of writing was clerk and salesman in a clothing store in Osceola, Ia. (5) Helen Parkhurst, April 20, 1890; is at home and attending the High School of Russell.

This sketch shows a busy and useful life. His work has been largely pioneer. His evangelical soundness and consecrated spirit have doubtless contributed largely to the development of the Mission territory. His record is peculiarly pleasing to the writer because it furnishes convincing proof that his somewhat ungraciously searching criticism of McGaughey's Class sermon in the Seminary did not discourage him from going on and on to preach the great Gospel! We were young gladiators "out for gore" in those days of

homiletic drill, and sometimes got our free lance in a little deep. Doubtless the sermon was better than the critique, but the latter did its best to expose faults. Some years afterwards McGaughey said he had never been able to preach that sermon again; but doubtless he has many times since found the text still worth preaching on. Looking back over the years how we smile at such juvenile incidents! But so were we made preachers, and taught to ^{we} endure hardness!

David McLeod

Born in Toronto, Canada, January 20, 1842.

Died at Florida, N. Y., March 20, 1898.

This brother took the full three years' course with us, and commended himself to us by his estimable qualities as a man and a student. He was licensed, April 14, 1875, by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, and ordained by the Presbytery of Hudson, June 15, 1875, being at the same time installed pastor of the second Presbyterian church of Florida, N. Y. This relation was dissolved June 15, 1878. From January 1, 1879, to July 1, 1880, he served the church of upper Lehigh, Pa., as Stated Supply, and the Church of Denton, N. Y., from the latter date until February 1, 1883, his residence being at New Hampton, N. Y. In March, 1883, he was called to the pastorate of the church at Angelica, N. Y., and was installed May 12th following. This relation was dissolved December 8, 1889. In May, 1891, he returned to the Denton church, supplying its pulpit until December, 1896, when failing health compelled him to abandon the active work of the ministry. He resided in Florida, N. Y., from that time until his death, which occurred March 20, 1898, at Florida, of Bright's disease, after a lingering illness, in the 57th year of his age.

Brother McLeod's ministry was somewhat interrupted by illness. While at Angelica his wife was so seriously threatened with nervous prostration that, when the physicians advised that nothing but a long rest and entire change would accomplish her restoration, he resigned his charge. Health had but just returned

to her when he was attacked by the incurable disease which ultimately caused his death. His desire was to continue to work until the summons came, but medical advice pronounced this suicidal. Debarred thus from all active service, he yet continued his studies, and until the last year was blessed with full mental powers. He loved the ministry, and nothing could tempt him to relinquish it, the temptation of Professorships offered by two Colleges being refused by him.

At his funeral two friends made feeling allusion to his noble qualities of mind and heart. The one, a friend during his Seminary life, based his remarks on Jeremiah 48: 17—"All ye that are round about him, bemoan him, and all ye that know his name; say, How is the strong staff broken, the beautiful rod!" The other, a friend attentive during his shut-in life, spoke on Psalm 37: 37—"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace!" The beautiful sentiment of these verses indicates the esteem cherished for him by those who knew him in his later life as it also does that of his Classmates. There is very pleasant thought, too, in the fact that on March 27, 1898, the Angelica Church held a memorial service as an expression of their affection for him, although he had been absent from them for more than seven years. This accords with the statement:—"Mr. McLeod was much beloved by his people."

He was a Commissioner to the General Assembly that met in Chicago, 1877, and to that in Minneapolis, 1886. He was married February 22, 1883, in Florida, N. Y., to Miss Lena Mead Vail, who still survives him. Her home is with her mother in Florida, N. Y. They had no children.

We cherish the memory of this good man and faithful minister. Though hindered by ill health, he held true

to his course, and did excellent service. How pleasant the reflection suggested by the record of a friend who has thus attested his worth, and has gone home!

Mourned by those who survive, yet wreathed with the chaplets of victory, he has gone beyond the perils of this life into the ineffable bliss of Heaven! Human life is not measured only by years of transit, but by that excellence of character and conduct through divine grace, which is imperishable! In this precious assurance we extend fraternal sympathy to the widow, and anticipate with her the glad reunion where separations are unknown!

“McLeod had a wonderfully sweet disposition. He was one of the purest and best men I ever knew. I preached for him in Florida.”—M. S. M.

Dr. Lawrence says:—“I also preached for him in Florida, exchanging pulpits when I was settled in Brooklyn. Robinson and I were both very fond of McLeod. Robinson called him “Davy” and imposed upon his good nature, never provoking him to wrath but often by his Irish wit drawing him into heated Scotch arguments that were exceedingly amusing to me.”

Minot Spaulding Morgan

Born in New York City,

Address—Elwood, N. J.

It is very largely due to this brother's deep and perpetual interest in our Class that communication has been at all maintained between the widely scattered members. When the rest of us gave it no thought he was trying to trace us out and locate us. At each decade or half decade he has tried to effect a Reunion, and has himself hitherto borne all the expense of printing and postage connected with such effort. As President of the Class he has always been devoted to our interests. Finally his fine Class-spirit has awakened in some of the rest of us a kindred feeling; and this has developed into the present attempt to put into definite form the record of the first thirty years of as many of the Class as can be reached. We are debtors to him for keeping us together as a Class.

His epitome is so clear and comprehensive that it needs no editing and will be best given verbatim. He says:

" I was married in Princeton, May 21, 1872, to Cora Yeomans, widow of Dr. Edward Yeomans and daughter of Geo. S. Green of Trenton. Circumstances prevented my entering College, but I passed a College examination and entered Princeton Seminary and took the three years' course with the class which graduated in 1875.

I was licensed to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ at a meeting of the Presbytery of New Brunswick which met in Mount Pleasant, N. J., on Oct. 7, 1874. After my graduation I seriously considered, for family reasons, the acceptance of the position of Treasurer of the Sem

inary; but after wasting several years in futile waiting I dropped the offer and accepted a call to the Presbyterian church at Hopewell, N. J., where I was ordained and installed April 5, 1878. My inability to secure a home and remove my family from Princeton to Hopewell terminated my pastorate there in a little over a year, although I spent most of my time there alone, making one thousand calls in one year and receiving into the church more than seventy members, almost all on confession of faith. Shortly after this my great interest in the cause of Temperance drew me wholly into that work and unfortunately into the political branch of it. Joining the Prohibition party I was nominated for Congress in the Second Congressional District of New Jersey. Although I ran ahead of my ticket I was soundly beaten and retired from politics.

I have had two children, a daughter who died in infancy, and a son Rev. Minot Canfield Morgan, who graduated from Princeton University in the class of 1896, from Princeton Seminary in the class of 1900, and who is now pastor of the Central Presbyterian church of Summit, N. J.

My wife died Sept. 9, 1893. We then broke up our Princeton home and I went to New York City and for a while assisted our classmate, the Rev. James Chambers, D. D., in his work as pastor of Calvary Presbyterian church. In the early part of 1895 I received a call from the Presbyterian church of Speonk, Long Island, in which I had been preaching during 1894; and was installed there April 12, 1895. I there ordained three elders and five deacons. Our classmate, Rev. E. C. Lawrence, Ph. D., who was then pastor of the Westhampton Presbyterian church, about three miles distant, delivered the charge to the pastor. While there I induced Dr. Charles Remsen of New York to make us a

present of a handsome new church, and we changed the name of the town from Speonk to Remsenburg.

