

In Memoriam--- William Andrew Patterson,

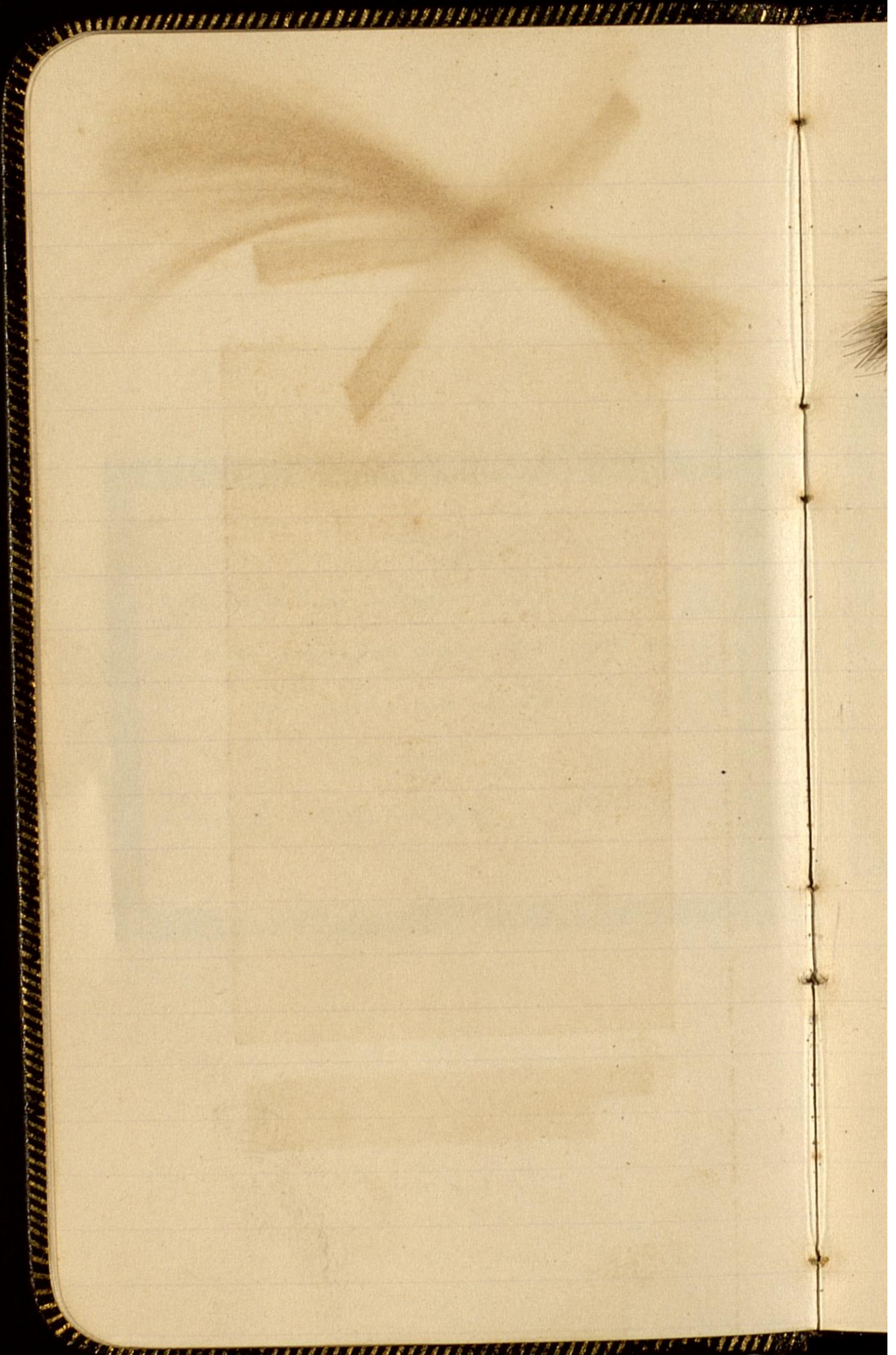
In Memory

Of Love that left an ever present pain,

