

ARTICLE VII.

PRESIDENT SAMUEL COLCORD BARTLETT:

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

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THE fall of Richmond, the martyrdom of Lincoln, and the shouts of, and to, our victorious returning army were still in the air when, in the early summer of 1865, immediately after commencement, I took train for Chicago in order to visit the theological seminary where Professor Samuel Colcord Bartlett was a leading spirit, and to settle the question, Shall I take a professional course in the East or in the West?

Vividly I recall my conference with Dr. Bartlett, who impressed me at once as a man of an uncommonly well-balanced brain, energized by a vigorous and fine physique.¹ Glancing over my letters, he remarked with a gentle irony, "I had your place in my class; I sympathize."

He then proceeded to give his reasons for coming to Chicago. The city had surpassed all in its growth; it was the center of the country, the emporium of the opening West. Its people are from the East, the choicest spirits; they are the "brightest and best of the sons of the morning." The churches are crowded—fifty more churches needed in the city. He had been drawn from Manchester, N. H., to one of the strongest, but had decided to throw himself into an institution for the education of the ministry; for the East does not supply the demand. He has had a call to Andover, but is satisfied this is the richer field. The sem-

¹ For recent portrait, see Frontispiece, *Bibliotheca Sacra*, January, 1899.

inary, already in seven years, has a new building full of students, an adequate working library, a faculty small, but of the best, with endowed chairs. Chicago, moreover, had honored herself during the war. She sent to Washington the commission who induced Lincoln to issue his Emancipation Proclamation; and from the State had gone forth both Grant and Lincoln to save the country.

September finds me one of Dr. Bartlett's students in a class he used to call remarkable. Entering at the close of the war, two or three members had been commissioned officers, two had studied and practiced law, one had been a leader in a state legislature; the chief institutions in New England were represented, as well as the larger religious denominations.

Professor Bartlett had the chair of Biblical Literature, but the field for discussion was practically unlimited. Science and Genesis, ethnology, Messianic preparation and prophecy, Jewish and Roman law, the harmonization of the Gospels, Hebrew and Greek idioms, eschatology, higher and lower criticism—these were among the prominent themes. Our teacher proved himself a master. As a logician he was *facile princeps*. Of the admirable thinkers who have been my instructors, in Germany as well as in this country—not excepting Trendelenburg—he was the swiftest of all to detect a fallacy. Of course I refer particularly to matters on his own ground, where he had secured the latest evidence, weighed and decided. Still this logical aptitude gave the characteristic cogency to thought and speech which was always dominant and, to thinking minds, always attractive. It was *the* characteristic of the man.

As an instructor it was his unremitting purpose to build on the verities: and, under his trenchant criticism, the Bible grew luminous. And it may be well to remark that at that period the attacks upon the Bible and revealed religion were more general and more violent than at the

present time. In Germany the Tübingen school of destructive critics was at the zenith of its power; and the same movement in England under scientifico-literary auspices had led Dean Mansel, of Oxford, to propose practically the recognition of Christianity as a religion of faith without knowledge. Among theological students his Bampton lectures on the "Limits of Religious Thought" was the most exciting book of the day. It was to meet this tendency that Tennyson wrote his "Higher Pantheism." Well do I remember my old president (Tappan) saying to me confidentially, that it was his opinion that we would have to give up the Gospel of John. Infidelity as a modern Goliath of Gath was defying the hosts of Israel; it was high time for a David to cull the smooth stones from the brook.

Professor Bartlett was accordingly a thoroughgoing representative of the apostolic injunction, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." He requested us to raise questions; and right loyal was our response. The more we followed up the authorities—doubters indeed some of us were—evidently the greater his enjoyment; and sometimes he intimated he had spent much of the night in revision. We admired his sincerity and his exactness: no evasion of facts; no enthronement of minor matters, and clinging to a poor defense. Our faith increased as we caught the inspiration of his. At times, as we came down from the lecture-room to mingle with the throng on the street, it seemed as if we had descended from a mount of transfiguration, and the restless world had no true vision.