In October, 1897, my son and I took a long and much needed vacation, spending eight months, until June, 1898, in Europe, Egypt, and Palestine. In January, 1899, after a charge of nearly five years as supply and pastor, I resigned from the Remsenburg church to undertake, at the request of the Church Extension Committee of New York City, the task of establishing a new church organization in the northern part of the City. We had a commodious building, regular church services, and a fine Sabbath School; but, Presbytery being slow in ordering a church organization, in April, 1901, I accepted a call to the Elwood Presbyterian church, was installed there July 16, 1901, and where, at the date of this writing, July 6, 1905, I am just completing my fourth year as pastor.

My classmates will be pleased to know that in these several charges God has blessed the work, and many souls have been led into the kingdom of Christ, to whose Name be all the praise!"

The biographer is violating no propriety in communicating the pleasant fact that our brother, though much alone in the world, has unspeakable joy in the most promising outlook of his worthy son. Our Class does not seem to make a large showing in the matter of recruits for the ministry, as the reading of these narratives discloses. But we may justly feel a share in the pleasure and pride experienced by this brother in the beloved of his heart and life. Already several large churches have been angling for him; and his work prospers greatly where he is.

It should be added that our Classmate is the Secretary of the New Jersey Atlantic County Bible Society: and also Secretary and Treasurer of the New Jersey Atlantic County Sunday School Association.

Archibald Alexander Murphy

Born, Frankford, Pa., Oct. 30, 1851.

Died, New Brunswick, N. J., May 19, 1905.

Murphy was a son of the Manse, and a living refutation of the slander that ministers' children are the worst in the land. As an inherited conviction and an acquired purpose he cherished a high ministerial ideal. He confessed Christ at the age of fifteen, in the Presbyterian church at Frankford, Pa., of which his father was then pastor; and during subsequent years addressed himself thoughtfully to the religious life and work. He was a good student and a good fellow, improving his opportunities of study; and when he began his ministry, he was well prepared for it.

He was licensed by the Presbytery of Philadelphia North, September 29, 1874. His last year in the Seminary was interrupted by ill health; and after leaving the Seminary early in 1875 he spent several years in reading and study, and in assisting his father in Frankford church. In the fall of 1878 he took charge of Grace Chapel, Jenkintown, Pa., an offshoot of the old Abington church and continued his labors there until the summer of 1880. Upon his ordination, June 13, 1881, by the Presbytery of Philadelphia North he was installed pastor of the Leverington church, Philadelphia; and was released from this charge June 1, 1882. He was pastor of the First church of Port Carbon, Pa., from June 21, 1882, to January 5, 1886.

He then went to the Northwest, supplying the First Congregational church of Huron, So. Dakota, from February, 1886, until May, 1887. Returning East he was

pastor of Spring Garden Presbyterian church, Phila., from Jan. 24, 1888, to June 30, 1890, and of the First church, Springfield, O., from Oct. 12, 1891, to June 18, 1894. He spent the next year in rest and travel and his last pastorate was that of the Second Presbyterian church of New Brunswick, N. J., from May 8, 1895 until June 28, 1904, when the state of his health made it seem prudent for him to give up, for a time as he hoped, the active work of the ministry. He died of heart disease in New Brunswick on May 19, 1905. He was buried in the old family burying ground at Blawenburg, N. J. He was at one time Moderator of the Presbytery of New Brunswick, and when in Springfield had been a member of its Board of Trade, being the first clerical member of that Board in its history.

Murphy was a genial companion with his friends, being vivacious and ready for any interesting incident. One of his peculiarities that I recall was his proficiency in the dialect of the distinguished President of the College of New Jersey. Mortal could not be more loyal to a leader than the Princeton College boys were to their great President. They were proud of him; and would instantly resent any adverse word spoken of him. But College license plays queer freaks with natural affection; and what was familiarly known as "Jimmy Talk" was very common among the boys. It sounded much more irreverent than it really was. Murphy had it down fine, and could use McCoshisms at any time. Sometimes the habit became embarrassing, for people away from Princeton could not appreciate the brogue. On one occasion Murphy was visiting an uncle who was a stranger to the parlance of College Class-rooms, and who had little patience with youthful foolery. Presently this relative made a remark which Archie wished to challenge. In pleasantry he unthinkingly used the

phrase which we all will recognize as an every-day utterance among us — “ Eh, eh, think now, think now, your'e lyin', and you know it.” But the unsophisticated kinsman called him down unceremoniously for what seemed to him gross impertinence. That which was free speech in Princeton was under the ban elsewhere!

Murphy never married. This is rather surprising to some of us, in view of our recollection that in his student days he seemed to be somewhat of a lady's-man. When I last saw him in 1900, at our Twenty-fifth Reunion, he seemed to have settled into “ single blessedness ” with a contentment that looked proof against invasion by Cupid. He and Robinson were the bachelors of our Class. Occasionally he sent me copies of a local paper containing references to himself or his church, from which I inferred a pleasant mutual relationship between him and his people and certainly a marked devotion to his Master and his work.

He is one of the seven who died within our tricennial period; for at the time of our Reunion in 1905 he was lying seriously ill. He was expected to be with us, and surprise was expressed at his unaccountable absence. A few days afterwards we were shocked by the announcement of his death. He left no near relatives, as his father, mother and sister had all died before him. He lives in our memory as one whose natural endowments of mind and heart, enlarged by grace, made his character rich in manliness and embellished his life with many virtues and great usefulness. Reviewing the career of each man in our class, I have found it impossible to think of any one as DEAD! They are all living still! May we not cherish their memory as the inspiration of a blessed hope? I regret that we have no other picture of Murphy than that which is carried in our memory; but that is clear and true.

Chester Paul Murray

Born in Washington, Pa. ˆ

Address—10525 Earle Ave., Cleveland, O. (Glenville.)

I am sure the Class will excuse me for not telling them more about this member, when they know how hard I tried to locate him and get from him the data of his career. After numerous futile efforts a registered letter brought me his name and address on a receipt card. Of previous letters several came back to me unclaimed and some returned not; but the registered letter showed me I was on the right trail at last. Further writing finally brought me this penciled postal under date of May 7, 1906, from Cleveland, O. :—" Dear Kieffer: I know your letter should be answered, but so many of our family are sick at the present time that we cannot get to it. Will as soon as possible, but don't wait if we are too long. Sincerely, Murray." Several letters since then have failed to bring an answer; and so my story about him is necessarily short. The above communication implies that he has a family, but says nothing as to occupation or estate.

The General Catalog of the Seminary, 1894, says he was ordained by the Presbytery of Morris and Orange, May 4, 1875, and was pastor of the Lower Valley church, N. J., '75-77; S. S. Groveland, N. Y., '77-79; pastor Springfort church, at Union Springs, N. Y., '79-83; and pastor of the Dutch Reformed church, Lodi, '85-86. His name does not appear on our Assembly Roll from '84 to '92; and in the latter year it appears in the Presbytery of Parkersburg, W. Va. In 1893 it is there marked "Ev"; and, although his residence shifted to Union Springs, N. Y., yet he retained his membership in the Presbytery

of Parkersburg till 1901, when he was transferred to the Presbytery of Lehigh in the Synod of Pennsylvania.

Through acquaintance with the Stated Clerk of this Presbytery I have been enabled to obtain a bit more information. Much of our knowledge on all subjects comes by indirection! This official has had equal difficulty with myself in getting into touch with him; but in March, 1907, he received a letter from him in which he says concerning his dereliction:—"I have no excuse to offer other than that usually made by men whose heads are white as snow and whose eyes require glasses of the third and fourth power. I preach as a supply whenever the occasion offers. It is of no use for me to offer myself any more as a candidate. I have expected every winter to be my last, and so has my physician. As soon as the cold, damp weather sets in I am attacked with bronchial pneumonia and do not get out again until the next Spring. This winter I have escaped, much to my surprise. If I had permanent residence, it would be proper for me to take a letter to the Presbytery within whose bounds that residence was, but I have no such permanent home at present."

