

Dedicatory Services  
Titanic Memorial Lighthouse  
Tower,

Seaver's Church Institute of New York,  
Tuesday, April 15, 1913

DEDICATORY SERVICES  
TITANIC MEMORIAL LIGHTHOUSE  
TOWER,

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK,

Held at 25 South Street, New York City,

Tuesday, April 15, 1913,

3:15 P.M.

Address and Dedication by Right Reverend

David H. Greer, D. D., LL. D.

DR. GREER: Men and women, the service that brings us together today is of impressive significance, not only that it commemorates sad and tragic events, but the exhibition in connection with that event of some of the finest and noblest elements of human nature.

A year ago today a ship went down, and many lives were lost. The people here and everywhere were astounded and saddened by it. That of itself would be enough to justify and warrant this memorial service, and the erection by us of some memorial monument or mark as a permanent record of it, but this memorial service is something more than that. It is meant to perpetuate not only the human value, the precious human value on that occasion lost, but the human values, priceless human values, on that occasion found, which were then

revealed and made then to appear. In the common work of the world in which we are from day to day engaged and engrossed, with its common, weary routine, and its worldly tasks and struggles and purposes, and aims and competitive ambitions, human nature seems at times so sordid and so poor, so commonplace and cheap, but it is not so. That is but a superficial view. It is not the best one. Neither is it the true one. Recalling, as we do today, the most fine and heroic acts performed on that fated ship by passengers and crew, not for human applause, not for the honor of human recognition, nor for any human gain -- there was none in that hour; nothing but loss to be faced and met. It seemed them<sup>n</sup> to be irreparable and complete, and yet so bravely faced that loss, so bravely met, recalling this, I say, we are made to see what, in its essential stuff, when the test comes, human nature was made of; its greatness, its royalty, its immortal worth, the likeness in it of God in our human nature.

The men and women on that ship were of all types and classes, rich and poor, old and young, well known and unknown, and yet without distinction of race or creed or circumstance, they exhibited, they showed the intrinsic worth in its basic qualities, the greatness and the nobleness of our human nature. It is that human nature, with those qualities in it, that we must not forget, which we

would, for their sakes, yes, but for our sakes commemorate and perpetuate with some memorial sign, some sacramental sign, a sign which will not only commemorate the men and women who then went down, but the manhood and the womanhood on that occasion seen; a sacramental sign. And for that sign, so fittingly has been selected the sign of a lighthouse tower, for as its light shall shine across the face of the waters to steer and guide the ships safely into port, it will also serve to show and symbolize to all who come and enter here into this American port, those finer, nobler, truer qualities which must steer and guide this American nation, this American people, into that future Port of Destiny, hidden to our eyes, darkened as it may be by storm and cloud and tempests at times, yet, as we believe, still awaits us into the future, safely and securely, this American people into the haven where it would be. And then as from day to day the mid-day sign shall be given, we shall not only set our clocks and watches by it, but recalling what it signifies and commemorates, the men and the women who tried not first of all and chiefly to serve and save themselves, but first of all and chiefly, to save and serve others in their hour of need, we shall not only set our watches by it, but we shall try to set our lives and our characters by it, and so the men and women for whom we

commemorate the day shall not have died in vain, and that this memorial sign of a lighthouse tower may be of use through the coming years, a sacramental sign to build itself in us, to make us the memorial of the men and women to whom this day we dedicate this memorial tower. X I will ask you now to rise as I read the dedicatory prayer.

To the glory of Almighty God, and in loving memory of those passengers, officers and crew who lost their lives in the foundering of the Steamship "Titanic" on April 15, 1912, I, David Hummell Greer, Bishop of New York, and President of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, do solemnly dedicate The Titanic Memorial Lighthouse Tower. As its light by night, shall guide pilgrims and seafaring men from every clime into this port, so may they follow Him who is the Light of Life across the waves of this troublesome world to the land of everlasting life; and, looking at noon toward this place to note the time of day, may they remember that our days pass as the swift ships, and in view of the shortness and uncertainty of human life, strive to fulfill their duty well as the best preparation for Eternity. Amen.