As president of the theological seminary, Dr. Bartlett had proved to be singularly well adapted to Chicago life. His mind was scientific rather than metaphysical. He cared little for theory that outran practice. His logical endowment gave him a quick decision in affairs; he read essentials in matters of business as if by intuition. I quote

a few sentences from the resolutions recently passed by the faculty of the seminary: "Rev. Dr. Bartlett was a tower of strength to the seminary in its early years, a thorough biblical student, an exact and ripe scholar happily exemplifying at once the conservative and progressive spirit in theology. He was a sagacious counselor in the affairs of the seminary and, as its years of financial distress came and went, he heartily labored and sacrificed for its existence and support. He left his chair of instruction to assume the presidency of Dartmouth College with the deep regret of his associates of the faculty. We are thankful to God that He gave him to us during so many years."

And now that the Chicago institution has rounded four decades of growth, we see how wisely the founders planned and builded. Perhaps no other school of the prophets in the country has so large a body of students and instructors, and is so well equipped. If during the last score of years a son of Yale has been the presiding genius, and a splendid building stands for his name and fame,—and most worthily does President Fisk deserve the honor he has received,—it will be modestly claimed for our son of Dartmouth that during the score of years he gave himself to the Chicago enterprise, he outranked the son of Yale, and, had he, as in the case of Vermont University, declined the presidency of his *alma mater*, he had no doubt held the permanent presidency there. To no other institution can one look for the parentage of that most successful development more rightfully than to Dartmouth College. And we may trust that Chicago, mindful of her noble and self-sacrificing pioneers, of the greatness and excellence of the results achieved, will yet, early in the coming century, honor the sons of Dartmouth by erecting to this patriarch of the young city a Bartlett Hall, which for years and years shall stand as a beacon to youth who seek for the true light.

President Bartlett's life divides somewhat suggestively.

Reaching the Platonic age of fourscore, his years of instruction, as in Plato's case, cover precisely half. This second half divides again: he comes to Hanover at sixty. The first half of his life falls also into two divisions. Until he is twenty he is the collegian, spending boyhood days at his home in Salisbury, and his preparatory years at Pinkerton Academy. The second score of years he teaches and preaches about equal times; studying theology at Andover and preaching a couple of years at Monson, Mass., before coming to Manchester; teaching in Peacham Academy and as tutor in Dartmouth; then half a dozen years as professor of Intellectual Philosophy in Western Reserve College.

Dr. Bartlett came to the presidency of Dartmouth in 1877; and during his administration of fifteen years the college made great advance. He found it heavily in debt, unable to pay current expense. The debt was cancelled, and the annual deficit forestalled. Endowed chairs were increased from one to six, the professorships from twenty to thirty-four, new chairs being established in Modern Languages, English Literature, Chemistry, Political Science, Astronomy, and Rhetoric. A Latin-Scientific course was added to the Classical, and a liberal number of subjects offered as electives. An honor system was devised and introduced; and there was so large an addition of funds for scholarships that all needy young men could be assisted. Meanwhile the number of students increased until the class graduating in 1894 was the largest college class in fifty years.

New buildings appear: Rollins Chapel, Wilson Hall for library and reading and reference rooms, Bartlett Hall for the Y. M. C. A., Thayer School building, Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital, and the Wheelock Hotel, which was rebuilt by the college and kept under college control. To these may be added a winter building for baseball, and the park tower; the college church is enlarged and remodeled;

a president's house and several other structures are purchased for the use of the college; and funds are forthcoming for the new Butterfield Hall. The college park is reformed under a landscape artist; the new athletic field is developed and opened; concrete walks extend throughout the village; measures are set on foot for the new system of waterworks; the college library is greatly enlarged; and all the salaries are raised.

During the fifteen years the total sum of contributions to the college aggregated more than seven hundred thousand dollars. Of the structures mentioned, the tower was mainly an amateur project, with intent of providing a comely ornament for the summit of the park, which would at the same time be itself the means of affording a superb view of this portion of the Connecticut valley. The graduating classes, from 1885 onward, furnished financial aid in liberal sums, a cut stone indicating the height built by each class.

The Y. M. C. A. building was the president's special labor of love; for he felt, that, from the united, consecrated endeavor of the Christian young men, must come in the long future, Dartmouth's genuine religious development. The first proposal was to have an assembly hall and a reading-room as a part of the new library building, the books and periodicals to be cared for by the college librarian. This idea not proving feasible, Providence seemed speedily to open the way for the existing handsome edifice; and after much effort, in which not a few rallied to assist, it was completed, equipped, and dedicated; and was rightfully named Bartlett Hall.