I am glad to have happened on this information at the last moment; and I am sure we will all sympathize greatly with him in his various infirmities, and jointly wish that he may be given better health and comfort. It is regretted that we have not his narrative at first hand.





HODGE HALL.

John Murray

Born in Yarmouth, England.

Address—Chinanfu, China.

Perhaps we recall him best as "Jai." Although he arrived on this planet in England, he turned American early in life. He represented Illinois in our Class; and for twenty-eight of the past thirty years has nobly represented us in China. Modest, quiet, faithful, he has labored hard to extend the Master's Kingdom in that strange land, where so many millions are benighted and lost. "Jai" is a fine specimen of the consecrated missionary and is so happy in his work that he would not exchange places with any of us. He visited me Nov. 19, 1905, and spoke twice to my people about his work, presenting it in such straight-forward fashion and breathing such sincerity of faith and devotion as to edify and please. His visit in my home is now one of our pleasant memories.

In response to my request for an epitome of his career he sent me the following under date of June 24, 1905:—

May, 1875, said Good bye. Thirty years later was one of NINE to appear on the old Campus to pass on the Greeting, but we were somewhat unknown to the brethren. The "we" includes us all, individually and collectively. But "we" were "it" that day, and all you other fellows missed it.

After being appointed to the Foreign Field I worked nine months in Nauvoo, Ill. Saw the Mormon bible, but was not converted. Visited relatives in Scotland. Married in Sept., 1876. Was ordained an evangelist Oct., 1876, and started next morning for China. Crossed the ocean wild, twenty-three days out saw some land, and had 100

miles farther to go, not to speak of up the coast and inland. Commenced the study of the Language and Customs, and am at it yet. Made no great failure, only many mistakes. I seldom "cut," but often cut a figure. Am in the race, not first nor last, nor lagging, but holding on. These last years have been my best years. Many words and efforts fell to the ground, like water on a grindstone, like seed by the wayside. But not a few found soil in honest hearts, or dishonest hearts and made them better. Some of the work done, some of the seed sown, has born rich fruit,—rich, precious fruit to the praise of Him who loves us so. Some of it is still hidden, some is manifest on earth and some shines in Heaven. I bear testimony to his wondrous working. The radiating glory of the Sun of Righteousness penetrates the darkness and gladdens many a heart in old China.

I cannot speak of all the "ins and outs" "ups and downs" of our life out yonder. Have labored in the bounds of the same Mission and Presbytery and, for the most part, in the same Station, though in different sections, now in the country, now in the city; work strictly Evangelical, but with many apparent deviations to suit the emergencies of the situation. Take a peep of my work in 1904. Four country churches under my charge, which are about fifty miles apart and in a square, with all the territory all around and in between. Includes visitation of 28 little centers of Christian work. Baptized 68 adults, enrolled and partially examined 50 more as Catecumens or Inquirers. Superintended several small country schools. Took my turn in the preaching at City Church. Conversed with many visitors at home and in the country. The present outlook, since the Boxer year especially, is very hopeful. China needs the Gospel above all things.

I am asked about my "Titles." Well, they are few and far between. One audacious brother with malicious and funny intent did dub me once upon a time DaD. That is the nearest I ever got to D. D., and I am not ashamed, nor am I sorry for the absence. "Titles," did you say? Yes, I have some titles. Look at those thousand acres of grass land out West. But I did not buy them with "savings" from the Missionary field. "Titles," yes, the roughs out yonder and some of the titled gentry, too, gave me a title that I need not repeat here, nor translate. But, Brothers, I have a title out there of which I am proud. I am widely known as "lao Mu shi," the old Pastor. And to loving hearts yonder I am none the worse for being old. They have the more confidence in me. Among many bright memory pictures, here is one. A village in North country, sixty miles from city. Several Christian families, poor as this world would rate them, but rich in the kingdom of God. As I am nearing their home, out run little boys and little girls eager to greet me, and one leads my donkey, another carries my whip, another takes my books, as many as possible get hold of my hands leading me on to the place of meeting, all shouting in childish glee, "Pastor Murray has come!" Then comes the welcome of older men and women, born in idolatry, born again into the Kingdom and family of God. To them I have but one title, "Mu shi." Pastor, Shepherd. Enough for me.

Family? Yes, here we are in royal line, and a perfect number. I was married to Miss Sadie Rue, Cranbury, N. J., Sept. 6th, 1876. She helped me right faithfully till she was carried Home in October, 1902. She did her last public work for women only a few days before she lay down to rest. (1) Our eldest child is Walter; graduate of Wooster, O., and Princeton Seminary, and

is now pastor at Havre de Grace, Md. (2) Then comes William; he is settled in a home in Pecria, Ill., in business. (3) Julia Maud, born in May, 1883, died in 1888 and buried in mid-Atlantic. (Rev. 20:13.) (4) James is next; six-foot in his stocking-feet; Junior, Wooster, Ohio. (5) Helen Marie, young, sweet and precious, pride of her father, at school.

What more can I say? The Lord has been very good to me. A fair degree of health and strength all these years and much privilege on this earth and a home preparing up yonder. If the Lord will, I expect to return to China at the end of this furlough, Jan. 1, 1906, if not a month or so earlier. Hope for many years of usefulness, but He knows. I am mortal, sinful, weak, but by His grace I am stronger and better and I am the child of the King. Brothers, if any of you are out my way, remember the latch-string is out and you are welcome to what I have. Come and see!

As a supplemental word I would merely say that by common consent "Jai" was made spokesman for our Class at the Alumni Banquet on Commencement Day, 1905; and it was impressive to observe the cordial respect shown him and the rapt attention given his words as a manly Missionary. Others raised peals of laughter by their humor; but he commanded a quietness unusual to such occasions, and this was a tribute to him as a man from the front! The generous applause that followed his remarks was significant.

Further: he sailed from San Francisco for China on Jan. 27, 1906. He left all his children in America and returned to China alone, without prospect of a real home there. Brave heart, noble man! How many of us could do it? He was eager to be off, knowing that he was needed. His ripe experience has fitted him for great usefulness. When we at home are shelved as

ministerial bric-a-brac, he will be in the prime of his service for the Master. Gray hairs or bald head will enhance his valne. May God bless him and make him strong to labor for many years! "Jai" used to distribute our letters at the Seminary, and his foot-fall was familiar to us. May he long live to carry letters of peace and hope to the benighted, to point them to the Heavenly Home!

John Campbell Oliver
Born in Graysville, Pa.
Address—Irwin, Pa.

Oliver was one of our big men, of solemn mien and excellent spirit. There were rumors that while in College at Princeton, he was handsome; but in the Seminary he was taken for what he was and not what he looked. The years have demonstrated his substantial worth, which is now and then reported to the writer. He is still a big man, drawing the beam at 205 lbs., and carrying the sign which corroborates his averment that he is "a good feeder." We meet semi-occasionally at Synod. He is much interested in our Class and desires a closer fellowship in the years ahead.

In November, 1874, he received a call to the church at Academia, Pa., which he held till graduation in April, 1875. After one Sabbath's vacation he was ordained and installed there by the Presbytery of Huntingdon. He had a happy and prosperous pastorate of ten years, leaving a membership of 335. He then went (1885) to Tidioute, Pa., in the Presbytery of Erie, where he stayed almost three years, leaving when the oil business left, (1888). He enjoyed an interim of rest and recreation in a trip to the Pacific Coast that summer in company with Generals Beaver, Taylor, and other celebrities attending the G. A. R. encampment, having been a soldier in his teens. Upon his return he supplied the Newton Hamilton church until he was called to Latrobe, Pa., where he remained ten years, 1898, and then assumed his present pastorate of the Long Run church in the Presbytery of Redstone, Synod of Penna.

