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W222 GENERAL DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED

IN THE UNIVERSITY CHAPEL,

IN BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 13th, 1851,

OVER THE REMAINS OF THE LATE

REV. ANDREW WYLIE, D. D.,
PRESIDENT OF INDIANA UNIVERSITY.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. DAILY, D. D.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

INDIANAPOLIS: .
INDIANA STATE JOURNAL STEAM PRESS PRINT.
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INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 2, 1852.

REV. WM. M. DAILY, D. D. :

Dear Sir :—Will you do us the favor to furnish for publication your discourse on the melancholy occasion of the death of the late most worthy President of the Indiana University — DR. WYLIE, and greatly oblige

Most Truly, Your Obedient Servants,

M. G. BRIGHT,
R. D. OWEN,
J. MORRISON.

In compliance with the above note, and at the urgent request of a number of other highly esteemed gentlemen, warm friends and admirers of the lamented Dr. Wylie, the following Discourse is submitted for publication, as an humble tribute of respect and veneration for that illustrious Scholar and Divine.

It was, *necessarily*, prepared *in great haste*—in a few hours' notice. This must serve as an apology for many of its imperfections.

THE AUTHOR.

June 11. 1901.

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FUNERAL DISCOURSE.

"The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart: and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away—from the evil to come: He shall enter into peace: they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness."—ISAIAH LVII., 1, 2.

I AM not on this rostrum as the secular orator, or, as the eulogist of the illustrious dead, after the manner of men; but as a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, to perform the last sad office over the remains of a distinguished brother Minister and Friend.

Xerxes the great Persian monarch, and distinguished military commander, is said to have wept over his almost countless army, when he thought of the wide harvest of death, spread out, like a map, in the plains below him. There is a similar incident in the life of Jesus. When he approached Jerusalem, looked upon her temple and her towers, and thought of the invasion and ruin which awaited her when the Roman plough should pass over Mount Moriah—"He wept over the city." But Jesus carried his views farther than the Persian monarch—even to the souls of the people. Xerxes may have wept from mere disappointed ambition,—but Jesus, from pure compassion. The lamentations of Xerxes regarded himself,—but those of Jesus, the people he came to save. Xerxes wept like a mighty conqueror,—but Jesus, like the Saviour of men.

What has become of the souls that have passed off the stage since the days of Xerxes? Where are the spirits? Have they sunk into non-existence? Has death put out the vital spark?—or only opened a passage for the spirits to escape? Where will the swarms finally settle? Where will these souls find a resting place? We *feel* that immortality is the lot of man: and reason decides with us here. All nations have had a glimmering of a hereafter. And when civilization came, with the lights of science, it acquired new strength. Divine Revelation concurs with, and goes far beyond our reason, and clearly brings “life and immortality to light.” Infidelity, too, in spite of herself is one with revelation on this topic—resolving the question in favor of an existence after death.

Now, if the soul exists after the death of the body, it must be in a state of *consciousness*. No other idea of its existence can be entertained. It must exist in *happiness*, or *misery*. On what, then, will these alternatives depend? Will we refer them to the omnipotence of God? This will not do, as we cannot separate the attributes of God—His *power*, *justice*, *truth*, and *holiness*. Let us, then, appeal to the learned, the logical, and, above all, to the *inspired* Paul to settle this question. He says, on the authority of the Great Jehovah, “Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.” *This*, then, is the seed time,—*Eternity* is the harvest. Our character in time, will determine our destiny for eternity.

The words of the text are of a general application, and hence it is of no consequence to determine, to what period of the Jewish history they relate. We use the passage as specially appropriate for the present occasion.

I. *We have here a well defined, and strongly marked character,—“The Righteous”—“the Merciful man.”*

1. The term *Righteousness*, is sometimes applied to God; not that there is any rule of right foreign to himself. It is applied to his laws. But the term as applied to man, may refer to either *internal nature*, or to *external actions*. In the first, we find a parallel with the mind of God, as far as *finite* can be parallel with *infinite*. In the second, it is outward conformity to inward congeniality of nature—abstinence from all evil—the performance of all that is right.

Legal righteousness, is a purity of nature which never deviated from right. Such a one lives not on earth. Adam was once such a character. But now we can say, in this sense, “There is none righteous, no, not one!”