Before my arrival in Hanover there had been a sharp conflict between President Bartlett and members of the faculty. As to the merits of the case I have no definite knowledge. The trustees having decided to stand by the president, I never could see, in faculty meetings or else-

where, any trace of hostility, did any exist. A learned physician, when asked if he was not surprised that so many people were sick, replied, "I wonder rather that so many people are well." Professor Sanborn once remarked, "The trouble with college professors is that they are all philosophers." The wonder is not that conflicts arise, but rather that they do not arise oftener. Certain it is that President Bartlett preferred men who would stand up for their convictions. I can testify that he took a special pride in the faculty of Dartmouth; and it is evidenced, in his handwriting, that no other college or university in New England has in proportion to numbers so able a body of instructors. On the other hand the strongest expression of appreciation of Dr. Bartlett that I have ever heard was by a colleague, not now living, who had been a leading antagonist. It should be added, that one of the last recommendations President Bartlett laid before the trustees was, that the salaries of the professors should have a further advance, in order that the college, in this regard, may compare more favorably with the larger institutions with which it is now brought into competition.

In faculty meetings, Dr. Bartlett presided with unquestioned fairness. Seldom arguing at any length, he would usually indicate his preferences, but keep the issue so clear that opponents did not miss the mark. At that time discussion was rife; everything came before the entire faculty. A scene, oft repeated, rises in memory. The contest has been raging, for, well, an hour and a half, the faculty about equally divided, each party right and invincible, the speeches short but so rapidly successive a man must have his breath drawn if he gets "the word," as the Germans say. At length a short pause. The president's glasses come quietly down on the tablet of his chair, and with admirable composure he breaks the silence: "Well, gentlemen, what'll you do?"

Usually the discussions were on matters of policy. In case, however, a reckless student was on trial, and the president thought the faculty's action too severe on the prodigal, there was never any indication that the student had the slightest intimation from the president of his personal sentiment in the matter. What was done, was done. It was the act of the college.

But it is not in executive functions that the gifts of President Bartlett find their most congenial growth; he is the scholar rather than the man of affairs. Dr. Woolsey, on resigning the presidency of Yale, testified that the mere routine of his administrative office would have been irksome, but for his privilege of reaching young men in the class-room. President Bartlett would despatch his official details to bury himself *con amore* among his books; his study was the center of his everyday devotion. And it was the height of his happiness to issue forth from this sanctum to pour out his treasures to the senior class.

The captious and subtle attacks upon the Bible and its religion, already referred to, had led him—naturally skeptical of what has not been legitimately tested—to make a far-and-wide critical survey of the facts in the case. The result is satisfying; indeed, more and more so, as archæology and true criticism make the evidence increasingly complete. He devotes his life to the defense of the Sacred Word. And this one thing he does. All else is collateral.

Upon the issues of the press, especially in Germany, he keeps a watchful eye. In order to verify Old Testament history, he visits Egypt and the Holy Land. He follows the track of the Israelites in their exodus from their Egyptian masters, point after point, back to Palestine. He compares the authorities, and his book "From Egypt to Palestine" is the result.

He spent much time also in further local verification of biblical geography and chronology; and his work,

"Sources of History in the Pentateuch," given as a course of lectures at Princeton, ensues.

But he is not confined to a critique of religion in its ancient development. The light and life of the world that now is, have as powerful an attraction—even more powerful. Indeed the whole field of history becomes tributary to his endeavor. He has a genius for catching the moving spirit of great events, and of the great characters that shape them. His baccalaureate sermons become radiant with historic fact and comment. Christianity, as a divine force in the world, he follows from land to land. The outcome "Sketches of Missions" is a storehouse of information as to practical progress. More than this, his published stores of knowledge become efficient. For years he was a corporate member of the American Board of Missions, and a leading director in its counsels. In the missionary meeting of his local church he was the ever-faithful watchman ready with message as to the "signs of promise." His benefactions are liberal. And when his son, his namesake, has finished his training, he cheerfully seconds his consecration to missionary service in a foreign field. It is Christ's kingdom that is to be established, to dominate in the world. The ideal man is the herald of that sovereignty. I think the most inspiring short address I ever heard President Bartlett deliver was his eulogy on Spurgeon at the vesper service in Rollins Chapel. Thus in the religious life the scholar and the man of affairs become unified.