On May 23, 1878, he was married to Miss Jennie E.

Kyle, of Reedsville, Pa., whose brother, A. T. Kyle, of "'74" of Princeton College, is possibly known to some of our Class. She was a Birmingham Seminary girl, cousin of Miss Davis, the Principal. She was a musician, vocal and instrumental. This latter fact is doubtless to be credited with the special musical gifts possessed by their two daughters, one of whom is their church Organist and the other is a vocalist pretty well known in and about Pittsburg, where she graduated in music and has sung solos on various public occasions. She is leader of the choir at the home church, Together the sisters take entire charge of the church music, and do it so satisfactorily as to relieve the father of all care about it. Unless he has developed gifts of song unknown to Seminary days, we know this arrangement must accrue to the advantage of his church far beyond any personal musical service the pastor might render it. How rich the pastor who has such daughters! They are both Wilson College girls. We who chance to have no daughters will suppress all jealousy, and read and rejoice in the father's honest pride, in his fond words: "I have two of the finest daughters in the Class, smart of course, and handsome too,—look like their mother!" Either prudence or oversight withheld their names and ages; and the inference is that they constitute his family.

John says he and his family have always been blessed with good health. In his sixty years of life he has "never been confined to bed by sickness a day" and has "never been compelled to miss an appointment except from virulent attacks of laziness located in the spinal column and, as Beecher used to say, producing an uncontrollable desire to lie down." He boldly affirms he has the best wife in the class, especially excelling as a cook. She is sure of one vote anyhow; but might have competitors. It is understood that matrimony had an appre-

cialable financial value for our Classmate and that, unlike many or most of us, he lives on Easy Street, and need not borrow trouble of the sere days when the harvest fails through the passing of the harvester's strength.

He indulges in a bit of Class-room reminiscence, as I wish more had done. He says: "Do you recall the time Lawrence 'held up' Dr. Green on his Book of Job, by failing to give Green's reasons 'in order'—a dozen or so of them,—why Mrs. Job was a good woman, nevertheless? Lawrence said: 'Doctor, I couldn't understand some of those reasons given;'—and the point was, if Lawrence couldn't, who could? Then Dr. Green got red and rattled! Also, do you recall a Classmate's prayer in Chapel, after the reading of the parable of the Good Shepherd by Dr Green? 'J. M.' took up the figure of his prayer, and followed it out till he landed at last in the petition that 'there may be finally one fold and ONE SHEEP'?"

James Robinson, M. D.

Born in Ireland.

Died in Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 13, 1896.

I regret that no source of information concerning this brother's career has offered but that of the Necrological Report. Inasmuch as he was unmarried, and therefore has left no family to whom inquiry could be addressed, we are shut up to this brief statement which, however, has the excellent quality of accuracy. As a supplement to our own personal recollection of him this preserves his record for us.

It says he was "born in Ireland, and came to this country in his boyhood. He made a public profession of his faith at the age of fifteen. His preparatory studies were pursued in Crawfordsville, Ind., and he graduated from Wabash College in 1872. Entering the Seminary the same year, he took the full three years' course there and graduated in 1875. He was licensed by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, April 14, 1875, and ordained by the Presbytery of Lehigh, May 4, 1875, being at the same time installed pastor of the Presbyterian church at Ashland, Pa. He was released from this charge Feb. 1, 1881, having accepted a call to the Fourth Presbyterian church of Philadelphia, over which he was installed on Feb. 14, of the same year, and from which he was released Sept. 5, 1885.

At the same time he took up the study of medicine, receiving the degree of M. D. from the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1887. He practised medicine in Philadelphia after this time until his death, which occurred Dec. 13, 1896, in Philadelphia, of a com-

plication of diseases, in the fifty-second year of his age. He was unmarried."

After the above was written the historian received from Dr. Lawrence the following tribute, which is gratefully acknowledged and appended herewith. He says:—" I would like to add a word about Robinson, for I was probably his most intimate friend in the Seminary. When he came to Princeton, he was engaged to be married to a young lady of Crawfordsville, Ind., who had made him promise to quit smoking. Long letters passed almost daily between the lovers. One day when Robinson and I were walking down street in front of the College, he thought of a postscript he wanted to send to his sweet-heart. He tore a little piece of white paper covering a bunch of cigars just bought, wrote his note on it, tucked it in the sealed letter, and mailed it. The paper carried the scent of tobacco to the girl, and the result was she broke the engagement, and left her ' Ephraim ' to be joined to his smoking idols.

In March, 1875, a telegram came to tell me my mother was dead. It was Saturday night after banking hours. I had no money in hand, but I had a smoker friend who never failed me. I opened my heart to Robinson, and he opened his pocket-book to me, and lending me forty dollars he said: " Go home and look upon the face of your mother once more before her burial.' Such kindness in time of trouble I could never forget. I preached his installation sermon at Ashland, when the coal miners were on a strike. That parish certainly was a hard field. The elements in it were turbulent and violent, and his Philadelphia charge was equally difficult. I cannot help thinking that if Robinson had married a good wife to comfort and sympathize with him, he might have continued longer in the ministry and with a greater measure of success and satisfaction.

One more anecdote, and I will close. Rev. Dr. John Hall of New York came down to Princeton on the day of our graduation to attend the exercises. And while we were standing out there together on the campus Dr. Hall sought out Robinson, and surprised him by embracing him and kissing him and saying: 'That is for the sweet sake of old Ireland where we were both of us born, and with a hearty wish for your joy and happiness in the work of the Lord.'

Robinson was a mighty good, warm-hearted fellow.

On the occasion of my marriage he gave me a clock which has been doing time for me all these years and is now ticking away just as faithfully as ever near the desk where I am writing. And I often say, as I look upon its time-honored face and listen to its striking remarks, Alas! that a clock or any Thing should outlast a Man."

Mark R. Rowse

Address — Bath, Ontario.

In his reply to my circular letter of June, 1905, this brother chanced not to answer my inquiry for special incidents of his personal career; but replying to a second letter, he said:

“ It always seemed surprising to me that people should be more interested in matters merely personal than in great truths, the elucidation and public apprehension of which hold in their grasp the life-long weal of millions of people. However, as you wish it, I may state that I never married until about five years ago; and have one child about a year old, a beautiful little daughter.

I never was pastor of any charge; but soon after my graduation family matters necessitated my return home to my father's; and it took quite a number of years before pecuniary matters could become straightened out.

But through it all, as I intimated in my former letter, I pursued my investigations as to how it could be that all persons were not saved but only a comparatively few, etc.”

Inasmuch as his understanding of his life-work is most fully told in his first letter, unhampered by any restrictive incidents, it is perhaps best to reproduce it here so that his Classmates may all know how seriously and successfully he has addressed himself to a great problem. Under date of Aug. 21, 1905, he says:

“My time is very limited, and I will speak at once of what I regard as my life-work, what is nearest my heart, and what I think the Spirit of truth requires me to do.

From my early times of study, when the dominating mind of one of my teachers (who is now a very eminent

minister of God's work) gave my mind its direction of development, I have been extremely analytical, disquisitive, and searching to find out the clear full square truth.

