

New York, where he was welcomed by the Philosophical Society with arms outstretched to take him into their fold. A sum of one thousand dollars was raised in New York for a course of ten lectures, a chair was offered to him by the University of Pennsylvania, but spurning all offers he journeyed on to Northumberland, Pennsylvania, to spend the rest of his days in peace with his son. Thus "like the eagle he built his eyry upon the mountain top, inaccessible to vulgar intrusion. In the pure atmosphere he dwelt not above human spite, jealousy, and detraction but above their annoyances. The shafts of bigots and fools were aimed at him but they could not penetrate that triple armor which Philosophy, Enthusiasm and Truth had thrown around him." As he was the friend of the most noted men so he soon made friends of America's brightest intellectual lights. The great idea of his life in America was the establishment of a university at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, in accord with his views of education. Never tiring, never ceasing, he worked on until the last day of his life, his last wish being that he might be spared but a six months longer in order that he might complete an unfinished work. On the morning of the sixth of February, eighteen hundred and four, he dictated an alteration in a pamphlet his son read to him and then with the remarks "That is right" and "I have now done," he passed away in deep and conscious communion with his God, to be laid away, one of the great majority, in the little country cemetery at Northumberland, where naught but a block of marble marks the resting place of this illustrious one.

Such was the life of Priestley, the theologian and politician, and were we to call back into the dead past and ask of Priestley which of his life's labors and works he would desire us most to honor, back would come the answer in tones ringing with confidence and faith, "My religious works." To-day, however, it is not his religious nor political works