I beg to present to the audience one who is always sympathetically and actively interested in good works; though he has been but a short time in this City of New York, he has become already well known to all lovers

of humankind, the Reverend Dr. Merrill, Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church.

REV. WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL, D. D.: It is altogether fitting that on the anniversary of the day when the hearts of all the people of this City, and I think we may say the heart of the City itself was shocked and grieved as it has seldom been, I say it is altogether fitting that men and women should come together to hold a memorial service, and if that were the only reason that we came together, it would be richly worth our while. The world has a short memory, even for the things that thrill it most deeply and that shock it most deeply, and it is well for us sometimes, in our busy lives where it is so easy to forget anything that has happened a few days ago, it is well for us to stop and stand and look back and remember.

I have sometimes felt that the existence of the church as a social factor and the great claims which the church makes upon the attention of the men and women would be amply justified if the church fulfilled no other function than its function of continually reminding people of a great and sacred past, which we are so apt to forget, and so it is well that today we meet and remember this tragedy. We need again and again to

pray that prayer that came to us out of an experience  
 that thrilled an empire with pride. We need remember  
 it in times of grief also. "Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet  
 again."

Lest we forget."

For one of our greatest dangers is that we shall forget, and yet we have gathered here for something more than for a memorial service. Some might say if that were all for which we came, to look back and remember that dreadful day a year ago, perhaps we might better not have met. What value is there in remembering the past unless the past be a power in the present? One of the greatest debts which I owe and which many others owe with me to that French philosopher who has been in our city recently is the new value that he has shown in the past; the fact that he has shown to many of us that the past is not a dead thing; not a closed thing; that the past is actually what is giving power to present life, and we have come here today not simply that we may remember that day a year ago in all its horror and in all its glory, not simply that we may unite to dedicate this very appropriate memorial of those who perished on that day and a memorial also, as Bishop Greer has said, far more not of what perished, but of what lived and shone out in glory on that day. We have come here for something

more than that, for I believe we are here above all else to refresh our souls in the presence and the inspiration of heroism, to have awakened to our perception a mighty truth, which we too readily forget in these days.

It is not often that I allow myself to use the phrase "in these days", for it is apt to suggest that the one who speaks in that way is looking back upon the past as better than the present, and that he is deploring the day in which we live. I believe we all have the right to think that today is better than any day that has gone before, and that these days mark, on the whole, an advance over any other days that the world has ever known, and yet the present day has its peculiar dangers. The past was a dangerous time for weak men, and the present time is a dangerous time for strong men, and there is a peculiar lesson that comes to us out of this disorder, out of the circumstances of this tragedy, which we need today. We may all freely and gladly admit, as we doubtless do, that peace is better than war. We are glad we live in a time when peace is gaining ground, the idea that peace should obtain between nations and among classes. We might all agree that the commonplace and happy conditions of living are better than the excitement and the danger and the privation that marked the lives that our fathers led in the pioneer days of



this country, and yet while we thank God that we live in a better day and a better world, we know that the law of compensation is at work, and that there are peculiar dangers which beset us in this present time; that there are dangers exactly at the places where our fathers did not meet them.

I am glad that religion is free today. I rejoice, as we all do, that Christian and Jew and agnostic and infidel are free, in this country, each to follow what his own conscience and intellect may show him to be the truth. I am glad there are no more martyrs who have to give their lives for the truth that they believe, and yet woe to us of this country and of the church if that spirit of the martyrs is gone, for our free religion means a weakened fibre and softness in our religious character. We rejoice that peace is coming more and more instead of war; that war is fading out, and yet we sorely need to find today what William James has so well called, "the moral equivalent of war". After all, there was something that made our hearts beat faster, no matter how truly we are advocates of peace, there is something that makes our hearts beat faster when we read about scenes of war, and it is not simply the glitter of it. It is far more the fact that there heroism showed itself. There men showed their contempt for life and

actually prized death as one of the gifts that God might give.

