

ADDRESSES
AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE
IN MARQUAND CHAPEL
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

JUNE 10, 1902

P36.114



IN MEMORY
OF
GEORGE YARDLEY TAYLOR
CLASS OF 1887
CORTLAND VAN RENSSELAER HODGE
CLASS OF 1893
MEDICAL MISSIONARIES
KILLED BY NATIVE INSURGENTS AT
PAOTING FU CHINA JUNE 30 1900
THESE ARE THEY WHICH
CAME OUT OF GREAT
TRIBULATION

Addresses

at the

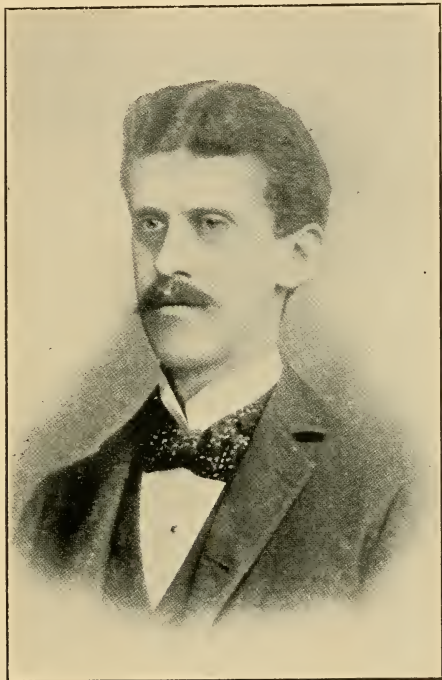
Memorial Service

in

Marquand Chapel

Princeton University

June 10, 1902



DR. TAYLOR

George Yardley Taylor, M.D.
Cortlandt Van Rensselaer Hodge, M.D.

In Memoriam

A Memorial Service was held in Marquand Chapel of Princeton University at 10 A. M., June 10, 1902, on the occasion of the unveiling of a tablet in that building, the gift of the Classes of 1882 and 1893, in memory of George Yardley Taylor, Class of 1882, and of Cortlandt Van Rensselaer Hodge, Class of 1893, medical missionaries of the Presbyterian Church, who suffered death at the hands of a mob of "Boxers," while at their post of duty at Paotingfu, China, on the thirtieth day of June, A. D. 1900.

Description of the Tablet

The tablet is placed on the north wall of Marquand Chapel, at the left of the large window, and immediately above the Faculty stalls. It is of bronze, upon a green marble background. The disc upon which the inscription appears is surrounded by a conventional memorial wreath, upon which are laid four branches of the oriental palm—the palm of the victors—which was used by the early Christians as an emblem of martyrdom.

Above the disc and its palms is the cross, with the letters NIKAI. This is an early Christian emblem and is an abbreviation of ✝ τούτο νικᾷ = ✝ this (the cross) conquers, or ✝ ἐν τούτῳ νικά = ✝ conquer in this.

✝
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4-7-58 John N. Dudgeon '93

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These inscriptions, or the simple abbreviation of the tablet, were commonly used upon the tombs of early Christians during the period of martyrdom, and were meant to signify that in their death the cross of Christ triumphed. The text at the end of the main inscription—"These are they which came out of great tribulation"—is one which is generally employed in connection with the death of martyrs.

The tablet was designed by Howard Crosby Butler, '92, and was modeled by Edward Wilson. The bronze casting was done by the Gorham Manufacturing Co., of New York.

HENRY HUNTER WELLES, JR., '82, spoke, in behalf of his Class, concerning Dr. Taylor as follows:

President Patton, Fellow Classmates, Gentlemen of the Class of 1893, Friends: Princeton can deserve no nobler name than that aptly given at her Sesqui-Centennial Celebration—A School of Duty.

That the sons, whom she has nurtured, shall go forth to manfully meet the responsibilities, and shoulder the burdens, of life, be they public or private, in Church or in State, at home or abroad, is worth all the sacrifice of generations to make our Alma Mater what she is to-day. We thankfully recognize that, in large measure, she has accomplished this.

Duty was the keynote in the character of him of whom, in behalf of his College Class, it is my privilege to speak to you this morning. Princeton did not implant this motive of life and impulse of action in the breast of George Yardley Taylor. It ran in his blood: the training of childhood instilled and emphasized it; but undergraduate years fostered and developed it, and the activities of manhood strengthened and brought it to fruition.