Evangelical righteousness, the sense in which the term is used in the text, presupposes *guilt*, and appeals to *mercy*, through an atonement. Its essence arises from the pardon of sin, through the mercy of God in Jesus Christ, and holy obedience to the divine commandments by the gracious influences of the Holy Ghost.

Of such a character as this, it is said, “The Lord loveth the righteous.” To such a one all the “exceeding great and precious promises” in the Book of God, in life and in death, for both worlds are yea, and Amen, in Christ Jesus.

2. “*The Merciful Man*. That is, one who goes beyond the mere rules of right, or equity between man and man, and with good will performs, from a heart glowing with heaven-born love, deeds of mercy—of benevolence. Such a one is a *Philanthropist*, living for the benefit of mankind around him. It is well said in the word of God, that “No man liveth to himself.” Society is always affected for weal or woe, more or less, by every member thereof. It is impossible that there should be a purely negative character in society. But *the merciful man*, makes it the great business of life to bless

the world. He labors to diminish the *ignorance*, the *sins* and *woes* of mankind; and to open up the pure fountains of earthly bliss to the sorrowing sons of earth, and prepare them for the purer bliss of heaven. He lives and breathes the spirit of the Gospel as heralded to the world by the voices of angels on the plains of Bethlehem: "Peace on earth—good will to men." This is "the highest style of man." Of all such Jesus says in the matchless sermon on the mount, "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy." Heaven has pronounced the eulogy on such a man; and the splendors of eternity alone shall reveal his transcendent glory and loveliness, when robed in the light of life and crowned with the redeemed of God.

Let us now apply what has been said in the exposition thus far, to the well defined and strongly marked character of the eminent Divine and illustrious Scholar whose remains are before us.

1. We have strong consolation in the good hope that he was *evangelically righteous*. Indeed we have a demonstration of this in a long and eventful life. "By their fruits ye shall know them," says the blessed Jesus. With this text before us we cannot doubt. The world has beheld in Dr. Wylie "the peaceable fruits of righteousness." Aside from what appeared to the gaze of the world, known and read of all men, permit me without desiring to appear ostentatious, to speak my personal knowledge of, and intercourse with the deceased. Considering the great difference in our ages, and in our ecclesiastical relations, we were on terms of great confidence and intimacy for many years. This to me, was no mean honor. He was one of the best and most valued friends of my youthful days and riper years. His friendship was something more than a name. It was unsophisticated, whole-souled and true, so that his memory must be an evergreen to all who knew him well and enjoyed his confidence. In our

frequent private conversations together, often and again have I heard him refer to early pungent conviction for sin, and his evangelical conversion to God in spiritual regeneration;—while the quivering chin, and gushing tear bore testimony that the lips but echoed the language of his noble heart—his manly countenance all the while glowing with the radiance of spiritual joy, under the smile of a reconciled God.

In the scriptural acceptance of the term, he was a righteous man, yielding a loving obedience to the divine commandments, and showing forth the fruits of the Spirit. But,

2. *He was, the merciful man. A Philanthropist.* As Student and Instructor he filled up the measure of his days, so that his learning was vast and varied—and withal God had endowed him with remarkable powers of mind; an analysis of which we shall not attempt to give. He passed a life of great mental activity. But we enquire, for what did he live and labor? Not for himself. Not for this fond weeping wife, hovering over the loved form, to whom his heart was knit,—or this group of mourning children, whom he loved with all the fondness of a *large warm heart*—not for these alone, but for the benefit of his race. *ANDREW WYLIE, was the world's benefactor.* He lived and labored to diminish the ignorance and woes of mankind, and to diffuse abroad the rich blessings of a sanctified Literature, and to elevate man in the scale of his being.

He always had a great aversion to every thing like ostentation, or mere show. He never sounded the trumpet to herald his labors of love. The benevolence of his heart—his deeds of mercy—his unremitting exertion and constant toil to make the world wiser and better, and for the mental and moral elevation of all who came within the range of his influence, did not always appear to the public eye. But they were all seen by Him “whose eye seeth in secret,” and were the most highly appreciated by those who knew him best.