Without recounting the various steps of my inquiry and discovery, let me exhibit the result.—The Greek words (and Hebrew) expressing and relating to all the fundamental ideas of Christian religion are broader clearer fuller in their significance than the Latin words (or the words of modern European languages) that have been used to express them. Such words as *metanoia*, *pist-euein eis*, *aphiemi* & *aphesis*, *agape*, *amartia*, *baptizo*, *pneuma*, not to speak of other words phrases & ideas that are imperfectly & obscurely rendered by & in Latin and modern Versions & words (I know they are so in German Spanish & English, and undoubtedly it would be so in the other Teutonic & Gallic or Celtic tongues)—these Greek words are not, with all their full clear broad significations, known and understood in the popular ideas that people have, and get, from the Latinic & Anglican words “repentance” “sorrow,” “believe” or “belief” & “faith,” “forgive” or “forgiveness,” “pardon” “remission,” “charity” “love,” “sin,” “baptize” “baptism” (though this is Greek), “Spirit” “Ghost” & so on.

The need of a stalwart & truly rational & manly vocabularive expression of exact ideas has been felt and recognized in all branches of science, and Greek words have been in them imported to give such true & full & exact & clear expression; only in the best & most abstruse & most important science, the science of religion and of the human spirit soul & nature, do we continue in the use of the childlike & baby (in some respects) words & vocabulary & exegesis, that were used & formed in the latter medieval times in their immature European tongues, and following the wrong bent that was given by & in the

Latin unapprehensive & unappreciative & uncomprehensive words versions & ideas.

Our Latinic & Anglican words which now in common use render & are used to express the ideas conveyed by the Greek words above noted, are not full enough broad enough comprehensive enough clear enough in their signification (but are too defective obscure imperfect or narrow) to give the necessary view of the great facts & phases of the Christian life (the new divine purest life) in the heart mind spirit soul & physical constitution or system, of the human person or being or personality.

To be brief, if we had or could have, in common use, words that should express (as do the Greek ones) clearly & broadly & brightly the true & wonderful change (in the whole human nature & life—in mind spirit intention volition emotion & physical life nature habits appetites ways & constitution) from the old foul bad defective imperfect weak foolish unknowing perverse wrong lapsed degenerate sinful declassed condition state & action—the change from this to the clean purest correct truly good & ideal & always-new godlike divine-born nature habits ways appetites constitution living & mind & opinions & emotions & (everything in the range of human life)—the such change that should & could & might & would, be in a person if he (or she) were in the right & proper & clearest regenerate holy condition & active living; then the results would be these:—

1. Every person (who would read the thus true current Version of the Bible) could & would have the idea that it would be possible for any one to obtain, & have, the power or ableness to do the right, to keep from doing the wrong, to live freed from bad habits—freed from anything wrong (in thoughts emotions volitions actions, &c)—every person could & might, & doubtless would, see the scientific truth of the feasibility of such a right

life (with the power of ableness or 'dunamis' to do the right or keep from being a slave to evil or bad, in some form).

As it is, probably the most of people are convinced the other way—that is, that it is not possible to live a right life or to keep from doing many wrong evil unholy things.

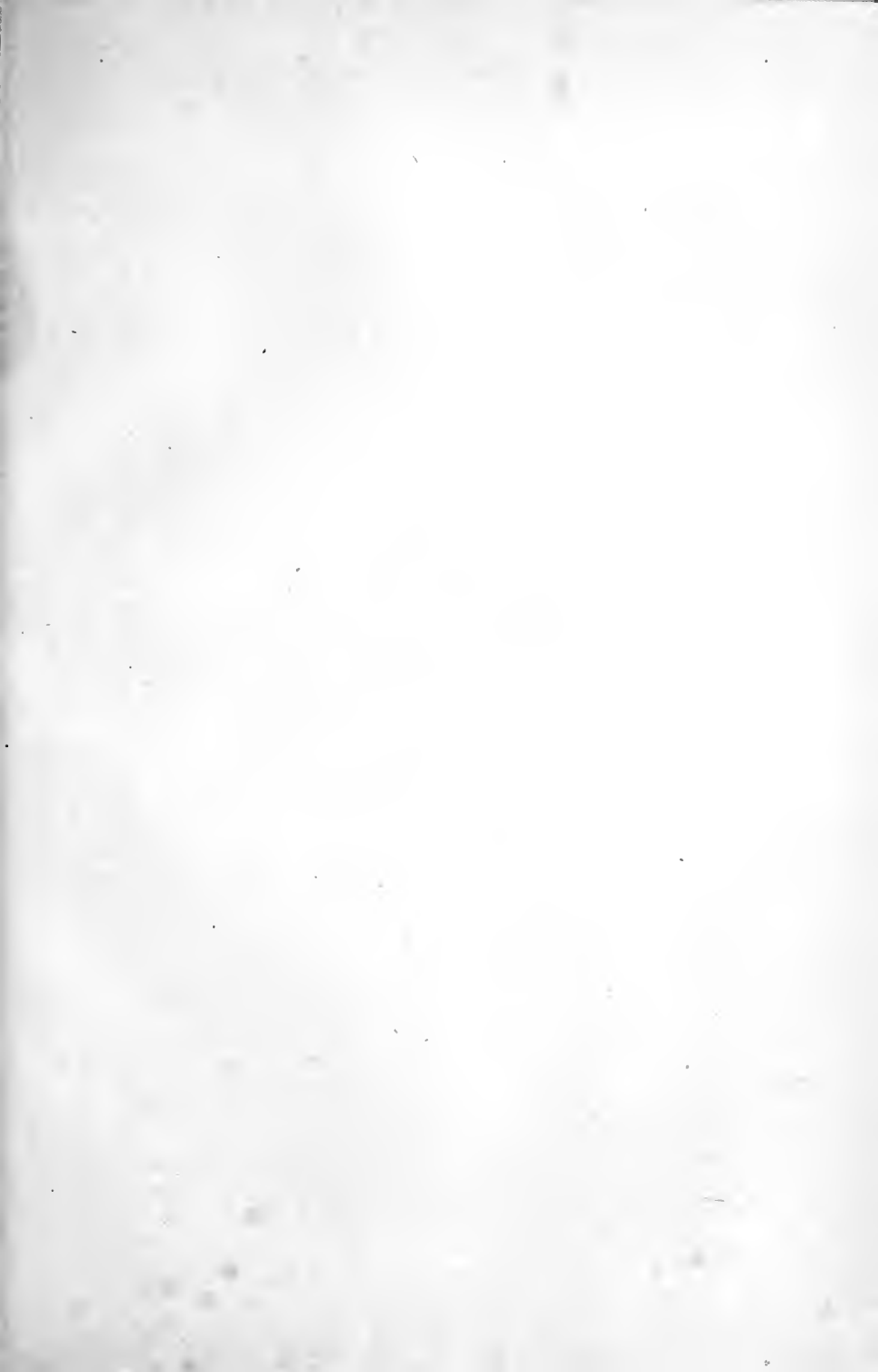
And there is no general clear definite scientific statement of the unmistakable ways in which such power or ableness or 'dunamis' can be obtained. Christ said that unless a person (tis) were born again (or anew or new) he would not be able to see (or discern) God's kingdom, or to get into it; implying that he would be able both to see or understand what it was & also to get into it, if he had this new-born life—born "out of water & of Spirit," *ex udatos kai pneumatos*.

