

One young man of genius prayed:

“ With the tear-worthy four, consumption killed  
In youthful prime, before the nebulous mind  
Had its symmetric shapeliness defined,  
Had its transcendent destiny fulfilled—  
May future ages grant me gracious room,  
With Pollock, in the voiceless solitude  
Finding his holiest rapture, happiest mood ;  
Poor White for ever poring o’er the tomb ;  
With Keats, whose lucid fancy mounting far  
Saw heaven as an intenser, a more keen  
Re-integration of the Beauty seen  
And felt by all the breathers on this star ;  
With gentle Bruce, flinging melodious blame  
Upon the Future for an uncompleted name.”

At the age when Philip D. Armour, Jr., was called hence, the young Scotch poet, David Gray, had been in his grave seven years, and yet above the grasses life seemed to be singing a song that quenches the discords of death. It was a song which the poet himself had sung in anticipation of his early death. He felt that this life is only the first chosen soil in which the seed sometimes sprouts and only the bud comes, and that God often transplants the life at the time when its petals are not unfolded as yet, in order that in another soil and in air more subtly suited to the particular nature of the plant and its history, the half open destiny have its entirety of development.

“ Whom the Gods love die young ” said the old Greek pagan. Shall we not believe also that love had plans for him that no earthly wealth could carry out, and that, by and by, we shall see that we did not over-estimate his possibilities? We rather under-estimated them. God, his Father, alone so truly estimated them that He was moved to take out of merely human hands and associations the guidance and development of his destiny. Therefore, above this grave where we leave the dust of our strong and hopeful young friend, we may remember that he also felt only “ the faint beatings in the calyx of the rose,” and while we realize all that friend or child, father, mother and wife found in his buoyant and prophetic career, we can place upon his gravestone what the Scotch poet wrote for a similar gravestone that now guards the little plot of ground in the old home of Mr. Armour’s ancestors :

“ There is life with God,  
In another kingdom and a sweeter air.  
In Eden every flower is blown : Amen.”

In a ministry of a quarter of a century, I have never known a young man into whose life and career on earth there have come a larger investment of affectionate hope. We all hung our desires upon this child of