Happy the man who was so fortunate as to enjoy intimate communion with his noble and gifted mind, and had access to the rich treasury of his knowledge.

Look at him as a minister of our Lord Jesus Christ. Here he had but few equals. The Protestant Episcopal Church has lost in him one of her brightest ornaments. With an intellect clear and capacious, well stored with ancient lore, and modern learning—and withal “powerful in the Scriptures,” he stood in the sacred desk “a bright and a shining light” of no ordinary magnitude.

The doctrines he taught were full of evangelism. *Man's fall and corruption.* The morally diseased condition of the human family—the necessity of Redemption, and an all-healing balm. *Atonement by Christ.* The death of Christ sacrificial to rescue a perishing world. *Justification by faith.* Faith in Christ to bring personal salvation to the heart. *Regeneration by the Holy Ghost.* The soul to be saved by being “created anew in Christ Jesus.” *Obedience to the commandments.* A loving obedience to the “Great Master.” *Resurrection* of the dead, and a final *Judgment.* A day of retribution. With what delight did he dwell upon the comprehensive richness of the Apostles' Creed, as set forth in the Ritual of the Church!

He was a man of great Catholicity of spirit. No “pent up Utica” contained his heart. No man more free from blind-folded bigotry, or narrow minded prejudice; yet he was an able defender of “the Faith once delivered to the saints.”

But above all, his soundness of doctrine was supported by a godly example. The wisest precepts, and the soundest doctrines, will fall to the ground without this. Eloquence may charm the multitude, and elicit the rapturous applause from the gaping crowd; but the impression is momentary, like the midnight lightning, gleaming but for an instant. But a *godly example*, in the public teacher, like the sun, hanging

high in mid heaven, holds out a steady light to guide our feet in the way of peace, to the home of the good. The life of John, the Baptist, had more influence with Herod, than his most pungent reproofs. The godly life of the prophet overawed the king, so that he feared John, "knowing that he was a just man."

The example of our departed Father and Friend supported and enforced the doctrines which he taught. Perhaps there was no excellency which shone more conspicuously in his conduct, or formed a more distinguishing and prominent part of his strongly marked character than his undaunted *fortitude* and *faithfulness*. Those who knew him best will long remember those words of kindness, and looks of ardent affection, which were the genuine indications of a mind warmed with benignity and love. For near a quarter of a century he has gone in and out before this community, exclaiming by his example—"Follow me, as I follow Christ."

But I am reminded by this shrouded Chapel, by the badges of mourning before and all around me, and by the saddened faces of this family of Instructors and Students, that I should refer to the character of our deceased Father in yet another relation.

As an Instructor. As the President of Indiana University. Here, again, I must be excused for that emotion which almost chokes utterance, while I speak from personal experience as well as from observation, of his great worth. He was *my Instructor*,—and to me a Father as well as my friend and brother minister. Ever since he was twenty-three years of age he has been the President of a College. For twenty-two years he has been President of this Institution, and intimately identified with it in all its struggles for usefulness and distinction. Here his true character was, to a great extent, concealed from the public gaze, and unknown to the masses. To those enjoying a close intimacy with the man, and com-

munion with him as a Teacher, were clearly revealed the priceless qualities of a noble heart, and the rich resources of one of the most powerful minds of the age. He never failed to win the lasting esteem of all who were brought immediately under his instructions. So that, with his pupils, nothing to be found in the Books is thought to excel, if to equal his Lectures to his class on Metaphysics, Rhetoric and Moral Philosophy. May we not express the hope, that these Lectures will yet see the light of day, and be published to the world, so that "he being dead, may yet speak."

He was never content with merely seeing the Student through with his course, to dismiss him with careless indifference at the close of the hour. But most assiduously did he labor to improve both the *head* and the *heart* of the student. In the privacy of the recitation room, with no pomp of circumstance—there, I have seen him like a Father among his children—and have known, there, some of the most powerful impressions made I have ever known made, by the oral discourse of man, upon the mind of man. And my experience and observation in after life have convinced me that those impressions were not evanescent. Hence the strong attachment which grew up between the President and his pupils. They seemed united as with hooks of steel.