Will you pardon me if I speak in a very personal way for a moment? Only two days ago my little boy came to me from school, and there was something in his face and in his eye that showed me that he had had a great experience. He said, "Father, they have just been telling me at school about the Siege of Adrianople, and they told me how two hundred Bulgarians went out in advance of the troops to cut the wires of the fortifications", and he said, "Every one of them was killed. Not one of them came back." And then he drew himself up and his eyes brightened and he said, "Father, those men knew that they were not coming back, and yet they went." There is something there that is magnificent, that thrills every one of us, and we are in danger of losing that today. We are in danger of thinking that the commonplace ongoing of an easy and a sometimes selfish life is the goal we are all seeking. Now, that which I have said we need, that enthronement of heroism, that exalting of the spirit that has a contempt for life, and that seeks an honorable and a glorious death, that is what we see in this event which we commemorate today. "The man who knew what a man must do when he looks death in the eyes", is the way Henry Van Dyke finely phrased the spirit of that day. You and I live in a world which has a supreme interest in

life, in achievement, in efficiency and success, and we live in a world that needs to be continually and powerfully reminded of the value to the world of suffering and of death.

I have no doubt that out of the many who knew that this meeting was to be held today and that this memorial lighthouse tower was to be dedicated, I have no doubt there were some who said in their hearts, "Why do they honor those people? What did they do? They did not do anything. They simply were victims of an accident."

A few days ago I walked with a companion at the southwest corner of Central Park, and we passed the site where the memorial monument to the victims of the explosion of the Battleship "Maine" was just being erected, and my companion said to me, "Why do they put up a monument to those men? They did not do anything but die." And I caught in his words, and I found in his expression the reflection of a spirit that is all too common today, "They did not do anything but die." What we want today is to live; succeed and achieve; be efficient; do something. The men we honor are the men who do things, and the truth this age needs as no other age ever needed it is the truth that the supreme achievement of life is to die well; to look death in the eyes and

quietly tell him to go about his business. That is one of the supreme achievements of life, and the man who can suffer, the man who can die honorably, is still ranked high above the man who can do, no matter what he can do.

John Ruskin tells us in one of his great essays, that there are five intellectual professions in every civilized community that mean very much to the community; the soldier, the pastor, the lawyer, the physician and the merchant. He tells us the function of each. The soldier is to defend the community. The lawyer is to see that justice is enforced. The pastor is to teach. The physician is to keep the community in health, and the merchant is to provide for its needs, and then, true prophet that he is, he leads us down deeper than these functions, of each of these men, to the supreme function of them all, for he says that the chief duty of all these men is on due occasion to die for the community; the chief duty is on due occasion to die for the community! The soldier, he says, must die rather than desert his post in battle. The physician must know how to die rather than to desert his post in time of plague. The pastor must know how to die rather than teach what is false. The lawyer must know how to die rather than to compromise with injustice, and the merchant must know how to die rather than use the community for his

selfish advantage, and then he adds this pregnant sentence: "For the man who does not know when to die, does not know how to live."

We have all heard again and again the narrative of the wrongdoer who as an excuse for his wrongdoing said "One must live", and at the statesman who replied, "That is not necessary". Well, these men and women whom we are honoring today, say to us, not in the flippant way that Talleyrand said it, but with solemn seriousness they say to a world which says "One must live no matter how he does it", they say, "That is not necessary. Some time one must die, and no man has learned how to live until he has faced that fact, that there are some things for which he must die rather than give way."

And so these men and women who did nothing but die, did nothing but look death in the eye, and died like men, they are worthy of the greatest honor we can give today. They have done more for us than the men of achievement, the men who have accomplished great things in this world, and it is well for an age of bustle and activity to be reminded that suffering and death are also noble and powerful. Surely men and women who believe in the God of the Hebrew Bible ought to bow down reverently before suffering and death as the supreme manifestation of the glory of man and of God.

