

other he was not less worthily connected. Behold, therefore, these two pictures, exhibiting but a limited extent of his relation to us—to mankind. When will we repay these debts of gratitude? When? Generation after generation, as they drink these blessings, may look back in thanks and reverence unto their benefactor. Posterity may follow their example, but still they are recipients, and still, yes, *eternally* will they be obligated to his memory.

As a mathematician—though justly celebrated, though his works are the inmates of every Western home, and favorite editions in all our High Schools, Seminaries, Academies and Colleges—yet his true power of intellect, his abilities as an author, are unknown. Could I go to his study and bring forth its contents—could I display before you each manuscript bought by hours of incessant application—could I array those gigantic labors, those systematic, intelligent toils of twenty-one years duration—could you behold *these* and know that what the world has seen is but his first step in a series embracing the whole mathematical course—a series which, just at the eve of its perfection, stands for *him* eternally *never* perfected;—then would your knowledge approximate to fairness, and your judgment to justice; then would you feel, yea, deeply feel his untimely death; then would this self-made man gain an ascendancy in your estimation. And since he has earned this position in your breasts—since he purchased every inch of it by the sweat of his brow—since his exertions cost him his life, though it may *not* have been proclaimed to the world; though death may have intercepted that final step—a step which would have consummated his desires; though the ship which his young hopes pictured, and his manhood constructed, may have lacked one nail more, yet his name deserves the honor; justice in the clearest accents speaks it; and we are no unjust people. And since he has passed away with this, the only hope perhaps for which he would have lived, the hope that he might be known, and being known receive his due appreciation, then let my youthful voice proclaim it here, and may the accents roll on, and on, until they reach where now he sits, resounding joyfully in