But I will not enlarge. Let the hundreds who have enjoyed the benefits of his instructions speak. Their voice is already heard all over this land—and in courts abroad. In nearly every State of this Union, there are of his pupils whose hearts will be saddened at the tidings of his death, but who will rise up and call him blessed. I have met them East of the mountains, and West of the mountains—in the North and in the South, in the various professions, and departments of society: in the Halls of Legislation, at the Bar, on the Bench, in the Healing Art, and in the Pulpit, all bearing testimony to the worth of Dr. Wylie. Surely, an Instructor

with such living epistles known and read of all men, shall be in everlasting remembrance. As a teacher, and a Scholar he has blessed the nation. A standard bearer in the world of letters has fallen, and we stand round him to-day, like Joash the king of Israel over the remains of Elisha, the prophet, and exclaim, "O my father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." He fell with all his armor on — Who shall gather his mantle? Who bear the standard so nobly? His character is before us, as *the world's benefactor*.

II. *Let us see what is said of this character in the text.*

1. "*The righteous perisheth.*" To *perish*, here means, to *go by*, or *through*: That is in the death of a righteous man, he may be said to pass *through* life, and to have *passed by* men—that is gone *past*, or *before them* into the eternal world.

2. "*He is taken away.*" The act of another—he is *taken*. God calls, or *takes* the righteous man. His death is not a casualty—but God takes him as he took Enoch who walked with God, or as he took Elijah. "It is the Lord's doings, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

Our distinguished President—our lamented Father—our beloved Instructor, has been taken from us. He had strong presentiments of his approaching dissolution, and death was frequently the topic of his conversation. Said he to a dear friend a few days ago, "I must set my house in order." Yet he did not fall by *accident*;—but the "GREAT MASTER," as he was wont so often, and so reverently, to call our Heavenly Father, *took him*—in kindness took him to himself. Then, though our hearts are filled with sorrow, we will not murmur at the Providence of God.

3. "*He is taken from the evil to come.*" Taken from all natural evil to come—from all moral evil—from the evils coming on the world and on the church, which, by his prayers and labors, he cannot prevent any longer. This is an awful

thought to survivors! We are stricken, smitten, and afflicted. Our Friend has been taken, possibly from some evil coming upon us. O that we would lay this to heart!

4. "*He shall enter into peace.*" This expression is elliptical. It means, *he shall go in peace.* Draw near, now, and behold the tranquil death of the "righteous" and "merciful man." Says David, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." No distracting fears to heave the bosom, no turbulent waves flow over the fainting head pillowed on the bosom of Jesus—but, in peace, he passes the rolling river.

It was my mournful privilege to stand by the couch of this my Friend in his last moments. He was a great sufferer, but he bore all with fortitude and without a murmur. He was in the bosom of his own family, surrounded by fond and sympathizing friends in tears:—I, too, loved him, and wept, and was not ashamed of my tears. But we all saw him depart in great peace. A few minutes before he departed, at his request, I knelt by his side and offered up prayer to God in the name of Jesus; at the close of which he responded, "*Amen,*" four times. The last notes that fell upon his ear, as he entered the Jordan of death, were the notes of prayer;—and may we not reasonably infer that, before these notes had died away on his ear, he was greeted on the other shore by the songs of cherubim and seraphim, hailing him welcome to "the better land."

He died as a Minister should die. His dying exclamation, not three minutes before he breathed his last, we must regard as unsurpassed in sublimity, since the days of the heroic Paul. With crushed and bleeding hearts of weeping friends all around him, clinging to the Husband—the Father—the Friend; he seemed to summon all his energies in the death struggle, and, looking steadfastly into heaven, he exclaimed, "LORD JESUS CHRIST, MY SAVIOUR!!" This seemed to hush

the thunderings of Jordan, and still her turbulent waves, and in peace he passed home to the bosom of his God.

You may admire the dying exclamations of Socrates, of Cyrus, and of Schiller:—or, of the pious Blumhardt, who died exclaiming “Light breaks in!”—or, of Dr. Bateman, the distinguished physician and philosopher, who died exclaiming “What glory! the angels are waiting for me!”—or, of Bishop Wilson, who was transported with a vision of angels:—or, even of our own renowned Statesman, John Quincy Adams, “This is the last of earth! I am content!” I must admire still more the dying exclamation of Dr. Andrew Wylie, “*Lord Jesus Christ, my Saviour!*” Let this sentence be engraven on his tomb, “and lead in the rock forever”—let it be hung up like apples of gold in pictures of silver—let it be preserved and cherished in the casket of the heart of every friend. “A prince and a great man hath fallen in Israel this day!”