What is the Old Testament, at its deepest, but the story of how an ideal, the ideal of a race, which was to become the ideal of a world, how that ideal changed from the man who could do things, the masterful man, that meant the warrior, the mighty man, how that ideal changed until it became the suffering servant of the Lord who gave his life, a ransom for many, and who could do nothing but suffer and die, and what is the gospel at its deepest but the revelation of how that ideal took shape in a life, a life before which we bow, not because of mighty works; it is not that for which we honor Christ, and not because of the wonderful words of eternal life that He spoke, but the world bowed down before Christ simply because He poured out His soul unto death, and it is for His Cross, His passion, His suffering, that the world does Him honor.

And so it is no idle ceremony to which we are called today, no mere idle reminder of a tragedy which is past, but rather a service to remind us living men and women that suffering may be and sometimes is nobler than action, and that death may be more fruitful than life, if the supreme glory of mankind is to assert itself in the presence of death, and if that lesson comes to us today, then shall be brought to pass, for these noble men and women to whom our thoughts turn, then shall

And then he shows how the light of this Light-  
 be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is  
 swallowed up in victory".

Hymn: (Jesus calls us.)

BISHOP GREER: When, a year ago, the news  
 came to us, the incredible news it seemed, that the  
 great unsinkable ship had sunk, there was none whose  
 voice expressed more fully and more adequately the feeling  
 and sympathy of this community than the Rector of Zion  
 and St. Timothy's Church in this City, and he is here  
 this afternoon to speak to us again, the Rev. Dr. Lubeck.

REV. HENRY LUBECK, LL. D., D. C. L.: In his  
 greatest hymn, Sir John Bowring would liken the Cross of  
 Christ to a lighthouse:

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,  
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
 All the light of sacred story,  
 Gathers 'round its head sublime."  
 And then he tells what a comfort this light-  
 house is in the storms of life:

"When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
 Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
 Never shall the Cross forsake me,  
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy."

And then he shows how the light of this Lighthouse adds to the light of the sun:

"When the sun of bliss is beaming,  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the Cross the radiance streaming  
Adds new lustre to the day."

And then he puts the two thoughts together:

"Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the Cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there, that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide."

And what is more, he pays his tribute to the lighthouse:

"In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story,  
Gathers 'round its head sublime."

Dear people, you are gathered here today to assist the Bishop of New York in the dedication of a lighthouse. Its light, which is to shine over the waters of the Bay, let it represent as it may and should, the light of life, for they are not dead who a year ago faced the end with serenity and courage and faith, they are not dead. They live. They live in our memory, for as Dr. Merrill has said, this



is a memorial tower erected "Lest we should forget". We will not forget. It won't allow us to forget.

When, perchance, we start from this port on a voyage, and come up on deck to take our last view of our beautiful and busy and beloved harbor, among the sights that will stand out conspicuously will be this lighthouse, and so one of our last thoughts on taking our departure will be of those who were brave enough and believing enough and strong enough to face death as those men and women did a year ago, and then when we return and hasten on deck to see again the sight of our home port, this tower will once more meet our gaze and will remind us of the same brave people and of the circumstances under which they passed away. Memory may be short in a sense, but, truly, memory is long.

Oh, what wonderful things we have stored away in our minds, and all we have to do is to unlock a little door here and there and bring them out, and what multitudes of human beings people our minds. We can go back to the dear days of the past. We can have communion with the people who have been here, and who are here no longer. We can enter into their society. We can be one of them again, and one of the objects of the erection of this tower with its light is that we may be called upon to remember these people. And so they

live. They live in our memories, and that is a tremendous lesson for us. If we live as they lived, we shall be in the memories of people, and then let us leave worthy memories behind us. We may hear the words of our Lord in this connection. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven." So they live in our memories, these people, but they also live in our hearts, for love can never die. We have some wonderful memories of love of these people, and I think among the beautiful things that characterized their passing away from us is the love that was manifested on that occasion. There were some families on that ill-fated ship, all of whom escaped, but there were some families, the different members of which were separated. There were some families the different members of which resolved to stand together and to go down together, some of whom might have escaped if they had chosen. There was here and there an individual, one member of his family, upon that ship, the other members of his family safe ashore, and perhaps that one member went down with the rest that went down. There is a power and there is a pathos in the thought, the thought of the beauty of the love that came out then.

