

ceased. We may never know the personal sacrifices he made to help build up this college. But we do know that were it not for a few men of Mr. Patterson's spirit, the college may now have been a memory only.

All who attended the Memorial service in the Auditorium on Tuesday afternoon, and heard the praises of William Calvin Patterson, could not fail to be impressed with the thoughts which were brought out by Judge Orvis, of the Board of Trustees, and Dr. Sparks. That there was some inspiration for their words was plainly seen, and that inspiration came from the knowledge that there was a man who had lived true to his ideals, a pure, straightforward, honest, man's life. In the concluding words of Judge Orvis, quoting,

"His life was gentle, and the elements

So mixed in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world 'This was a man,' we have as fitting a tribute as could be paid by volumes.

An Appreciation.

A career has just closed among us which is so peculiar as to merit our attention. William C. Patterson has been widely known through all this section of country and, in fact over the state as well, as a man of rare gifts and as one who made the very noblest use of all his powers, so that he had come almost to embody the life of the college and the village.

An epitome of his life passed our notice the other day. Had any outsider seen it and read it he would not have found much to attract his attention or to elicit his enthusiasm. With us who have known him personally for nearly twenty years the opposite. The review of his life, as we have known it, inspires us as we look back upon it, and some hasty reflections, written in a few scant

hurried moments, will, it is hoped serve as a pointer to younger men who need to be shown the way.

Occasions come in life to only a very small minority of men. Those who have the skill to turn such occasions into opportunities are very few indeed. Mr. Patterson may be classed among this few.

Here are some of the points in the epitome. Born in a valley in an adjoining county, of humble parentage and a large family, serving with honor in the army just as he came to manhood, moving again to the current common to country life, taking a small store here in the village, later put in charge of the college farm, for a decade or more the superintendent of grounds and buildings of the college, associated naturally in varied civil, industrial, and religious relations,—all this reads rather tamely and sounds rather ordinary.

But not to us who have lived with him and known him. Here was a man who had never known the meaning of a higher education and yet the practical contracts of daily life had given him a rich equipment of the very things most needed in the management and advisement of a great growing college. He who had had no formal education became the closest friend and advisor of men who were graduates of our oldest colleges or universities. He did not go to them for counsel. They were only too glad to go to him. Interests here became yearly more and more complex. Men who moved alongside of him died under the growing strain of pressure and, no doubt, his own life has been shortened by that strain. But never did he lose his head, never did he fail to see clearly the practical advantages that lay along certain lines of action, never did he fail to give good counsel or to stand firm and true in times of crisis.

Yes, Mr. Patterson had remarkable gifts, but so has many another

man who has made but a sluggard's use of them. Mr. Patterson was tall and finely proportioned. He had a kindly eye and genial smile. He knew how to approach men. He had an unconscious genius and skill in reading and understanding men.

Furthermore, his habit of greeting men and keeping in close touch with them made him a skilful and wise counsellor in many matters. He, somehow or other, gathered up the reins of a vast amount of practical knowledge of men and things, until he became a vast treasure house of information and could always put his hands on the occasion and the man when necessary.

A great many men have had as great gifts, or even greater, and yet have died without the knowledge or skill to develop them.

Religious conviction, strict integrity, thrift in the best sense, devotion to daily work of whatever sort or however distracting, utter forgetfulness of himself when there was something to do or some one to serve, charity with others to a remarkable degree, patience to await issues, a constantly optimistic view of things, a remarkable devotion to home and home life, to the church and to the public good,—these are some of the things that have made Mr. Patterson ripen into a truly great man.

Some men, born into good positions, surrounded by wealth, given the privilege of education and of travel, often lose, in the very process of their growth, these very elements that God intended should ripen into fruition in every man. When a man, with his increase of knowledge, drinks in a contempt for things spiritual, when noble living becomes of secondary value, when he is found on the wrong side and unreliable or vacillating in questions that concern the public good, money and birth and education are wasted