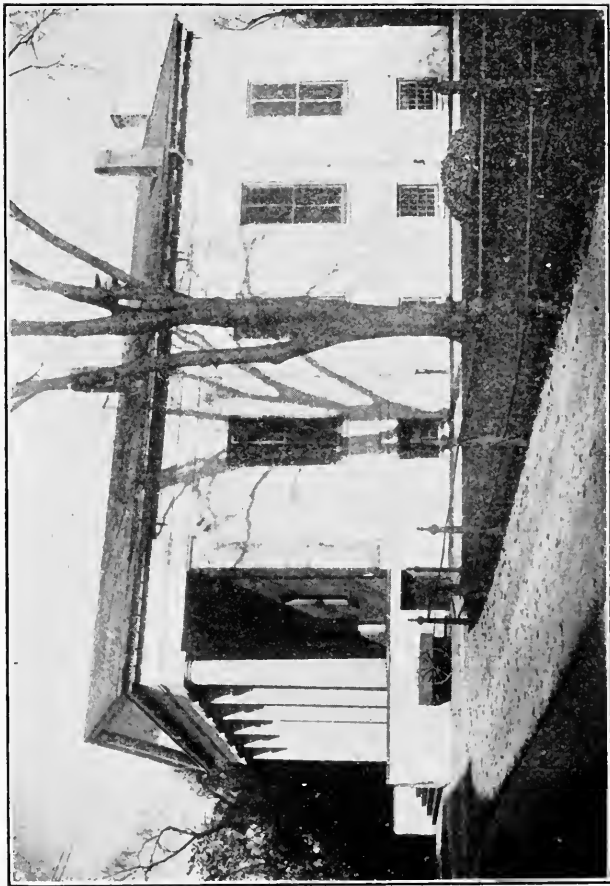
This new-born new life then had two kinds of agencies incepting it, the material "*ex udatos*" the spiritual "*pneumatos*," the one acting on the physical nature or life, and the other on the spirit (heart mind soul, &c.) If one's spirit mind heart soul & body are washed ("*ex-udatos kai pneumatos*") perfectly clean, inside & out & thoroughly, from every taint, everything that is bad wrong incorrect foul or evil-producing, & strengthened into new purest holy life he (or she) WOULD have the power or ableness to live the right life, the godly life, the divine the only true life.

2. This could be a basis for the union or alliance of all the churches, to secure the desideratum of having a true religious morality taught every day in the schools; for a child needs a lot of true religion & morality taught to it every day (& not merely on one day in seven) to counteract the dreadful evils that run riot in the school children of our times & make of them some of the worst classes of ignorant heathens. That so called evangelical

Christianity which makes merely the heart or merely the spirit or the mind the seat of the change that is to make a person's whole life right, won't do for the present time & never would do properly for any time. But the time has come when every one can see the bright & clear & scientific truth of true religion; & that is what is exhibited in the Greek (words & terms & ideas) in the New Testament, but is NOT so clearly & perfectly & exactly seen in any of the Versions (from the Latin down to the present).

I have written a book showing how true to actual science and good sense is the religion recorded in the Greek N. T., undimmed unobscured unadulterated by the ignorance of the Roman & sequent Versions, & showing plainly how any & every one may get & have the ableness or power to live a right life & pleasing to God, & showing that it is true life & true life-power that God wishes, & not the destruction or deprivation of true life. Heretofore, wherever I have heard this subject treated (of how to obtain ableness to do the right) it has always been in a misty mystic unlogical incorrect unclear unsatisfactory way. This is entirely unnecessary, when the bright clear truth, as seen in the Greek N. T., is known. It is, & can be seen & known to be, truly scientific sensible clear rational logical."





MILLER CHAPEL.

Alexander Gatherer Russell

Born in Musquodoboit, N. S., Can.

Address—Oyster Bay, N. Y.

As nearly as the writer can recall this was the only member of the Class who, while in the Seminary, parted his hair in the middle! Afterwards, when the style became very common, he abandoned it, thus improving his appearance. But how many Time has forced into the middle parting! Russell was one of the genial spirits and thoughtful students of the Class; and seems to have gone right on in the same good way ever since. His eye still has its brightness, his voice its cheeriness, his step its springiness, and his manner its warmth. At every meeting on the old Campus he seems the same he was long ago.

After leaving Princeton he served as Stated Supply in the Atlantic Ave. Mission church, Brooklyn, during the winter of 1875-6. Declining a call there and one to the Presbyterian church of West Town, N. Y., he was installed pastor of the Oyster Bay church July 6, 1876. Among his summer parishioners at that time and for some years afterwards was a young man whose name has since become widely known—THEODORE ROOSEVELT!

It can never be known how far the ministrations of our Classmate contributed to the sterling worth and beneficent influence of this remarkable man! He did not make a Presbyterian of him; for doubtless he did not try to; but he did far better than that by fostering his sturdiness of Christian manhood.

Russell says:—"The good people of Oyster Bay have managed to endure me ever since my installation, and it is not unlikely that my first charge will be my last.

I have been greatly blessed in being pastor of a most kindly, considerate, sympathetic, and harmonious congregation. We have had no quarrels, and have been favored with a fair degree of prosperity." It is very interesting to note this fact of a continuous pastorate in one church of twenty-nine out of a thirty years' ministry! On July 6, 1906, his thirtieth anniversary as pastor was due. The event was worthy of some sort of general jubilation, inasmuch as, so far as known, this can be said of no other member of our Class. Some have had few pastorates and of creditable length. Others have changed often and jumped far. Of course this has no reference to Goheen and Murray whose lives have been spent on the Foreign field, where they have rooted and grown as only years of service enable men to do. But among us at home, where universal and chronic fidgetiness obtains, the fine staying qualities displayed by Russell are noteworthy. He almost saves the good name of the Class! He now considers a change of pastorate scarcely one of the possibilities, saying: "When a man gets along well past the half-century mark and has hair as gray and scanty as mine, he is not likely to run around after a new church, but, instead, to remain thankfully in the old. Moreover, when he is left alone, wife in the better land, children grown and doing for themselves, he is less inclined to strike out in unfamiliar paths." Blessed the man in these days of social and ecclesiastical unrest who fears not forcible ejection from a comfortable and useful settlement in which he and his people love and are loved.

He says:—"The greatest blessing that came to me during my sojourn here was a good wife. My classmates will remember her, Eliza Hoxie Norris of Princeton. We were married there, August, 1876, and spent twenty-seven happy years together. Three sons were born to

us, viz. :—Henry Norris; Gordon McGregor; and Alexander. All took a full course in Princeton University. The oldest has returned to his Alma Mater as an Instructor in Astronomy, while the second expects to enter the Seminary this year (1905). Number three is in the Auditor's Office of the Buffalo, Rochester, and Pittsburg Railway, and has his headquarters in Rochester. (Oct. '06—Gordon is now busy with his work in the Middle Class of the Seminary.)

There is nothing to say under the head of 'Positions filled and degrees received,' except that in 1881 the Presbytery of Nassau in a fit of absentmindedness appointed me its Stated Clerk and has kindly permitted me to continue as such to the present time. In that capacity I had the honor of sending up to the General Assembly the original overture asking for a revision of the Confession of Faith. Two Assemblies have borne my name on their roll of members, viz., Saratoga and Detroit. Like many another man I wanted to add to the list Portland or Los Angeles; but was disappointed. However, though I could not go West, I managed to make a trip East, first with my wife and oldest son in 1892, and then alone to visit him in England in 1903." It may be apropos incidentally to remark here that the doctrinal vagaries of the Presbytery of Nassau are not chargeable to our Classmate; and for this we are devoutly grateful.

Russell cherishes a warm feeling for all the members of our Class, and with others wishes it were possible to have a leisurely Reunion at some accessible point.

Leigh Richmond Smith

Born in Monroe, Ala.

Address—Santa Clara, Santa Clara Co., Calif.