The culmination of Dr. Bartlett's lifework, indeed in large measure a summation of all his studies, he finally publishes in his eightieth year, "Veracity of the Hexateuch," inscribing the book to his students in these words: "To my former pupils at Western Reserve College, Chicago Theological Seminary, and Dartmouth College, this witness to THE TRUTH is affectionately dedicated."

In the preface he mentions that, "for a long course of

years, he has followed the discussion, examining all available materials"; and at the close of the volume he states confidently his conviction that "the fundamental historic veracity of the Hexateuch remains unshaken." Has an abler work on this subject been produced in recent years? Has Dr. Bartlett accomplished anything else in his round of achievements which will bring the college more permanent honor?

Upon his arrival as president of his *alma mater*, his teaching was simply a development in outline of his former subjects. Old Testament History and Christian Evidences are introduced by a course in Natural Theology; and in these branches he concentrated the accumulated wealth of his studies and travel.

So familiar had he become with the products of scholarly criticism and with the advances of science as related thereto, so carefully had he analyzed the speculations of the modern opponents of theism and of Christianity, so clearly did he see the victorious march of truth in face of all sophistic inventions, that, when he exposes the pseudologic in his later writings, there is evident a trace of grim humor. This develops more conspicuously in his oral lectures. His subjects, otherwise difficult and uninteresting, were thus made attractive. Here I may quote from the excellent funeral address by President Tucker: "The resources of his learning, the force of his logic, the play of his wit, were all at his service as he needed them. He never diverged from the path of an argument, but he knew how to make the territory through which he passed yield its own objects of interest by the way."

In the class-room, flashes of mirth were common. One winter day, in taking his exercise (which must never be omitted), as he was walking up River hill, actually a sheet of ice, he slipped, and fractured a bone of his forearm. A few days thereafter, his lecture course beginning, he ap-

pears before the class with his arm copiously bound up. It was well known, at the time, that at the end of the bridge that crosses the river there was covert liquor-selling. As the president commences his lecture he touches the fractured arm, remarking, "I went down to the bridge, and took the penalty."

At the sixtieth anniversary of his graduation two classmates sat with him at the alumni dinner. In responding for his class, he said: "Three who have not yet surrendered are here; and we don't propose to surrender."

There was a naturalness about his play of wit which was especially enjoyable. It was unpremeditated, pure, and impersonal. Unlike most humorous persons, he had no stock of stories, in fact, no stories. He would relate a ludicrous incident with capital effect, but it came up spontaneously, and was part of a general tide or exuberance of pleasant feeling. I never heard him even quote a profane word, or make a vulgar allusion. Nor did I ever hear him, even in after-dinner speaking, where merry fling and thrust had become the order of the day, utter a sentence that would cause personal pain.

In conversation he was genial because genuine; without flattery, and yet with a constant recognition of intelligence and taste in others; and this respect, courtliness indeed, was early developed. At a commencement dinner, a few years ago, a classmate said of him, in his response: "Even while a student, in nobility and manliness he was to all intents the president of the college."

Some have fancied that Dr. Bartlett was wanting somewhat in fine feeling, more or less mechanical and distant in his deportment. The very poise of the man was liable to misinterpretation. The cogency I have mentioned, his unflinching logical balance, herein lay the secret of his strength. The sensational, mere sentimentality, were alien. Nevertheless, he was a man of strong and tender

susceptibilities. As a father he was wrapped up in his family. How often have I inquired after Sam or Will or the golden-haired lassie of Chicago days, and his eyes would gleam with affection as he made reply. His volume "Anniversary Addresses" is dedicated to his wife in the words that follow: "To the memory of her, to whose clear judgment, helpful suggestions, and sympathetic approval each of these discussions was first of all submitted, this volume is lovingly dedicated"; and his tribute to Dr. Parker, the revered professor of Latin, reminds us of Cicero's *Lælius*. The unfortunate student often did not suspect the sympathy which the president was not permitted to express. At a campfire of the old soldiers his fervor of appreciation was jovial and eloquent. As a wedding guest he could rejoice with the rejoicing; at the house of mourning he could weep with those that weep.