Of dear dead folded hands and sweet closed eyes

Remembering Love will give them back again

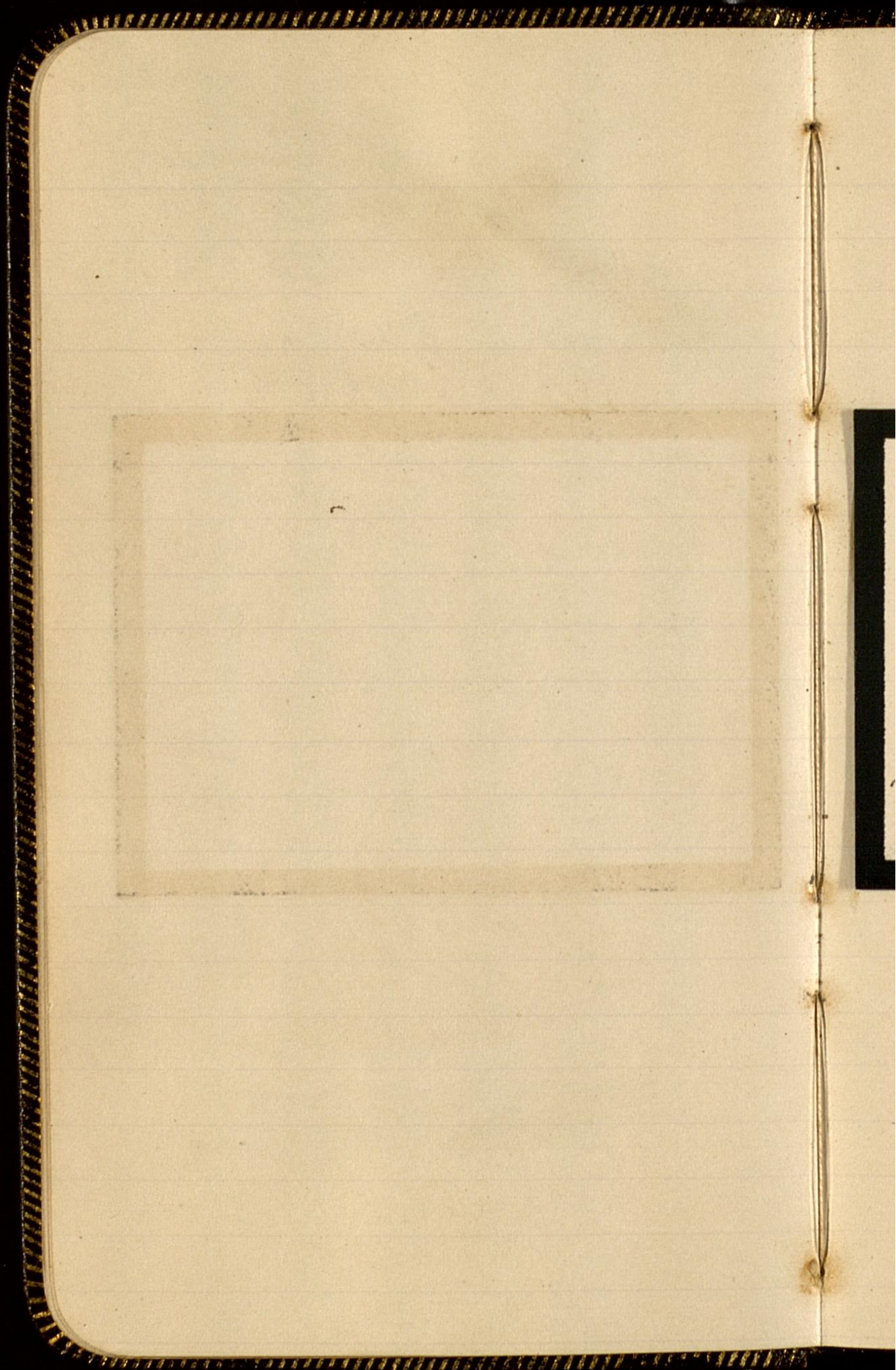
In Paradise.