It is with peculiar sorrow that I attempt to give a sketch of this member of our Class. For many years he has been lost to us, none seeming to know his whereabouts. I cannot give any information at first-hand from him, inasmuch as he will not respond to any inquiries in the interest of Auld Lang Syne. After securing his correct address I wrote him a fraternal letter stating the purpose of this biographical sketch of our Class for our confidential use, and soliciting his cooperation as one of us; but I received no word from him, neither did my letter come back. And therefore I can only record a very general statement concerning him, which despite its inadequacy will doubtless interest us all.

His case reminds us that the study of humanity is attended with many surprises. Unexpected contrarities are encountered. Early promise does not always materialize in later development. Often the most apt students fail in practical life to fulfil expectation. Now and then a man of most marked intellectual force is seized by some vagary and carried afar from his line of promise. The ministry has had its share of such misanthropy, and has suffered losses accordingly. Every such case is a psychological perplexity. It is pathetic, and belongs in the tragedy class.

After graduation Smith was ordained by the Presbytery of Monmouth and installed pastor of the Presbyterian church in Bordentown, N. J., 1875-76. In August of

1876 he went to Dayton, Ohio, and preached in the First Presbyterian Church there for some months as supply, eventually receiving and accepting a call to become pastor and being installed as such on Oct. 7, 1877. He remained till Oct. 3, 1880. Becoming enamored of some sort of mysticism, according to current rumors at the time, he withdrew from his pastorate, and quit the ministry and the church. Since then he appears to have lived aloof from all religious fellowship and devoted himself to the profession of teaching.

Without divulging the source of my information, yet assuring you of its accuracy, I will say that for many years he was Assistant Principal of the High School in San Jose, California; and that he is now (1906) Principal of the High School in Santa Clara, a suburban town adjoining San Jose. It is most gratifying to know that he ranks very high as a teacher. Although only Assistant Principal at San Jose, "he was incomparably the most conspicuous teacher in that institution. Much to his honor, he refused to become the ward heeler for the political bosses, and was displaced by political manipulation." So highly was he esteemed as a teacher that this act of the grafters provoked an unprecedented protest of feeling from the better classes of citizens in San Jose. Since he took charge of the school at Santa Clara they have erected a very fine High School building, and the school is now considered in educational circles one of the very best in California,—where, by the way, they are not slow on schools! Smith is regarded as a very superior scholar. Some think that, if more aggressive and less exclusive, he "would long ago have been a Professor either in Stanford, or the State University." He seems able to attach his pupils to him, and inspire them with some educational enthusiasm.

Ministers who have tried to cultivate his acquaintance

have been met with cool politeness. To one of them who tried years ago to interest him in the church, he said "he had been through it all and was done with it."

He has nothing whatever to do with any church. While not wanting in courtesy, he is shy of ministerial approaches. But his moral character has always been above criticism. Never has there been the slightest taint upon his good name. He lives uprightly. Whatever his religious vagary, he seems to keep it to himself and confines himself to his professional work. He is somewhat of a recluse going about very quietly, commonly alone, and seems to care little for the common ambitions of men and the affairs of society. Religiously he seems far astray and hard to recover.

There is something inexpressibly pathetic in this. For we remember his intellectual ability and the fulness of his scholarship when a student. With other bal- last he might have become eminent in the ministry and have wrought a great work instead of being a rather obscure school master in California at \$1500 a year. Nor is such a conjecture an idle one; for his pastorate in Dayton gave promise of excellence. The present pastor of that church has sent me an historical sketch of the church, read at its Centenary in 1899 by an Elder, in which is this pleasant paragraph:—"Mr. Smith was a young man of ability, a good organizer, and a good preacher. Under his administration the entire male membership was assigned to various committees for carrying on the work of the church in all its departments. The Young People's Meeting and the Dayton View Mission were started under his administration, and the spiritual work of the church prospered in his hands. It is to be mentioned to his credit that in view of the financial difficulties of the congregation, he voluntarily relinquished a considerable part of his salary during the

last year of his term. After a pastorate of about four years failing health induced his resignation. Presbytery dismissed him September 20, 1880. He preached his farewell sermon, October 3, 1880."

The church at Dayton has long since lost trace of him. An invitation to the above centennial celebration was sent to him, but no acknowledgement of it was ever received by the church. His name appears on the roll of the Presbytery of Dayton in 1881 and 1882, with Centreville, Ala., as his address, and in 1883 as "P. E.," with Oakland, Md., as his address. Thereafter his name disappears from our Assembly roll: and according to latest advices the affiliation has in nowise been renewed. It suffices that his reasons for thus leaving the ministry and the church were satisfactory to himself. Every man is entitled to personal sovereignty in both motive and act; and even his vagaries are his own inheritance. Nevertheless all of his classmates doubtless share the author's sorrow that our church should have lost from her service a minister of such rich gifts and bright promise: and that our Class memories should be marred by his estrangement. Although he has withdrawn summarily from old fellowships, yet his classmates would hereby assure him of their kindly feeling for him, and of their wish that he may abundantly prosper in his chosen profession. Nor can it be harsh to wish and pray that he may yet see his way back to the former allegiance with its manifold interests and hopes.

On June 14, 1882, Smith was married in New Rochelle, N. Y., to Miss Harriet Louisa Corwine, of that city, by Rev. Samuel Rideout, of Baltimore, Md. They have three children, two daughters aged about twenty-one and fourteen: and one son, Delancey Corwine, about nineteen. The elder daughter's marriage to one of the leading men in the engineering and construction department of the Southern Pacific R. R., was announced for November, 1907. The son is engaged in the same department.

It is not very extraordinary that of all the Smiths in the world at least two should have been named after the author of *The Dairyman's Daughter*, Legh Richmond; but it is curious that two of them so named should appear on the roll of Presbyterian ministers! The pastor for the past four years of our church at Humboldt, Neb., (who has removed to Anadarko, Okla.) bears exactly the same name as our Classmate; and many persons, unacquainted with the facts in the case, have assumed that he is our man. He says he has often received invitations to Princeton Alumni gatherings which were evidently intended for our Leigh Richmond, inasmuch as he has himself neither right nor title to any Princeton fellowship. In the interest of passing convenience and of history it is time this fact of mistaken identity were made known. Our Classmate lives at Santa Clara, California, and is known as "Prof.," and not as "Rev.," Leigh Richmond Smith.

Numbers VI: 24-26.

William Kelly Tully

Born in Princetown, N. Y.

Address—Media, Pa.

The year 1875 was an eventful one for this brother. In April he received his diploma from the Seminary; in June the degree of A. M.; in July began the pastorate of the Presbyterian church in Medina, N. Y.; in August was married; and in October was ordained by the presbytery of Niagara. This sufficed to make the year decisive and memorable; and perhaps others have had similar experience. The young minister is apt to jump into things all at once at the close of his long course of study. Life quickly becomes strenuous with him.

Tully left Medina, N. Y., in 1877; and took charge of the Northern Presbyterian church of Jacksonville, Fla., in November of that year during the Yellow Fever trouble. He worked through this trouble till Thanksgiving night when frost brought relief; and the next week he was elected pastor of the church. He remained here as pastor-elect for nine years, resigning in July, 1886.

He then supplied churches in Philadelphia and Kennet Square, Pa., till April, 1887, when he was appointed Chaplain in the U. S. army, April 23rd. He remained in the U. S. service till the Spring of 1893, when he resigned on account of his wife's health. In 1900, his father, Rev. David Tully, D. D., pastor at Media, Pa., celebrated the Fiftieth Anniversary of his entrance upon the ministry. Soon thereafter our classmate settled in Media for the laudable purpose of making a home for and taking care of his aged and es-

teemed father, whose health had become very frail and who had no near friends to lean on. Here he proposes to remain while his father lives.