Accomplishment is the usual standard by which to estimate a life. Measured in this way, Dr. Taylor achieved no mean

record. The English Salutatory, the First Lynde Debate Prize, a Managing Editorship of the Nassau Literary Magazine, attest his claim to academic distinction. Conspicuous excellence marked his work at the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania, and an appointment to the Presbyterian Hospital, in Philadelphia, came to him upon finishing his professional studies in that institution. After a year of hospital service he applied to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church for appointment to China as a medical missionary, was accepted, assigned to the Peking Mission, sailed early in 1887, and spent the remaining thirteen years of his life in arduous and devoted labors at Peking, and later at Paotingfu, where he established the dispensary and hospital under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board.

Dr. Taylor made no mistake in the choice of his profession. A brilliant and trained intellect, intense conscientiousness, a heart quickly and deeply responsive to suffering, the strong, sensitive and steady hand of the surgeon, would have made him eminent at home, where reputations are to be made; but, like William McClure, the doctor of the old school, he did a great work in an humble way, without regard for fame or fortune.

But it is not so much what he *did*, as what he *was*, that claims our interest. Of Duty, the impelling power, mention has been already made.

After the supreme claims of his work for God and humanity, and his love for family and friends, came, if I mistake not, his deep, strong affection for Princeton.

These are his words upon the occasion of an appeal for the Class Memorial, "Princeton is the only interest in America to stir my sympathies strongly." Generous gifts, both to this Memorial, and to the Infirmary, evinced how practical was that sympathy.

Nothing concerning the growth and progress of the College,

no detail of undergraduate life, was too insignificant for his attention. He was deeply interested in the athletic fortunes of the College. "The Alumni Princetonian comes regularly," he wrote, "and I read it from title to finish. I enjoy it as much as anything that comes to me." Noting in this college journal "the surpassing glories of '98's Bric-a-Brac," he longs for a copy, and pronounces it "magnificent," when received.

Not only the College, but his Class, is much in his thought. He often refers to his pleasant duties as Class Secretary, and his regret that he had to lay them down. The Decennial gift arouses him greatly. He fears lest it may not be worthy of the Class. He hopes that the subscription will be liberal.

Nothing is more welcome to him than any bit of news about a classmate. He bears them all in his mind; he rejoices in their successes; he sympathizes in their reverses. Living as he did on the other side of the globe, as remote as possible from the men of 1882, he knew more about them perhaps, than any one of us, save the Class Secretary.

His habitual reserve and self-restraint of manner, due, in part, to his Quaker ancestry, gave little suggestion to the casual observer of the fires that burned within. Intense was his scorn of all affectations and shams, and of the sacrifice of principle to expediency, and his expression of it was withering.

Love for children was a marked characteristic. He was as tender as a woman with them, and as chivalrous to a little girl as any knight of old to her whose token he wore. It need scarcely be said that children loved him in return.

One, who was long and intimately associated with him in China, writes of his fine musical feeling and sensitive ear, and of his punctilious neatness, and regards his patient endurance of Chinese discords and dirt as evidence of his devotion to the people for whom he gave his life.

Some one has said that "the penalty of high standards is the discontent of conscious failure." While Dr. Taylor suffered in this way, he never "surrendered to discouragement." And the record of the medical department of the missions with which he was connected reveal how increasingly he forgot those things which are behind and reached forth unto those things which are before.

The last fourteen months of Dr. Taylor's life at Paotingfu were brightened by the companionship of Dr. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer Hodge, son of his beloved pastor, whose arrival he had anticipated with undisguised delight.

Subsequently he writes, "His (Dr. Hodge's) coming has done me an amazing amount of good. He is a lovely fellow to work with." And, referring also particularly to his association with Dr. B. C. Atterbury at Peking, and with Rev. J. Walter Lowrie throughout his stay in China, he continues, "I wonder if any one was ever more fortunate than I in the associates in work with whom he was thrown into intimate relation."

He wished that Dr. Hodge, the old friend whose coming he had so enjoyed, might have his stay with him prolonged—this in view of the latter's expected transfer to Peking. The wish was fulfilled, not in his way, nor in ours, but as God willed.

