

away shore, has somewhat lifted us by means of an impelled wave coming shoreward, as its own out-going was accomplished. Greatness has been here and gone. A life of importance to the whole business and philanthropic world has vanished from our sight. The harbor lights are aware. The river is not yet calm. It is ours to take hold of the oars a little more firmly; to look a little more closely, and, perhaps, affectionately, at the treasures of the shores which are left, and above all to rejoice that no vastness of the sea, no mightiest storm, no distance of port to which that ship sails, can ever permanently separate us from the unique and majestic thing we loved, or ever take entirely from us the lofty sky and the abysmal sea, deep answering unto deep—with whose mysteries all things are safe, the sea and sky being the symbols of the love of God.

Let us paint him as we knew him here. I dreamed the other night that there was a picture of PHILIP DANFORTH ARMOUR hung in yonder great temple of commerce—the Board of Trade—and all that art might suggest or reflect of the qualities of an unsurpassed commercial genius was placed upon the canvas, by hands of accuracy and power, set to adequately limn and accentuate that countenance. There he stood, master and even monarch, the organizer of great movements, the creator of numberless enterprises, undaunted in apparent defeat, self-controlled in peril, earnest when others faltered, vanquisher of tempests, and ice and storm, the builder of a great fortune, and a beginner of a new era in the development of the resources of America. And I said: “That is not *our* picture.” And then I saw another picture, the picture that was created out of the colors which lie in your heart and mine, fellow-students, the picture that comes to us as we bring back the days when he came and lived the happiest hours with us and planned with us for our Institute of learning, and hoped, while he provided for some trembling and fallen one a means of escape from a blighted past and of entrance into a happier future, so that a new life and a new hope were created by his generosity and his courage. I saw the genial, humorous, even witty, bluff, hearty, healthful man in that vision; and I said, “If God will give me power and self-command, we will not lament; we will not apologize; we will simply make the picture out of our memories of the man we loved.” Fra Angelico, painting in Florence, found the tears