He has been and is now engaged in journalism, publishing the Media Ledger, of which ex-Congressman Robinson is proprietor. When released from Media he conjectures that he will drift into the city and follow his journalistic work "unless some very good church wants my (his) services very much."

He married Miss Susan G. White of Belvidere, N. J., August 26, 1875. Of their children one lived, and resides now in Philadelphia, Miss Grace K. Tully. His wife died in Philadelphia a year or so after his withdrawal from the army. He is thus very much alone in the world. He says:—"I have settled down now to live a good old-fashioned life, awaiting the Master's call anywhere on earth or in heaven. I have many published sermons delivered in Jacksonville, many addresses both sacred and secular. European. Indian Life. I have lived from the Lakes to the Gulf, and on both sides of the Rockies, and have many experiences to talk about, but not to write about."

Anent the afore-mentioned "group of white-headed daisies," Tully states that his remedy for gray hairs is a "a bald head and a clean shave every morning," which forsooth he recommends to Lawrence, the author of the above phrase! He regrets that the necessity of being in a Phila. Hospital last May under treatment for "cold, nose and throat difficulty" prevented his attendance at our Thirtieth Anniversary; for he "would like to see some of the dear old faces mentioned again." Had he been there we might have gone up to the Southwest corner rooms of the 3rd floor of Brown Hall and, at least in memory, had over again the samples of preaching which he used to proclaim

in No. 57 by way of practice. Smith roomed above, Hoes below, myself beside him; and when a preaching-spell struck him during study-hours, our united protest on floors and wall barely sufficed to check his eloquence and secure quiet. We smile at such incidents now; but how memorable they are! I recall the retaliatory satisfaction I had with an alarm clock, whose vicious racket in my room wakened Tully in his, possibly more surely than it did me, with its vicious racket at hours quite too early for him. I can still see him shaking his fist at it!

Newell Woolsey Wells

Born in Williamsburg, N. Y.

Address—155 S. Third St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

By alphabetic law "Woolsey" always stood at the foot of the Class; but otherwise was in none of the peril of the hindmost. Allan Bell, Wells, and Tully were the juvenile members of the class—the first twenty-two days younger than the second, and the second twenty days younger than the third; and presumably they escaped being called our "kids," because that significant title had not yet been invented for the youngest of a group. Woolsey had ample vivacity of spirit, and was attentive to the work of the class-room and the fun of the ball-ground. The writer has vivid recollection of that last day of the Fall Term, when Woolsey crossed shins with Jai Chambers, who was equally zealous just then to kick the football; and had to be carried home on a cot to spend the Holiday season there getting a broken leg repaired. His cheeriness of disposition enabled him to endure the experience; and he was soon back at work. Time has changed his appearance somewhat. The slender boy is gone, and the stalwart man has come; but the young spirit is still there and the early vivacity still enlivens his talk. He was our poet, whose optimistic and inspiring effusions abide in our memory. He claims now to have lost touch with the Muses, and to have become very prosaic in his ways. Otherwise these pages might have been graced by some new original lines. The author has appropriated two of his productions which fell from his pen before he and the Muses quit company. The Ode to the Class at the closing banquet—beside which he now writes (?)—wil

recall to us all the sunny days of yore and bring some of the old smile to sober countenances; and is reprinted for its reminiscent worth. The other is printed at the close as a beautiful expression of the sentiment that should rule our outlook into the years. Poetic or prosaic, he will always be "Woolsey" to us. He shows an exemplary interest in our Class affairs.

He says:—"In November, 1875, I became pastor of the Presbyterian church in Cooperstown, N. Y., where I remained till 1881, when I came to assist my father in Brooklyn. Became co-pastor in April, 1882, after six months service as assistant. Have been here ever since. In 1891 became co-editor of the Homiletic Review with Dr. Funk, and remained such for about six years, when increasing pastoral cares compelled me to give up the work.

In 1880 I married Miss Kate Fuller Smith, daughter of one of my Cooperstown elders. Have had eight children, of whom five are living,—(1) Crawford Henderson, May 8, 1881; (2) John Dunlap, April 3, 1885; (3) Newell Woolsey, jr., Nov. 21, 1892; (4) Elizabeth Barrows, Oct. 4, 1896; (5) Katherine Fuller, March 10, 1899. My oldest son is pursuing a business career in connection with the Cuban-American Sugar Co. My second son is preparing himself for work as an electrical engineer. The remaining children are at school.

We are living in the house in which I was born and where my father lived during his pastorate of about fifty-four years. The great changes which have taken place in this neighborhood of recent years render it uncertain whether we shall long remain here, if our lives are spared. Almost every ward in this great borough is represented in my congregation, one characteristic of my 'flock' being their loyal devotion to church and

pastor. In fact the geographical extent of my parish is far larger than that of many a country pastor.

For eighteen years I was Stated Clerk of Brooklyn Presbytery, giving it up after my father's death, when the entire parish and pulpit work fell on me. In those eighteen years the number of churches and ministers in the Presbytery almost doubled, and the work of the clerk correspondingly increased. I therefore thought it wise to turn it over to some younger man, and one with less pastoral care.

As to 'titles' I am able to say with one of the characters in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Wit Without Money,'—'How bravely now I live, how jocund, how near the first inheritance, without fears, how free from title-troubles!' Ofttimes I have been 'D. D'd' by the ignorant, never by the wise; and as often have I been able to exclaim with all the passionate insistence of Lady Macbeth,—'Out, D—D spot!'

In point of duration Woolsey's pastorate ranks next to that of Russell, having covered a period of twenty-three years (1882-1905) as co-pastor and pastor, and an additional half-year as assistant. The fact of such long connection with the house and church of his birth is unique. It indicates a peculiar ability on the part of the pastor and a pleasant spirit on the part of the people. The former does not surprise us and the latter gratifies us.

One cannot refrain from thinking how much better off the church at large would be if such enduring harmony held all churches and their pastors. One also finds himself wondering, while reading this narrative, if it will not disclose a prospect of a succession in the pastorate by a son of the Manse. It would certainly make a charming chronicle, if a second Newell Woolsey should take up the pastoral office. Stranger things

have happened; but as yet the historian has no base for a prophecy.

On April 18, 1907, the South Third Street Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., did itself proud by giving their pastor a banquet in honor of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of his installation. It was a gala occasion, gotten up in befitting style. Lots of nice things were said of Woolsey and his work by eloquent speakers who know his worth; and of course "75" is delighted. Morgan and Russell were there, and the rest of us wish we had been. Woolsey spurns the "D. D.;" but I am sure his people ascribe it to him nevertheless, for is he not now their Dear Dominy? May he long hold the title!

Decennial Hymn.

(Tune, Federal Street.)

Our Father, God, to Thee we raise
With grateful hearts our hymn of praise.
Thy love has kept us all our way;
Our light by night, our cloud by day.
Through years of absence Thou hast been
Our faithful Friend, though Friend unseen.
Thy word's sweet truths our lives have proved;
We love the, Lord, for Thou hast loved.
Touched by Thy goodness we confess
Our sins and our unfaithfulness;
And here with tender hearts implore
That Thou will help us love Thee more.
United in Thy love we plead
Thy grace for every time of need;
And from this day, O may we be
All-consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
In time of joy, in time of pain,
Still faithful do Thou e'er remain;
And in our absence, do Thou prove
The presence of thy changeless love.
Then, when life's work is all complete,
May we in Heaven each other greet;
And deathless praises shall ascend
To Thee who lovest to the end.

(Composed for the Decennial Reunion by Newell Woolsey Wells, of the class of 1875, Princeton Theological Seminary, May 5, 1885.)

In 1910 our Thirty-Fifth Anniversary will be due.
If living then, let us try to get together for a blessed
Reunion!