Mr. President: To you as the honored head of Princeton University, I present, in behalf of the Class of 1882, this tablet in memory of a true man, a loyal son of Princeton, and a faithful servant of Jesus Christ. It is high honor to have one's name enrolled in this Hall of Fame, in the glorious company of Joseph Henry, Arnold Guyot, and James McCosh; but we, the classmates of George Yardley Taylor, think him worthy of this rare distinction, because he lived and died for the faith in which this institution was founded and which it has ever upheld.

The hospital erected through his personal exertions, and

where he labored for years, was razed to the ground with all other mission buildings, by a misguided mob, on June 30, 1900, at the same time that he surrendered his life.

In the new mission premises, whose site is the voluntary and spontaneous gift of the Chinese of Paotingfu, the Class of 1882 will build another hospital, a tribute of affection to his faithful and noble life, and dedicated to the perpetuation of Dr. Taylor's work.

The address concerning Dr. Hodge was made by JAMES SLOCUM ROGERS, '93, in behalf of his Class, as follows:

Mr. President, Members of both Classes, and Friends of both men: To the two men whom we honor to-day we pay also an especial tribute of love. From what Mr. Welles has just said of Dr. Taylor it is evident that they were singularly alike in some of their most lovable traits. Their abilities, character and disposition were such that in College the classmates of each one loved him far beyond even the strong love which we all here have for our classmates in general. So that it is peculiarly a tribute of love which the two Classes pay to them to-day.

They did not strive in this world for honor before men, and yet by their very lives, their deaths, they reared for themselves, in God's Providence, a monument to which we cannot add.

What they did not seek, they have received. What they would not seek, our hearts have brought us here to give, hoping that, even to men so truly modest as they, our tribute of love would be welcome; for the affectionate regard of his Class is always dear to a man.

Our Class testify by this Memorial to such regard for Cortlandt Van Rensselaer Hodge.



DR. HODGE

When a man rises to speak of another you naturally inquire what is his source of knowledge. Is he repeating to you the reports of others, or has he known the man himself? Has he looked into his eyes, and read his character, not alone by his words, but by his acts? In what walks of life has he come in contact with him?

Van Rensselaer Hodge I knew intimately from the early part of our Freshman year. We then both roomed in University Hall. After that we roomed together over in Reunion Hall for the remaining three years of college; and, after graduation, lived near each other until he left for China.

It is said that the best trying out of character is to live in the close touch of daily life together. I weighed Van Rensselaer Hodge in the scales of such life here during those three years together in Reunion and never found him wanting.

And yet I hesitate to praise him. It is not that the highest praise our Class could utter would overstep the just merit of truth. It would not. Modest and unassuming in his nature, never asking plaudits for his good deeds, nor other reward than the joy of serving his Master, our sorrow seems greater honor than our praise. His life cannot be pictured in praise. It was that beautiful simplicity which splendor can neither portray nor equal. To us, his classmates, who knew him, his character so speaks for itself that we can only say, "We have lost him. Let us mourn."

But, as you did not all of you know him, let our Class speak, even though speech be inadequate.

Love, the greatest of all things, he possessed abundantly, Christian faith and love; faith unto his own salvation, and love for his fellow-men, so great that he wanted them to have the same salvation, and lost his life in carrying it to them, healing and helping them in this world the while.

This love gave him one of the most dominant traits of his character, wonderful, ever-present sympathy. His every instinct seemed to be to help others. He never hardened his heart to any, condemned them, or turned them away. He sought for the good in men, not the evil. As an instance of this I remember he told me once, when the subject was brought up in some way, that he did not compare his friends and balance their merits and demerits, but he liked each friend for the good points he possessed.

These qualities added to the strength of his manhood a tenderness almost that of a woman, and gave him a noble influence that reached men of all sorts, for it alienated none; an influence which stimulated the best thoughts and highest motives. In the hospital it made the cheer of his presence as helpful to the heart as his medicines to the body. A nurse in the Presbyterian Hospital in Philadelphia, where he was a resident physician for a year and a half, said of him that they had never had such a resident there. When asked whether she meant for character or ability, she answered, "For both." I have seen the faces of patients there brighten up with the light of inner joy at his approach.

