

MEMORY BOOK

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Memory Book by James Minton Pullman

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JAMES MINTON PULLMAN

MEMORY BOOK



J. M. Pullman

Memory Book.

Rev. James Minton Hullman, D.D.



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Part First.
Addresses and Prayer.

FUNERAL SERVICES,
FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH,
LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS,
NOVEMBER 24, 1903.

Addresses.

By Rev. Dr. Frank G. Hall.

AT a time like this, one is impressed with the weakness of words. Who can express what we all so strongly feel? If with bowed heads and sorrowing hearts we should hold our peace, the very stones would immediately cry out. These walls, which for nineteen years have echoed words of hope and courage, would refuse to respond to sobs and sighs. The very place in which we meet is eloquent with the memory of strong and inspiring utterances, and alive with the association of a manly life. We come here not to mourn a loss, but rather to rejoice in achievement. From these silent lips there bursts a song of triumph: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness." It might be reasonable to mourn for one who was just entering the fight; we should be excused for grieving over one who had met with defeat, but to-day we pay the tribute of our admiration and our love to a man who has won a victory. Therefore, as far as the con-

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sciousness of our own great loss will permit, we will make this not a service of sorrow, but one such as we know James Pullman would approve—a service full of hope and faith and thanksgiving.

What are some of the elements of this man's triumph? What did he win in the battle of life? In the first place he achieved that indefinable and invaluable something to which we give the name "character." No one could be in his presence long, I doubt if anyone could be in his presence at all, without being impressed with the quality of his manhood. We felt his greatness as we have felt the strength and grandeur of the mountains. And yet his character was not like an inaccessible peak that forbids trespassing even while it excites our admiration; rather was it like some lofty height, the summit rising to the clouds, and enticing the explorer to ascend by gentle slopes and through shady and fertile groves. In spite of the loftiness of his manhood he was one of the most approachable of men. If I testify from my own experience I shall only express what hundreds of others have felt.

How well I recall my first contact with him. I was only a boy, starting in the work of the ministry in which he had made a conspicuous success. I discovered immediately that when the fount of my