Love is the greatest ornament of human char-

acter. Love is the richest asset of human character. Love is the chief source of happiness for the human character. Love is the highest and divinest attribute of human character. The people who love may pass out of this world, but love shall never die. They leave their love behind them, and we have it here.

These too I once heard my friend, Dr. Hamilton Mabie, say in a public lecture which he delivered in this City, that he had just passed through the corridors of a large library, and he came in due course to an alcove given up to the books of the Schoolmen, and he said as he sat in that alcove, his heart sank within him as he thought of the immense amount of intellect and learning and time wrapped up in those tremendous books which nobody except here and there a specialist reads. It was a huge waste of some of the best things in human experience, and with his heart still heavy, he turned away and he saw a little book lying upon the librarian's table, so well thumbed that it must have been well read. He picked it up and he said, "Ah, here is a little book of the same period of the Schoolmen, written five hundred years ago. Everybody reads it. It is published and circulated by millions. You can take it out of your satchel on a train and read a sentence; you can read a sentence when you arise in the

morning, and another sentence before you retire at night, Thomas 'a Kempis 'Imitation of Christ.' "Now, he said, "What is the reason for that difference?" Those books and this book were written at the same time. What's the difference? Nobody reads them, and everybody reads this", and he answered his own question. Those books were books out of men's minds, and this little book was written out of a man's heart. It was the product of human love, and so it lingers on and it lives. Love can never die.

And then in the next place, they who have been taken from us, live in their influence over us. They pass their influence on. Of course, perhaps we influenced them, those of us who had relations or friends in that dreadful shipwreck, we influenced them, and they were largely what they were by reason of our Association with them, and they have gone out from the darkness of the night, and the awfulness of the shipwreck, into the other world, and they have taken with them something belonging to us, and a portion of us is already out there in that other world, and we think of that, but we think perhaps more at this moment of their influence over us. We are largely what we are by reason of our association with them, and that influence in the world now shall stay in it, and perhaps

this light, a lighthouse on the top of this building will help to perpetuate that influence. The influence is a tremendous and pervading spiritual power of such irresistible force that nobody could measure or calculate it, and the influence of these people over us is an influence that speaks of the very subject that Dr. Merrill has spoken of just now, the eternal life of suffering, of the power to suffer and the power to die; the victory that the suffering one gains; the victory that the one gains who is willing to face death in the name of our common humanity, in the name of our Creator, in the name of our Saviour, and it is an influence for courage, it is an influence for fight; it is an influence that calls you and me to prepare for the time when our call shall come. It is an influence that converts necessity into a virtue. It is an influence which, if we allow it its way, will sweep all selfishness from our hearts, and tell us there is something more to live for than ourselves, the servant of our fellow creatures, the servant of God, and then too they live in the deeds they have done. All people who pass through this world leave something behind them and the thing remains. There has been dug up in Egypt a door that is over 5,000 years old. The Pyramids are more than four thousand years old. The Moabite Stone

was carved twenty-eight hundred years ago, and the Rosetta Stone 2100 years ago. Men have done things with their hands that have been in this world thousands of years, and they stay in this world until the end of time. Men have done things with their thoughts which stay here much longer than that. Thirty-four hundred years ago Moses gave us that decalogue with the instruction to live up to it as a law of our life. Plato lived twenty-three hundred years ago, and Aristotle a little less, and we are thinking their thoughts today; Buddha and Confucius twenty-four hundred years ago, and multitudes of the people are thinking their thoughts, and going the way those men directed in the long, long past. So everybody who lives, does something, and he leaves that something behind, and we know of great men on board that ship who went down, who had done great things in this city of ours, in this land of ours, that shall go on probably till the end of time. They are not dead. They live in the works which they have done, the good deeds which they have done, and the blessings they have bestowed, and then, finally, they live in the Paradise of God, liberated, glorified spirits, and as the tower on this building, and as the tower on this building with the lofty light on the tower, pointing to the heavens, they remind us of these many, many other

things that those liberated and glorified spirits who are far up above all earthly temptation and earthly sorrow in the Paradise of the Son of God.