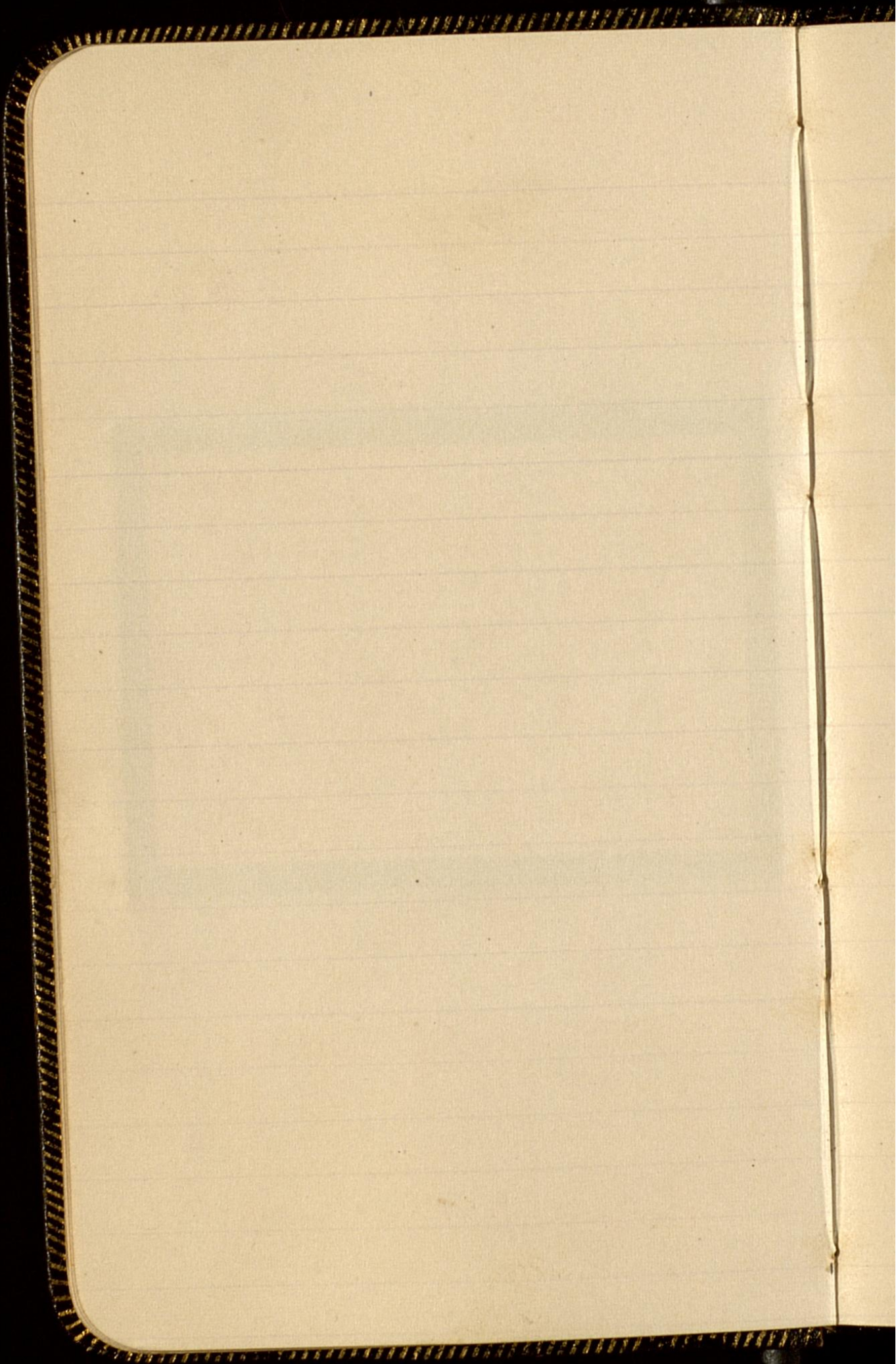


God be with you till we meet again !

—Till we meet! Till we meet!
Till we meet at Jesus' feet ;



Entered into Life Eternal
William Andrew Patterson,
Monday, June third, five thirty P. M.
Eighteen hundred and ninety-five,
Lexington, Ky.
"Jesu Merci."



Thank God for the dear ones safe
to-day;

