

**COL. HENRY L.  
KENDRICK, U.S.A.**

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Col. Henry L. Kendrick, U.S.A. by Marvin R. Vincent & Samuel E. Tillman

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**MARVIN R. VINCENT & SAMUEL E. TILLMAN**

**COL. HENRY L.  
KENDRICK, U.S.A.**



COL. HENRY L. KENDRICK, U.S.A.

BORN, LEBANON, N. H., JANUARY 20TH, 1811

DIED, NEW YORK, MAY 24TH, 1891

Address

BY THE

REV. MARVIN R. VINCENT, D.D.

Obituary

BY

PROF. SAMUEL E. TILLMAN, U.S.M.A.

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FUNERAL SERVICES,

MADISON SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 27TH, 1891, 10 A.M.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

HYMN.—“Friend after friend departs.”

READING OF SCRIPTURE.—Psalms xxxix., xc.; I Cor. xv. 35-58.

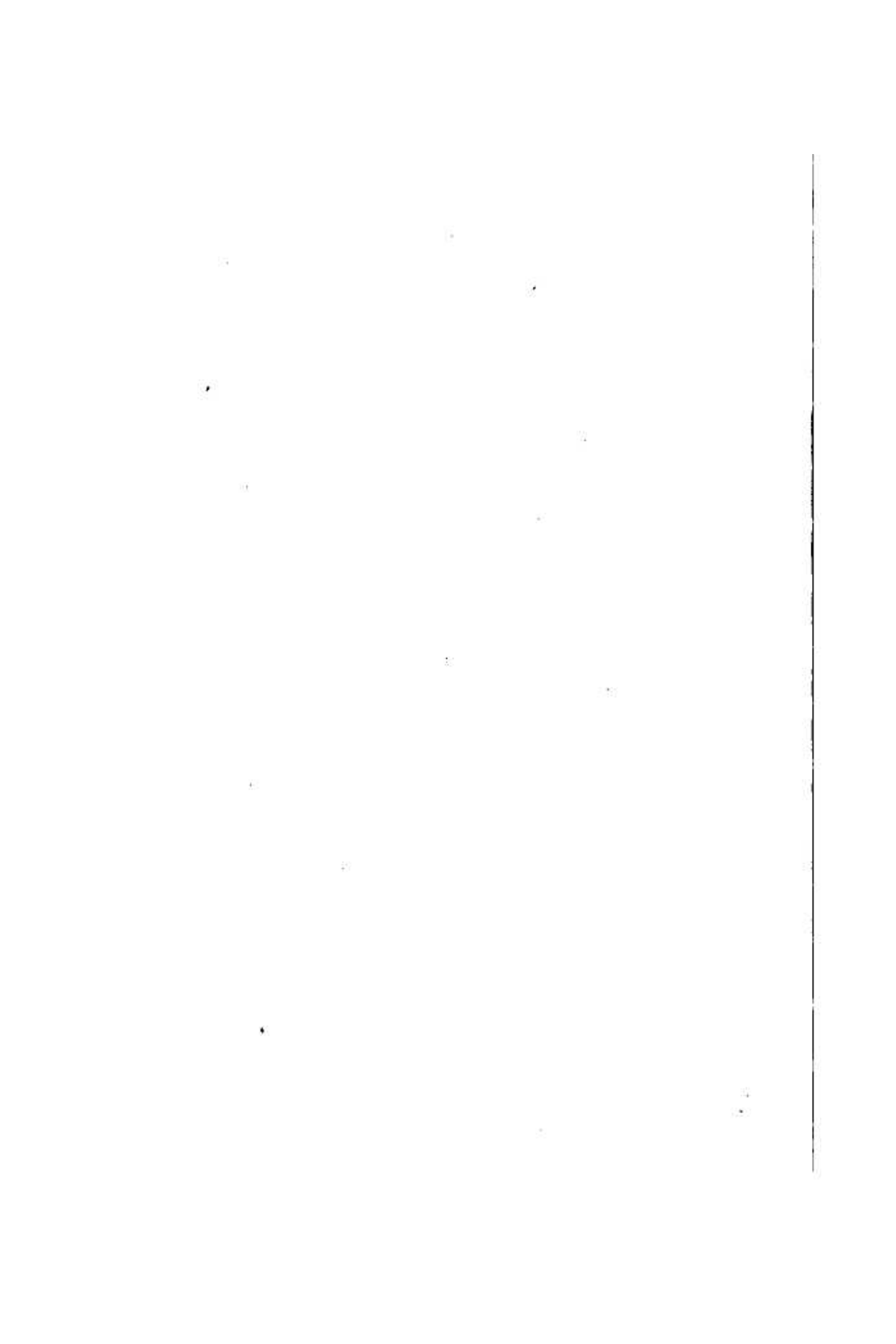
HYMN.—“Through sorrow's night and danger's path.”

ADDRESS by the Rev. Marvin R. Vincent, D.D.

PRAYER.

HYMN.—“Brief life is here our portion.”

BENEDICTION.





## ADDRESS.

DEATH must needs bring some sorrow to the living. For most of us, the world becomes lonely enough as the years go on, and that is why we feel the more keenly the removal of the few whose presence and sympathy do something to break the monotony.

Otherwise I know not that there is much cause for mourning in this case—where one has rounded out the full tale of human years, and has filled the years with good, solid work, with duty faithfully done, and with genial ministries.

What I know of him who has passed away, makes me wish that I knew more, for it is no common man whom you lay in the grave to-day. I was on the point of saying that this life is the poorer by every such

man who passes out of it; but that would be true only if this life were the end, and if the fruitfulness of a good life were limited by fourscore years. It is not only a truth of divine revelation, it is a truth of science, that life comes through death, and richer life through death; and it is not the only point at which revelation and science are seen to be at one. The one corn of wheat which falls into the ground and dies, yields a multitude of seed corns, each instinct with life and with the power of self-multiplication. To every life, well and truly lived, what it draws into itself and accumulates for itself is its least significant part. That dies with it. Every such life is a centre of energy, generates new forms of power in other lives, passes into other lives to mould and shape them—multiplies itself, indefinitely and forever, in myriad activities and ministries.

Whether or not society recognizes the fact as a theological or religious or scriptural truth, all the same it recognizes the fact that the life of service and duty is the only life that is dignified, the only life that is worth anything. The most consummate manhood the world ever knew, came into the world to serve and not *to be served*. Society uses the man who can and will serve it, without much regard to his dignity, without much regard for anything but what it can get out of him for its own enrichment. Sometimes, indeed, it has stoned and crucified the men who have given it most. None the less the dignity remains to the man, and the fruits of the service hang thickly for the world's picking.

Hence this single word *service* furnishes the test by which a long life is to be tried. It may or it may not be much to have lived