5. “*He shall rest in his bed.*” The bed is the grave. There he will *rest*. In New Testament language, “He sleeps in Jesus.” No affliction or sorrow can ever reach that precious dust asleep in Jesus.

“His languishing head is at rest;
Its thinking and aching are o’er;
This quiet, immovable breast,
Is heaved by affliction no more.”

While we, this day, in company with the bereaved family, with mournful tread convey him to his resting place, the dwelling of the dead, we may repeat the sentiment of the Church Service

“While ashes to ashes and dust
We give unto dust, in our gloom
The light of salvation we trust,
Which hangs like a lamp in the tomb.”

“The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; and blessed be the name of the Lord.”

6. "*Walking in his uprightness.*" The spirit, though dis-united from the body, shall walk forth in *conscious existence*, enjoying the rich rewards of a well spent life, in the realms of day—the home of angels and God. "*Walking*"—going on, and still on in eternal progression—increasing in capacity, in knowledge and in happiness forever;—employed in the blissful exercise of the heavenly state.

Progression: There is something grand and ennobling in this thought. That *great mind*, which only a few hours ago inhabited this clay tenement; though so highly cultivated and so richly stored with the treasures of knowledge here, shall there, in the disembodied state, still advance and enlarge, and acquire new and richer treasures in purer worlds above. O blessed state of souls in cloudless realms of light! We here take leave of the happy spirit, throned in heaven with palm and harp—the victor crowned, singing the conquering hero's song, among the millions of the redeemed.

III. *Let us notice how we should be affected by the death of our pious friends.*

It is the way of the world in its hurry and bustle, in its ambitious and selfish aspirations, to forget the departed, no matter how worthy or illustrious. Hence the complaint in the text: "No man layeth it to heart!" Whereas God says "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." By the decree of God immortal fame is theirs. And it is our duty to contribute to this fame—to cull the fairest flowers within our reach to weave a chaplet for the brow of the righteous dead. It is our duty to properly *lay the death of our pious friends to heart.*

Let us all with this group of mourners, clustering around this loved form, come, and sit at the feet of our Great Exemplar, and learn how we should be affected at the loss of a loved one.

Though our blessed Lord bore all the calamities of life

through which he passed untainted with guilt; yet we find him on one occasion in circumstances, such as most of us have been in—and are in this day, *Mourning the loss of a friend!* He approaches the new made grave of Lazarus of Bethany. We all know this tender story too well to need a large rehearsal here. Christ was visiting a grave: and that fact might have awakened some meltings of compassion. Here was a new trophy of death—another specimen of his universal triumph. Lazarus, the head of a family, the staff and stay of his sisters, is now stricken down by death. Human nature is withered, and corruption is taking the place of beauty and vigor! This was a mournful spectacle.

But he was at the grave of a pious and amiable friend. On that account, it would be natural for him to *weep*. The historian says, “Now Jesus loved Lazarus.” It was at his house he had lodged,—and often enjoyed his hospitalities. On his death his acts of friendship were vividly remembered, and warmly cherished, by the faithful and affectionate Jesus, who never forgets even the gift of “a cup of cold water.” Hear him speak—so tenderly, “*Our friend Lazarus sleepeth.*” A tear over the grave of such a friend might have seemed but an equitable tribute, had it fallen from any other eye. A common spectator would have thought of no other cause. The Jews understood this, and exclaimed, “Behold how he loved him!”

But our Lord certainly wept out of compassion to surviving relatives and friends, whom he saw almost overwhelmed with sorrow. And cold is that heart which has no tear of sympathy to shed with the bereaved and sorrowing mourners to-day.

The fierceness of some minds, and the indolence of others, leads them to despise those whom they see under the influence of the tender passions. But why? Those tender passions have been implanted in our nature, by the God of na-

ture, and must have been intended for a valuable purpose. They should not, therefore, be rooted out or blunted. He who has them not, and glories in his freedom from them, "glories" in his own shame."

