

THURSDAY FEB 27 1890



PROF. S. T. GREENE, B. A.

LAI D AT REST.

IMPOSING CEREMONY AT THE INSTITUTE.

Large and Representative Attendance from the City.

(Thursday's Daily.)

The mortal remains of the late Prof. S. T. Greene have been laid at rest. Before the cold vault that hides from us one who three short weeks ago was full of vigor and strength, can we forbear to think what a little thing life is and how weak is all human power! To descend into the tomb in the fullness of years, when one's part has been performed, may leave its regrets, but to be cut down in the bright noon of useful manhood, when hopes and endeavors are best and strongest, is something that pierces the heart. In every bitter cup, however, there is a drop of consolation. Love does not depart with the last breath. Man has many faults; yet, there is a fund of goodness and sympathy which, before great trials, especially in the deserving, will manifest itself in many tangible ways. Of such was the funeral demonstration of yesterday. The late lamented Prof. Greene knew no enemy. Talented, affable, kind, obliging, his presence anywhere inspired friendship

and regard. Hence it was the news of the ever-to-be-regretted accident and subsequently of his death was received with such general deep regret. Hence also the devotedness of friends during his short illness and the zeal and pomp displayed yesterday afternoon. The chapel was draped in mourning, and with its subdued light and solemn quiet and numerous weeping occupants, formed a scene as lugubrious as the writer has rarely witnessed. To see one who had so often cheered and amused carried in the coldness of death to the spot where he but so recently could create such interest and merriment, caused a feeling we could not well depict. A portrait of deceased placed over the platform brought into melancholy contrast what we might call *yesterday* and *to-day*.

The proceedings opened with the recitation of the Lord's Prayer, in which all participated. The Principal, Mr. Mathison, who, throughout this great trial, was indefatigable in his endeavors to render all possible assistance, and to whose quick perception and tact the completeness of every arrangement was due, then rose to address those present. He did it in terms of conviction and spoke feelingly of the merits of the one we had lost and of his useful and intelligent work. He begged to assure the relatives and friends of his heartfelt sympathy and ended by the perusal of a short note, the spontaneous contribution of one of the pupils, in which the many qualities of the dear departed were fondly recalled and his great popularity among all shown.

Prof. Coleman followed with an interesting account of his early acquaintance with deceased and was especially happy in his simile of the tempest that caused the Twelve so much anxiety (a recitation the late Professor could give so well) and the cloud that had formed at the horizon from the hour of the deplorable accident—a cloud pierced at times by the sun of hope but which, to-day, hung in deepest darkness over all.