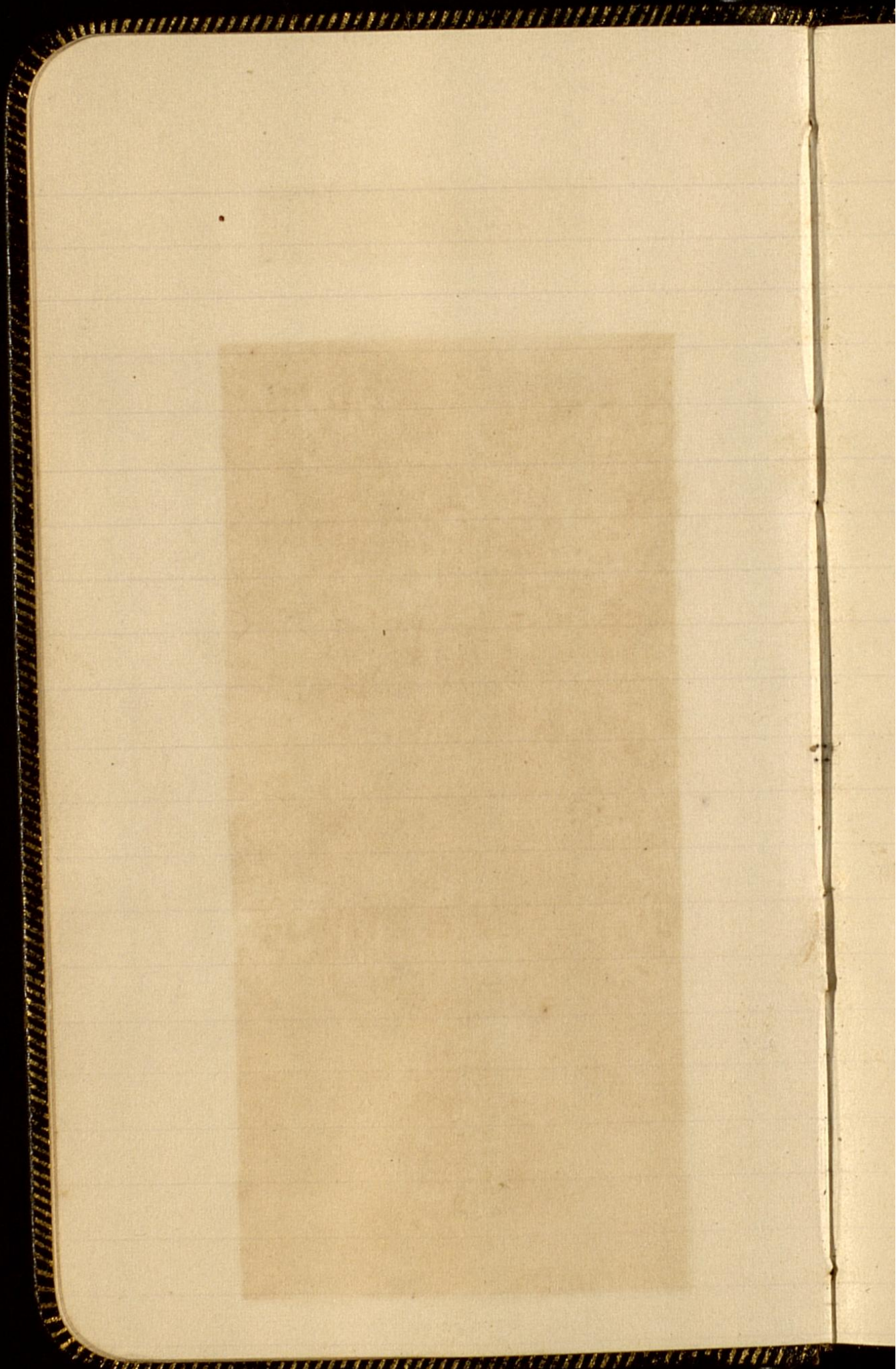
Safe at home on the happy shore,
Where the smile of the Father beams
for aye,

And the shadows of pain shall be no more,

Thank God for the hearts that have done
with sin,

For the eyes that shall never be
blind with tears.

Thank God for the beautiful entered in
To the perfect rest of the deathless years.



"The strife is o'er, the battle done,
The victory of life is won.
The song of triumph has begun,
Alleluia!"