In circumstances like those in which Jesus wept, tears, instead of being an unmanly weakness, should be called, as they are by a celebrated Roman poet,

"Nostri pars optima sensus—"

one of the most amiable parts of the constitution of human nature. Which seems to have been provided by God, that we might be able to give to each other a suitable token of commiseration and affection, which cannot be so easily counterfeited as fond words. And while they testify our passions, they also relieve and unload the heart, when almost ready to sink under its pressure.

Still there are some to be found, *heartless* enough to exclaim with great apparent stoicism: "You ought to have more philosophy under such circumstances." *Do not hurl this rude insult at my heart!* Do not hurl this rude, *heartless* insult, at this sorrowing bereaved family, now weeping over the remains of their dearest earthly friend!

The principle is the same in the objection urged against the Christian Religion, by the stoical. And some time-servers, or worldly-wise men, to avoid what they conceive to be the force of the objection, concede to the objector, that religion should not be *impulsive*—that it should be purely *intellectual*, and have nothing to do with the *heart*, or the *finer feelings of our nature*. *We cannot concede*. Religion—the religion of Heaven concerns the entire man, and affects every power of the human soul—the intellectual and the moral—the passions and the emotions. It strengthens, purifies, elevates, and ennobles the whole, jewelizing it with the choicest graces, and qualifying it for the richest enjoyments.

Men of great and philosophic minds are impulsive, and

have been known to weep. Look at Xerxes and Napoleon. And what greater names on the historic page than Abraham, the patriarch, and Joseph, the Prime Minister in Egypt—David the King, and Jonathan the warrior—Hezekiah the ruler, and Jeremiah the prophet; yet it is recorded to their honor in lines that time cannot efface, that they *wept*. Look again at the Christian hero, who could so courageously face imprisonment and martyrdom for the cause of truth and goodness,—and lo! Paul is in tears. But, “behold! a greater than Paul is here:” “*Jesus wept*.”

Jesus had all the passions in their most harmonious order. The symetry of his soul was entirely unbroken. Then, that which would be a fit occasion for his tears, might well justify and ennoble ours. In the case referred to, it was the death of a pious friend. Surely then, none of us need be ashamed of our tears to-day.

With what cheerfulness may we address this compassionate Saviour when we are weeping on such accounts as called forth his tears. We can refer him to a case which was his own. He is sympathetic: “Touched with a feeling of our infirmities.” With what confidence, then, may we lean upon him for support.

From the conduct of Jesus at the grave of Lazarus we may infer that the death of his saints is still precious in his sight. He still attends them, though in an invisible form, and the eye that wept over Lazarus, is with incessant care and tenderness, fixed upon them. He has not grown less gracious. Still he attends to sustain them in the conflict, and to give victory over death—goes with them through the dark valley, and crowns them on his throne.

With what holy triumph will Christ rejoice over all his people, the “innumerable company which no man can number,” when he shall have recovered them from the power of the grave, and destroyed the last enemy, which is death.

This was the "joy set before him," which flashed before his eye in the garden, and gleamed in his vision on the cross—the joy of "bringing many sons to glory"—and for this he endured the cross, despising the shame. What he did for Lazarus was but an imperfect specimen of what he intends shortly to do for all who "sleep in Jesus." He shall cause them to live, to die no more.

When Augustus Cæsar was quitting empire, and life, he expressed the great satisfaction he felt in the improvements he had made in the buildings of Rome: that whereas, he found the city *brick*, he left it *marble*. But our Lord Jesus Christ may more abundantly glory, when he comes in the pomp of the resurrection morn, at the improvements made in our bodies. "Sown in corruption—raised in incorruption: Sown in dishonor—raised in glory: Sown in weakness—raised in power: Sown a natural body—raised a spiritual." Then shall be brought to pass that saying: "Death is swallowed in victory!" The body immortalized, beautified, and fitted for the enjoyment of the heavenly state.

