

to him in babyhood, had already proven himself more than a mere recipient of Fortune's pleasant whim. He had so far entered into the commercial life which his very genius, as well as his circumstances had chosen for him, and he had given such demonstration of brilliant and solid qualities as a business man, that the glow of promise upon his forehead places him among the chosen young men of earth who have been stricken down by death in the splendid morning of their powers. With them he has departed. To their long home he has migrated. They are the company who have left the world of art and literature and science and religion, as he left the world of commerce, to mourn and to muse over the shining prophecies with pride and with regret, and to calculate from these prophecies how rich or beautiful or true or harmonious the world would have been if they had reached only the noontide of their strength and achievement.

It is when we study petal after petal involved in such buds of mighty promise so suddenly or slowly denied the possibility of unfolding their loveliness or power, that we take firmer hold upon the conviction that this life must be indeed, especially in such cases, only the portal to the larger life where all buds reach their perfect flowering and where all mornings journey to mid-noon and where all fragmentary and incomplete lives reach fullness and harmony under the guidance of the Father of all things. Only the infinite love working through infinite time can gather together and put in order the broken threads of our earthly years. Our science as well as our faith proves that this is a universe of marvelously strict economies, and that, therefore, it is impossible that anything of value may be lost. It is in this conviction and in this serene belief, that we behold, not without confidence in the unfoldings of the future, the genius of poetry leaving her tears where Shelley dies at the age of 29; the genius of painting weaving her garlands for the tomb of Raphaël dead at the age of 37; the genius of literature stooping over the hallowed dust of Arthur Henry Hallam, who left love and life here at 22; the genius of our American mercantile life, pausing today at this grave, to be less known but not to be less significant, where Philip D. Armour, Jr., at the age of 31, lies with still pulses, and his penetrating, restless eye, with the urgent and sagacious brain is at rest forever. It would not be a universe worthy of God or man, if it were not so ordered that this little circle of life which we call time breaks into the larger circle which we call eternity. Eternity is youth and youth is the realizing of eternity. A young man, looking out into the certainty of his early decease, could well sing of that comradeship in the future—a comradeship which must exist somewhere among those, who, endowed with gifts and opportunities such as we honor here today, were not permitted to realize their fruition in this mortal life.