One man who went down when the ship went down, leaning his arms on the taffrail of one of the decks, said to a woman, a member of his family, who was in one of the boats and finally saved, "Good-bye. If we don't meet again in this world we will meet in the next."

You know the counsel, "Speak nothing but good of the dead." Why do we give it to each other, as we are always giving it? Is it for the sake of courtesy because we would be polite to the dead? Is it for the sake of justice because we ought not to say anything against people who are not here to defend themselves against the charges that we may make? Is it a matter of generosity and for the sake of generosity because we are sorry for them that they are dead, and we would like to be kind to them and there is nothing we can do for them except to say just a genial word about them? Not at all. "Speak nothing but good of the dead", that is an expression prompted by our deeply rooted instinctive reverence for the great other state into which they have passed. It is an expression prompted by our appreciation of them, which

Eternal light! eternal light!

How pure the soul must be,

When, placed within Thy searching sight,

is only completed when they leave this world and get out to the next.

It is an expression prompted by a discovery, the discovery of their real selves, for when they were here, we knew them not. The flesh hid them and obscured them, and we could not see through the flesh, but when the flesh dropped away and the liberated spirit took its flight, then our spiritual vision saw them as they were and as they are, and it beheld their glory; what a glorious thing a human soul is, and now we speak nothing but good of the dead.

It is so because the souls of the righteous are in the hands of God, and there shall no torment touch them.

The light, the light of your lighthouse, it is for us; it is not for them. It is to teach us a lesson. They are beyond the need of the lesson that we need, but they have entered into the light, out from the darkness of the night and the blackness of the sea, they have passed into the light, and concerning such, Thomas Binney asks a question and answers it, and with his words I close, and let this lighthouse remind you of those words:

Can stand in the eternal light

Through the eternal love.



Eternal light! eternal light!

How pure the soul must be,

When, placed within Thy searching sight,

It shrinks not, but with calm delight

Can live and look on Thee.

The spirits that surround Thy throne

May bear the burning bliss;

But that is surely theirs alone,

Since they have never, never known

A fallen world like this.

O, how shall I, whose native sphere

Is dark, whose mind is dim,

Before the Ineffable appear,

And on my naked spirit bear

That uncreated beam.

There is a way for man to rise

To that sublime abode;

An offering and a sacrifice,

A Holy Spirit's energies,

An advocate with God.

These, these prepare us for the light,

Of majesty above;

The sons of ignorance and night

Can stand in the eternal light

Through the eternal love.

BISHOP GREER: In the past few days, some letters have come to me and some tributes enclosing poetry have come from different parts of the country. It would be interesting to read some of them, if not all of them, but it would have been impossible also to do so.

I shall, however, turn them over to the superintendent, that he may place them and keep them in the archives of the Seamen's Institute.

There are two persons in connection with this work to whom I wish to make, because I think it is but proper that I should make it, some reference. One is the superintendent, Mr. Mansfield. I believe the whole of his ministry he has devoted to this work. Time and again he has been asked and urged and by all sorts of inducements tempted to go elsewhere and to do something else, but he has steadfastly stuck to this work. He has given his strength, his talent and his whole life to it, and by that devotion of his it has become, to a very great extent, what it is today and the other person to whom I wish to refer we are indebted beyond and above anyone else in this building, which is soon to be completed, his unwearied and unweariable efforts in interesting people in the work of erecting this building, and securing funds for the purpose, undismayed

by difficulties and by obstacles, his efforts so persistent are the efforts to which this community, the City of New York, and the nation, and it is no extravagance to say the whole world, are indebted for this great and noble structure, the like of which I think I can say with perfect truthfulness is to be found nowhere else on the face of the globe, Mr. Edmund Baylies.

EDMUND L. BAYLIES, ESQ: I will detain you but a few minutes, but I have a word to say about the lighthouse tower and a word to say about the work of the Institute.