With health of body and health of mind, his religion was a healthful religion; nothing spasmodic; always a word of cheer. The beatitudes were his daily bread. In no other place did he seem so much at home, speak so much at home, as in meetings for conference and prayer. Without pretension of learning, without sentimental tone or rhetorical phrase, with that coherence of thought which was peculiarly his, he spoke of the Father and of the Son, and of us, the children. I may quote again from President Tucker: "We have witnessed the inspiring spectacle of an advance into age which satisfies our thought of its possibilities. The ripening of character, the softening and mellowing of the nature without loss of power, the fruitage of the spirit while the life is yet fresh and strong, all this we have seen and rejoiced in, and now acknowledge in grateful testimony."

If in any respect Dr. Bartlett seemed to lack emotion, it seems to me, it was because he abjured affectation. He could not manufacture. He waited for the thought to pro-

vide its normal result. The beautiful must be apprehended in order to inspire. Emotion, when genuine, is the sequence of intellection. The philosopher sees truth before he loves it. As a student Dr. Bartlett played in the college orchestra; his hand never lost its skill. He gave lectures betimes on modern painting, as part of the art course. Beautiful, true, right, good were combined in his baccalaureate discourses. Under the power of these ideas his whole personality seemed to kindle, and choice strains from the poets came to his service. I quote from "The Value of Character" (1890): "The true man

'Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph.
Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.'

'He is not dead but sleeps; no good man dies,
But like the day-star only sets to rise.'

For we may not forget that the harvest may come when the sower is gone."

Perhaps the supreme effort of his life was his oration at the unveiling of the Webster monument in front of the Capitol building in Concord. It was meet that the president of Webster's college should speak; and well did he rise to the occasion. Born near Webster's home, knowing him, having heard him at Bunker Hill, he gives a rare appreciation of New Hampshire's greatest statesman. It was my privilege to sit near Dr. Bartlett, and as he came to comparison of the son of the State to the State itself, his inspiring eloquence is an abiding recollection. This is the passage I refer to:—

"The dark, unbroken sweep of its primeval forests well symbolized the vast resources of his capacious intellect; its marvelously varied surface of grove and meadow, hill and dale, was a fit emblem of the many-sidedness of his ways; its June verdure is not brighter than the freshness of his whole nature to the last; its bubbling springs and trickling

rills are not more playful than the genial humor of his private life, nor its still lakes more profound than the depth of his affections; its granite cliffs reappear in the massive solidity of his character; its mountain heights in the towering ascendancy of his powers; while its rushing rivers, swollen by the melting snows of spring, alone can represent the tide of his eloquence. . . . And as long as her fountains shall gush, her lakes shall gleam, her rivers run, and her mountains rise, shall the memory of Webster be fresh in his native State."

President Bartlett was married twice. The first Mrs. Bartlett lived but one year. The second, to whose memory he wrote the touching dedication, was the worthy wife and mother who by thoughtful care and affection aided much, no doubt, in bringing the successes. Of the children, one son, the youngest, is a missionary in Japan; another, a pastor in Lowell, Mass.; the daughter is wife of Rev. Dr. Stimson, of New York; the eldest son, professor in the college.

President Bartlett was a man for the time, raised up by Providence. In an age of science, no devotee of the physical was more critical in method. In an age of doubt, his competency to find the truth was a marvel. His faith was complete; it was founded in reason; I do not hesitate to say, it was scientifically justified. In an age that tends to mysticism, he would hold men to facts, to laws of evidence, to verification; he was the apostle of sound doctrine. When, for instance, Mr. Moody was holding his meetings in Boston, some would-be critic publishes the charge that Mr. Moody quotes words of Christ concerning Jonah which are not authentic. Immediately Dr. Bartlett publishes an answer citing authorities and vindicating Mr. Moody.

He was as well the exponent of the generous as of the exact. There was no narrowness in his creed; duly reverent toward the mind of the majority, he keeps in view the

eternal principles. When in the American Board he clasped the hand of Dr. Fisher, of Yale, in token of the close of the conflict, it was with the abounding hope that a more rational day was approaching.