There is another incident of which I had not intended to tell you, lest I trespass too much upon your time; but, if you will permit me, I will tell it, I so want you to know what a magnificent man he was. It was something said by a little child who scarcely realized all that the words conveyed, and yet whose meaning is perfectly clear to all of us who knew Van Rensselaer. It shows how children loved him also, just as Mr. Welles has said they loved Dr. Taylor. How often the instinct of children guides them where they can trust safely more surely than does the more mature judgment of adults. There are living not very far from here two children, now advanced into their teens, but who some years ago, when they were much smaller, used to be

with Van Rensselaer quite a good deal and whom he used to amuse and play with. Their mother was explaining to them the story of Jesus one day, and telling them how loving, and kind, and helpful He was, when one turned to her and said: "Mother, I know what Jesus was like. He was like Van Rensselaer."

What a splendid thing thus to help others—how easy to condemn! The Pharisee is too often present in us. True there must be condemnation, and Wrong must often be dethroned. Van Rensselaer was a strong man, and could do this, but he was not often called to. His work was rather to rescue Truth from the scaffold and place the crown upon her head. Some must combat and destroy, but he was called to build. His qualities of sympathy, encouragement, appreciation, and gratitude, as well as the power of his mind, were constructive forces, and he was a co-worker in the healthy constructive life of to-day.

His influence was further increased by the wide respect which he inspired. He was thoroughly good in the strong, manly sense of the word. And that he was a Christian his whole life testified, not his death alone. Sincerity spoke in his words and acts. When you met him you knew him at once for the man he was, and from that minute respect for him was the foundation of your relationship with him.

A well-balanced judgment gave him a sane and normal view of the world. He delighted to be a part of it for the good he could do in it. No unnatural asceticism or morbid philosophy withdrew him from the life of his fellow-men, or distempered him. That his life was serious, and his aims the highest, does not need to be said, but he believed that God wants us to be happy in our work, not gloomy, and therefore has given us joy as a great gift; and that healthful pleasures and innocent pastimes have been given also, as a relief which, like sleep, refresh us for renewed endeavor. In base-ball, tennis, football and other sports

he joined with us, sharing fully our common campus life. He remembered the scores made in Princeton's victories better than many a 'Varsity captain. He lived here not simply with us, but among us.

His splendid brain, which kept him in the forefront of all his classes, when trained in the learning of medicine, he devoted, as you know, quite consistently with his unselfish character and Christian faith, to the service of his Master in China, the last great proof of the man he was, culminating in his death at his post of duty.

He had never spoken much of going out, nor ever, even after his early successes in medicine assured him of professional eminence if he remained at home, did he consider it especially unselfish or laudable. It was simply his work, and he would do it gladly.

His noble wife accompanied him in equal spirit, faced danger as bravely and met death as heroically, and will ever be honored with him in our memory.

In presenting this tablet to the University, we, his classmates, feel that, if we can do anything to perpetuate the influence of his character, it will be the nearest payment we can make of the grateful debt we owe him.

PRESIDENT PATTON accepted the tablet in behalf of the University, saying in part:—

“One by one, by window and by mural tablet, we are adding to those visible memorials of the services and the sons of Princeton University which enrich, and give enhanced solemnity to, this house of worship. And I can say, in all the solemnity that becomes this moment, that no names are more worthy than those

which are added this morning to the increasing roll of Princeton's Christian martyrs. These men represent what we hope will ever be the spirit of the teaching of Princeton University. They were men, Christian men, hesitating at no step which pointed to duty.

"I accept, in the name of the Trustees, this tablet in grateful appreciation of their lives and services, with the hope that coming generations of undergraduates may find in it an inspiration to go out likewise in the service of their Lord."

The HYMNS selected for the occasion were the following:—

I.

"O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be."

(Presbyterian Hymnal, No. 568.)

II.

"For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest Alleluia!"

(Presbyterian Hymnal, No. 409.)

The PRAYER on the occasion was offered by JOHN GRIER HIBBEN, '82, and the BENEDICTION was pronounced by the PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY.



In Memory

of

George Wardley Taylor

Class of 1882

Cortlandt Van Rensselaer Hodge

Class of 1893

Medical Missionaries

Killed by Native Insurgents at Paoting Fu, China

June 30, 1900

"These are they which came out of great tribulation."