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In Memoriam.

REV. DAVID STEELE, D. D., LL. D.



1893

I remain Yours
in the Warm
D. Scott

In Memory

OF THE

REV. DAVID STEELE, D.D., LL.D.

FOR FORTY-FIVE YEARS PASTOR

OF THE

FOURTH REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CONGREGATION
OF PHILADELPHIA

AND

PROFESSOR IN THE REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN SEMINARY
AT PHILADELPHIA FOR FORTY-THREE YEARS.

BORN AT ALTAGHADERRY, NEAR LONDONDERRY, IRELAND,
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1826.

ENTERED INTO REST, AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
FRIDAY, JUNE 15, 1906.

PHILADELPHIA.
PRESS OF ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT,
Nos. 1211-1213 Clover St.
1907:

our grief, and forget our sorrow as far as lies within our power. We lift our voices in a minor key and sing these words: "God is our refuge and our strength, in straits a present aid; therefore, although the earth be removed, we will not be afraid."

So I say, farewell, brother; farewell, beloved co-worker. Your hand is still in death, but your work goes on forever. Honored and revered teacher, farewell, but not forever!—till we meet upon that farther shore.

[Singing of the ninetieth Psalm.]

Address by REV. DR. HENRY C. MCCOOK, President Presbyterian Historical Society:—

I come to you to-day a messenger of sympathy from one of those institutions of learning with which your broad-minded pastor was associated. Steadfast as he was to the truth and principles of his own particular denomination, his heart turned lovingly to all who knew the Lord, who loved Christ, and especially all who belonged to the sisterhood known as Presbyterians, for the Presbyterian Historical Society embraces all branches of the Presbyterian Church, and the Reformed Churches as well, who are perhaps to be spoken of as the most typical of us all.

Our sympathy is very tender to-day, as we come to thank you for all you have permitted this beloved, this tender man, to do in his association with us, and to express in a few words how greatly we sorrow with you.

Yesterday three of the officers of our society, occupying, like your pastor, Chairmanships, were laid away. Dr. Hodge, passing up at once, as Elijah in a chariot of fire. Dr. John Peacock, after years of patient

suffering, passed through the furnace; and Dr. David Steele, after a brief sickness, having lived not only the allotted measure of human years, but passed into the fourscore, died, surrounded by all that could give comfort, and love, and peace. A life of promise fulfilled; the full corn, falling upon the ears.

You, who knew him so well, can understand how we loved him. He was the Nestor of our company, the senior member of our council, and we looked on him as one who united the present with the past. He was that type of minister that many of us know and honor, and worship at a distance, until we know them better.

He came of good stock; what stock better than that reproduction of the mother kirk of Scotland, than the Scotch-Irish and American-Scotch? He came of that faithful, protesting stock; and we know that, in all the days of his life, he carried in all of his work the spirit of his ancestors—faithful, strong, virile men and women in every word and thought and deed.

He was a silent man; our most silent member, perhaps. His character seemed to have been drawn from the type so beautifully voiced to us by those sweet voices when they sang "The Lord's my Shepherd." He was a man of the "Quiet Waters," few words, but when he spoke he spoke with authority; his words were few but forceful. When he had words to speak we listened, and knew that he spoke wisely and well.

He seemed to many austere in his manner. It was the old type of minister, no frivolity, steady, sturdy and strong man of the olden time; and yet when you got near to him you saw that same touch of sweetness and tenderness that melted our hearts to-day as Dr. Hunter

read his dying message to the children. There would come out to us from this quiet man, the man of the rigid attitude, a sweet covering that lay beneath the surface; it was like the rainbow bending upon the storm-cloud, as the sun was coming up in the horizon. It was like the morning sunlight rising over some mountain cave, until everything seemed kindled with beauty.

We loved him, we honored him, and we mourn him. We stand here to-day, in these words, to say what we think of him.

He has passed with those companions to whom I have alluded. He has passed to that eternal life where all the mysteries of history are solved in the eternal illumination of the throne. Dear friends and associates, I wonder what they will have to say to one another. "You here!" and "You here?" How glad they will be to meet each other, and how glad we, too, will be to join the company of saints before the throne with Him who is ever the Lord of all light and truth in all of the ways and walks of men.

REV. DR. ROBERT HUNTER:—

I would have chosen not to speak here to-day, but would have preferred quietly to take my place in the circle of mourning friends. But the loved ones of the family circle have asked me to speak, and the members of the bereaved congregation expect me so to do.

Whom do I represent? The sons of the church. All that I shall say must therefore necessarily be of a personal character. My father was well acquainted with Dr. Steele's father, and with Dr. Steele as a lad in the beautiful old home under the shadow of the historic walls of