

which was attended by all the faculty and students together with a large number of persons from the village and community. The service was opened by a beautiful piano solo by Miss Willard and the singing of the hymn "Rest" by a male quartette. The Rev. Edgar F. Davis, of the College faculty, led the service and preached a beautiful sermon from the text:

ISAIAH, XL, VIII.—The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of God shall stand forever.

1st JOHN, XI, XVII.—And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.

He was followed by General James A. Beaver, of Bellefonte, who was an old classmate of Prof. McKee's having graduated with him from Washington and Jefferson college in the class of '56. General Beaver dwelt upon the deceased as he had known him in his college days and paid bright tribute to his character and work.

Prof. John Hamilton, of State College, who had been a close friend of Prof. McKee's for twenty-five years previous to his death then delivered the following address, which we take pleasure in publishing since it dwells more closely on the life of our honored vice-president and his untiring work in the interest of our college and is a most fitting eulogy to him. Dr. Atherton made a few appropriate and touching remarks, after which the service was closed with a hymn and the benediction.

THE ADDRESS OF PROF. HAMILTON.

At a time like this one becomes painfully conscious of the inadequate nature of language to fully express feeling and thought. And I have hesitated to speak, lest you should judge that what I now say is the limit of my appreciation of this man's worth.

I cannot express my sense of his value. The justification for speaking at all in this public place, is not in any expectation that what we say can in any way will gratify him who has left us; our praise or censure cannot affect the dead; but it is found-

ed on the hope that some of the lessons of his life may inspire the living.

The annals of the world are filled with the triumphs of illustrious men, and wonderful indeed are some of the achievements that history relates. But wonderful as these actions are, it nevertheless stands confessed that the grandest achievement possible in this world is *a noble life*. A noble life is the outgrowth of a noble character, and a noble character is a solid structure built little by little by the man himself out of imperishable material "gold, silver and precious stones," and represents extreme care and wisdom, untold labor, patient watchings, humiliations and tears, and innumerable victories over self and sense; and it is not exaggeration, but the truth of God to say, that "he who subdues himself is greater than he that taketh a city." The man who under great provocations restrains his spirit, who on verge of doubting and distrust, retains his faith in God and his fellow men; the man who has deliberately consecrated his life and talents to the uplifting of his race, and whose warm heart of love and sympathy goes out to his unfortunate and helpless erring brother, is a noble man, whether he occupy high position or obscure, whether he be accepted as a teacher come from God or be rejected by those he came to save.

Nobility of character, like the pure ore of gold, is unaffected by the estimates of men. Its worth is intrinsic, and its quality and variety stamp it as the standard of values and excellence for our race. He who comes short in this is but spurious coin, and although he may for a time pass current among men; yet when tested by the scales of genuine worth, the counterfeit appears.

The friend whose memory we desire to honor to day chose as his life-work the instruction, the elevation and the moulding of the character of youth. The evening of his graduation day in 1856, he engaged with the Rev. J. E. Alexander to teach in his academy at Washington, Ohio, and for 35 years with scarcely an intermission he continued in his chosen work.