An incident may illustrate his participation in the life of the time. At the advent of the bicycle, he must examine. He examines; he invests. As he was shy about appearing on the street, the new athletic field became the arena of his constitutional. During his last autumn, within a week or two of his decease, the octogenarian might have been seen regularly, early in the day, speeding around the alumni oval with agile grace. His perennial youth was thus preserved; and, with advancing years, he became an object lesson in health and temperance. How alcohol or narcotics would have dismantled such powers! And he won approval. The young men saw that he was devoted to their interests, and, upon occasion, their appreciation would assert itself. When he resigned, the enthusiastic ovation at the commencement dinner was a spontaneous outburst of heartfelt admiration such as we rarely see.

Commencement goes by with its throngs that came and went. It is the closing day of June, 1892, and after eleven in the evening. The president of Dartmouth College sits at his desk. Once more he must go through his papers. Perhaps something has been overlooked—some matters unfinished. He grants a request here—puts his name there. The day, the month, the administration are passing. The college bell sounds—in sixty years never sweeter—it is twelve o'clock. The burden is lifted: he is free. He

"wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

The cares of office laid aside, more pleasurable duties fill the days and years—his best writing, his ablest teaching. The Board of Trustees of the college close a series of resolutions with the words, "The college acknowledges her debt

of gratitude as she enrolls his name among her most distinguished sons." As to his work, the BIBLIOTHECA SACRA, to which he sent some of his most scholarly articles, expresses the opinion that he was "one of the ablest and most active forces which have been effective in directing theological, educational, and sociological movements in America during the last half-century."

The demise¹ of Dr. Bartlett was the more deeply felt, being, as it was, the climax of a series of losses to the college—indeed, a depletion of the faculty. Seven officers of Dartmouth had been called to the better world in less than that number of years: Judge Chase, Professors Parker, Pollens, Ruggles, and Hiram Hitchcock, Senator Patterson, and Dr. Frost. They were men of the finest spirit and intelligence; and, it may be added, all sat on the same aisle in the college church.

My last interview was on his last Sabbath afternoon. He was half reclining on the sofa, evidently improved; hopeful, but with premisings. With no fear for the future, there's gladness in voice and look. "Glad to stay—glad to go." An attack of indigestion has lingered for a fortnight. The mental digestion has been overpassing the physical; and the heart is struggling to make the peace. The mental powers are still in their full vigor. What a protest against the claim that these capacities decline at fifty, or even earlier! Fifty is the age that brings the philosophic mind, according to Plato; and he reasons well. It must be a poor training that fails to develop the highest gifts. Here is a mortal passing through the tempests, but there is a great calm. A few months ago these were his words at the funeral of a student: "What, oh what, should we be,

¹Announcement has already been made, in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* for January, 1899, of the death of President Bartlett, which occurred November 16, 1898. The same notice contained a list of the books published by Dr. Bartlett and of the articles written by him for the *Bibliotheca Sacra*.

with all our loves and longings, our meetings and partings, but for the life to come? Thanks, unspeakable thanks to Him who hath brought life and immortality to light, and changed the whole outlook over the grave of youth, manhood, and old age alike." But it is near the time for the vesper service. As I say "Good-by," his words of gratitude for my visit follow me through the closing door.

A day or two thereafter—eventide again—as before, he rests on his couch. A little ointment needful, he applies it himself. He is conversing genially with his daughter and others when—lesion of the heart—he sinks quietly back, unconscious, breathes a few moments, and—the Joy of the Lord.

"Twilight and evening bell."

It tolls the fourscore years.

The next time I saw my old teacher he lay in the parlor. The wreaths of flowers were lovely; but the radiance of that face, it was not of earth; it was not of mortals. And, as, in the college church, the great company of youth looked upon the familiar, serene, countenance, natural yet supernatural, unemaciated, it seemed to possess a strange, indescribable fascination. He lingers, and will linger, in our memories. But earth's light appears less attractive. A form is missed; ah how much! a form, a voice, a soul. There's a deep sense of vacancy and of loneliness. But heaven is brought nearer, and we thank God.

Perhaps I cannot more fittingly conclude this imperfect sketch of one who was the type of New England's best than by quoting from the hymn he had the Seniors sing, class after class, at their final chapel service:—

"Oh, that each in the day of his coming may say,
 'I have fought my way through;
 I have finished the work thou didst give me to do.'
 Oh, that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
 'Well and faithfully done!
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!'"