

my own knowledge and experience to-day) a number of the men, some of them still living, who founded these great schools. I remember, for example, one old man who now, at eighty-five years of age, and blind, is still at work for Christ, with his daughter writing out for him what he dictates, and who did more perhaps than any other of all the men working with him for these State colleges. They were Christian men and it was for Christian purposes that they struggled to secure this land grant. Abraham Lincoln, in the year 1862, while the war was carrying its scourge over the land, signed the law that made possible this State institution with a score or more of others in the land. They, too, are gifts of Christian thought and feeling, and they have been built and sustained not without great sacrifice.

There is no chapter that I have ever read or heard, in the history of humanity on this earth, fuller of heroism, of self-sacrificing heroism, than the chapter that tells the history of the establishment of these institutions of learning in our country. Take to-day, if you will, Harvard and Yale and Brown and the other institutions that were established first in the old thirteen States, and who founded them? Why, when Boston was only six years old, her people still living in the cabins which they had erected as they landed upon these desolate shores—when Boston was only six years old, her pilgrim people, scarcely yet safe from starvation, laid upon the altar of Christian learning the gifts out of which Harvard grew. It takes its name from one John Harvard, the Christian preacher who gave his whole library to establish the institution. I have seen some of the old subscription lists, and remember one subscription of a woman who gave a peck of corn out of her penury and another who knit a certain amount of stockings in her hard industry to help the college. Others gave, some a shilling and others ten shillings to build up—not a house to live in, not a mill to give them their wealth again, but to lay the corner-stones and to build the walls of an institution of higher learning that the country should not suffer, that there might be learned men to teach the higher learning of the world to their young men and young women.

I have in mind the old *Alma Mater* among whose sons I hope to gather in a few days. When it celebrated its fiftieth anniversary I was an undergraduate within its halls, and I marched in the streets where fifty classes marched before me, led by a gray-headed old man, the last survivor of its first graduating class, each class bear-