In the first place, as to the tower itself, it would not stand here today as the memorial which we are dedicating were it not for the work of two societies; the Seamen's Benefit Society, of which Miss Leveridge is the President, and the American Scenic & Historic Preservation Society, of which Mr. Kunz is the President. Those two societies have raised the money which has made it possible to complete this tower, and make it the memorial that it is, and to those two societies we are all deeply grateful.

You see that the flags are hung at half-mast. They are typical of the event that we commemorate. This tablet before you will next week be placed at the base

of the tower, so that all that pass in this section of the city may see it and read the story for which it stands. Then the tower itself, and its two incidents of light and time giving, light and time giving, they have been so fully alluded to that there is nothing more to say about them. They speak for themselves, but they will be not only to the world at large that sees them, but to the men that come to this building, a visible sign of the tribute that this great city wishes to pay to the character of those who so amply, as has just been said, knew how to die. The tower will not always stand for sadness. I think it will stand for an inspiration. It will stand for much that will help those who see it as they go through the world. The spirit of the tower has perhaps not been more beautifully illustrated than in the little poem which was written only two days ago, and which was printed, and which you all have in your program, and which says that the tower is not dead, but living and thinking and speaking.

Now, a short word about the building, although that is not strictly in connection with what is taking place today, but as you are all here, I feel I must, on behalf of the Building Committee, tell you how glad we are, all of us, to see you, and that we hope that you will make this the first of many other visits to

this Institute. It will always welcome those who want to help the sailor, and there will be ways in which he can be helped always, and long after this building has been opened.

Now, the building itself, as you are here it would be a pity if you did not understand it and look over it a little before you go home. It is only finished in part. It will take another six weeks or two months to finish it completely, but roughly speaking, if after this ceremony you take the elevators behind you, the two elevators, they will both serve to take you to the upper part of the building, to the twelfth story, and the twelfth story contains rooms for the officers of

ships, the more expensive rooms, which will be rented for fifty or sixty cents a night, and on the eleventh story you will find a typical floor like all the floors below it, which is reserved for the seamen, the sailors of every character of service, who will pay there for their individual room, with their own light, their own bed, their own chair, their own little strip of carpet, their own table, a privacy which they cannot get on ship-board, but which they will get here in this building, and a very few other places, which they will get here and for which they will pay twenty-five cents a night. Above us, the eight stories above where you are sitting, are all taken up with sleeping accommodations for the men.

There is this room for their instruction and amusement, and the three floors below will be for their amusement purely. The reading and writing rooms, and the game rooms, those you may see as you go down. You can take this elevator here on my right and go down or walk down the stairs. It is only three flights from here to the entrance door. You can see there what we have planned, and what in a few short weeks will be carried out.

Now, there is just one thing more I feel I ought to say. I do not want you to think that my work is done or that the work of the people of New York is done, for it is not. This building has cost a great deal to build. It is larger than was originally contemplated. It was more costly in every way, but the greater part of the money has been raised. The building, with the land and the furniture, will cost a million and fifty thousand dollars, and of that all except about two hundred thousand dollars has been raised. During the month of May, the work that has been carried on by the Society at 1 State Street, will be moved into the lobby part of the building, but the upper part of the building and the sleeping part and the lower part of the building where the men are given their meals, those two parts of the building are not to be opened until this building is fully paid for.

I am unwilling, after having spent so many years in trying to bring this work to a successful conclusion to jeopardize it at the eleventh hour by putting around its neck a millstone of debt, with an annual recurrent interest charge. Of course, it is simple enough to go out and borrow the money to pay for the balance of this building, but I am unwilling to do it. The City of New York is able to provide this building for its seamen, and I know it will do so, but it may take us a few months more to complete the work that is so nearly completed now. If you all will be my messengers, as you go out from this building through the City, to speak of it to your friends, I will feel deeply indebted to each one of you, and feel that I owe you, and each one of you, a debt of deep personal gratitude. (Applause.)

(Remainder of dedicatory services according to printed program.)

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