Though we may with great propriety follow our Great Exemplar, and weep and mourn the loss of our pious friends, and sorrow for our loved ones gone, and thus properly "*lay it to heart*;" yet let us remember "*they rest in their beds*" till the resurrection morn, then to be waked from their slumbers by the voice of Jesus! And, in the mean time, their souls in conscious existence are "walking in their uprightness" in all the bliss of heaven. God has "taken them away from the evil to come." We cannot bring them back—we shall go to them, they shall not return to us. We should not forget them, but fondly cherish their memory. Love their graves as the resting place of the loved. Imitate their virtues—and look forward to a re-union with them in the better land." Then we shall "not sorrow as those who have no hope." But while we cluster around the shrine of the grave,

adorned with nature's brightest wreath, and viewless harps murmuring over it, we may hear the voice of Jesus, saying: "I am the resurrection and the life, and whosoever believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Disconsolate Widow: You are stricken, smitten, and afflicted. Your bereavement is great. A tear of sympathy falls from many an eye in the vast assemblage around you. But your condition is far from rayless. The cloud has a bright side. Long has the partner of your youth, and the companion of your riper years, been spared to you and your children, as the honored head and solace of the family. Though at last he is taken a little in advance of you, do not murmur at the Providence of God. He has fallen, full of honors—in the bosom of his family, surrounded by those he fondly loved. He was not doomed to be "by strangers honored, and by strangers wept." But he fell in the circle of his friends, at his own home. Our Heavenly Father doeth all things well; and He knoweth well how to "temper the winds to the shorn lamb." Lean, then, on His Almighty arm. Look up to the spirit-home of your honored Husband, and say,—"*That is my home!*" Yet a little longer, you may be the counsellor and the comfort of your children, and then go up to the rest, and live with him who has gone before you. Let all your tears fall in the bosom of Jesus.

Affectionate Children: You have, it is true, sustained an irreparable loss. No marvel that you feel so deeply—that your hearts ache with sorrow. Still there is a precious balm for you. Your honored Father has left for you, in his good name, an inheritance which is far better than gold or silver. Remember, you are the sons and daughters of ANDREW WYLIE, the great, and the good! Cherish his memory with filial fondness, and let it be the ambition of your lives to honor his name. As often as you may visit the honored spot where his sacred dust may rest; remember, it will be manly,

it will be womanly—it will be honorable to shed the tear of affection upon the turf growing green on his tomb, and each returning spring to wreath a Father's grave with flowers. So live on earth, as to be prepared to live with him in Heaven.

Students of the University: Mournfully rings the College bell to day. Your venerated President, and Instructor, who prayed for you, counseled you, and instructed you,—and who cared for you with a Father's care, *is no more!* Suddenly taken from you! Your hearts are saddened—the tear of affection flows. Now purpose within yourselves to remember his wise counsels—follow his advice—walk in the path he has so often marked out for your youthful feet. Honor his name by imitating his example. “And be ye also ready.”

Members of the Faculty: Your distinguished head, and associate in the great work of instruction in this University has suddenly been called from your midst! He has left a vacant chair—a vacant room! Let this solemn event admonish each one of you to have your house in order. You all loved and highly esteemed the great man who has just fallen—fallen with all his armor on! in the rich maturity of his intellect! And while American Literature lasts, the name of Andrew Wylie will not be forgotten. Now, while you mourn with the mourner, and see the University bereft of its head, renew your resolutions to work while the day lasts. Labor to make the University reflect honor upon the name of its first President. You may thus rear a monument to his memory more enduring than marble. And remember whatever is done by you, must be done quickly.

Citizens, one and all: The tolling bell—the funeral march—the badges of mourning—this draped Hall—and the open grave, all, all cry, “Be ye also ready, for at such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh!”

Peace to the memory of my friend ! "Death is yours." It has been made to contribute infinitely to thy welfare. It has opened to thee the gates of immortality. And being absent from the body, thou art present with the Lord.

"Hath not thy voice been here amongst us heard ?

And that deep soul of gentleness and power,
Have we not felt its breath in every word,

Wont from thy lip, as Hermon's dew, to shower ?

Yes ! in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have burned —

Of Heaven they were, and thither have returned."

Again, Peace to thy memory ! Sleep on, sleep sweetly, till Jesus bids thee rise — then may we all with thee have a part in the first resurrection. Amen.