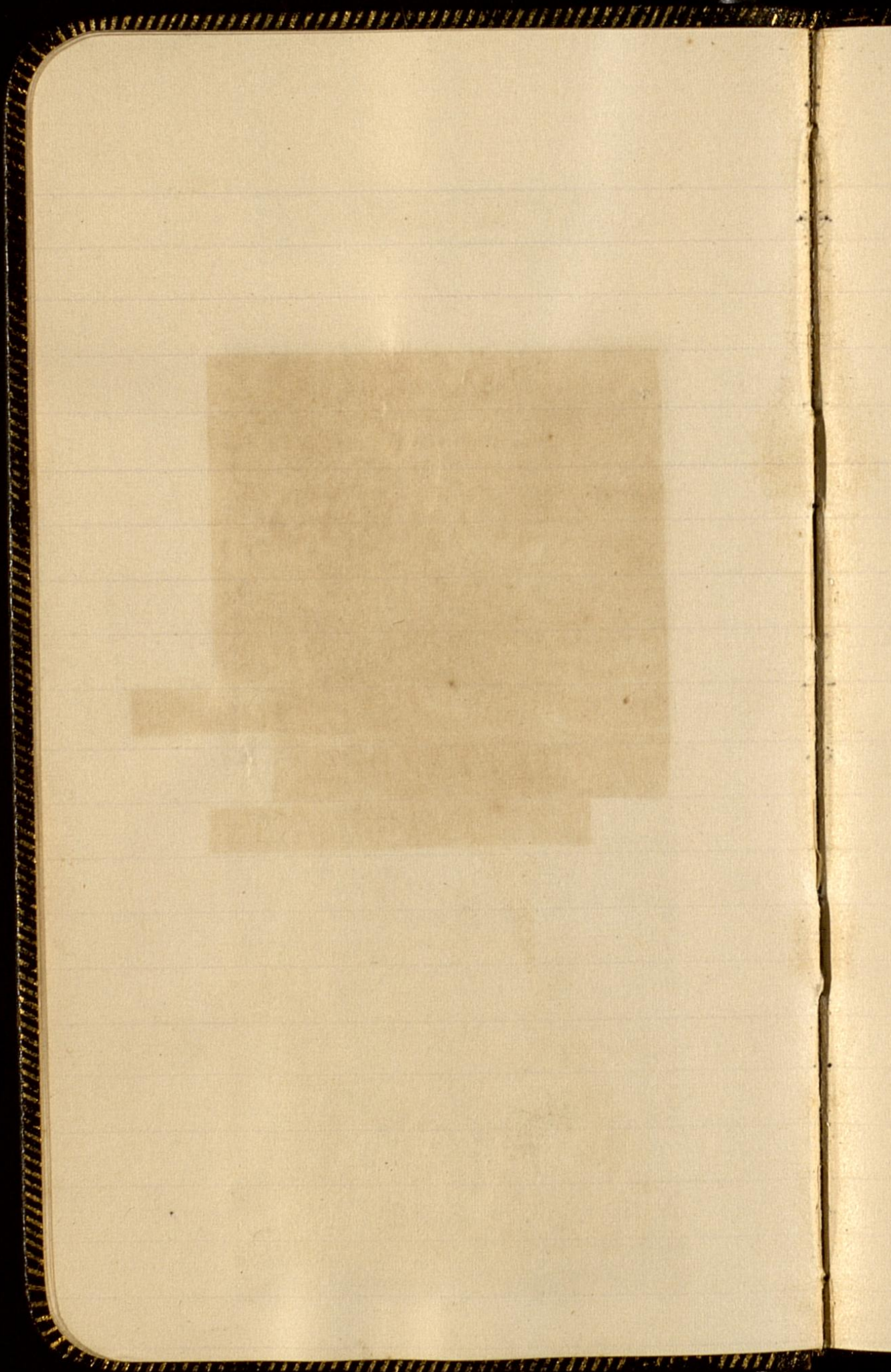
W. K. PATTERSON

Passes Away Late Yesterday
Afternoon.

Demise of a Well Known and Highly
Esteemed Young Man—Funeral
To Be Held Tomorrow
Morning--Exercises
Postponed.

Yesterday afternoon about 5:30 o'clock William Andrew Patterson, son and only child of Prof. and Mrs. James K. Patterson, died at the home of his parents at the State College. The deceased was in his 27th year.

□ For the past year or so he had been suffering from appendicitis. His condition began to grow serious about six months ago, and since then he had been growing worse and worse. He was in such a precarious condition last week that an operation was performed. It was a success, and hopes were entertained that he would recover. Monday morning his condition took a change for the worse, and he gradually grew weaker and weaker till the end came late in the afternoon.



"None knew him but to love him.
None named him but to praise."

His death was a cruel blow to his devoted parents, and the entire community sympathizes with them in their irreparable loss. William Andrew Patterson was a young man highly esteemed by all who knew him. A splendid education ripened an intellect of far more than ordinary capacity, and few young men were as scholarly as he. He gave promise of becoming one of the leading educators of the county. His death will be sincerely mourned.

TUESDAY, JUNE 4, 1895.

THE LEADER,

LEXINGTON, KY.,

"I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead—he is just away!

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be since he lingers there.

And you—oh you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return—

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here;

* * * * *

Think of him still as the same, I say;
He is not dead, he is just away!"

"Summer! beautiful summer!"
And a glow in the west they say,
I did not see the aspen tree—
For the tears that came that day,
Nor glow in the west, nor aspen tree,
For tears, when the sun went down for me.

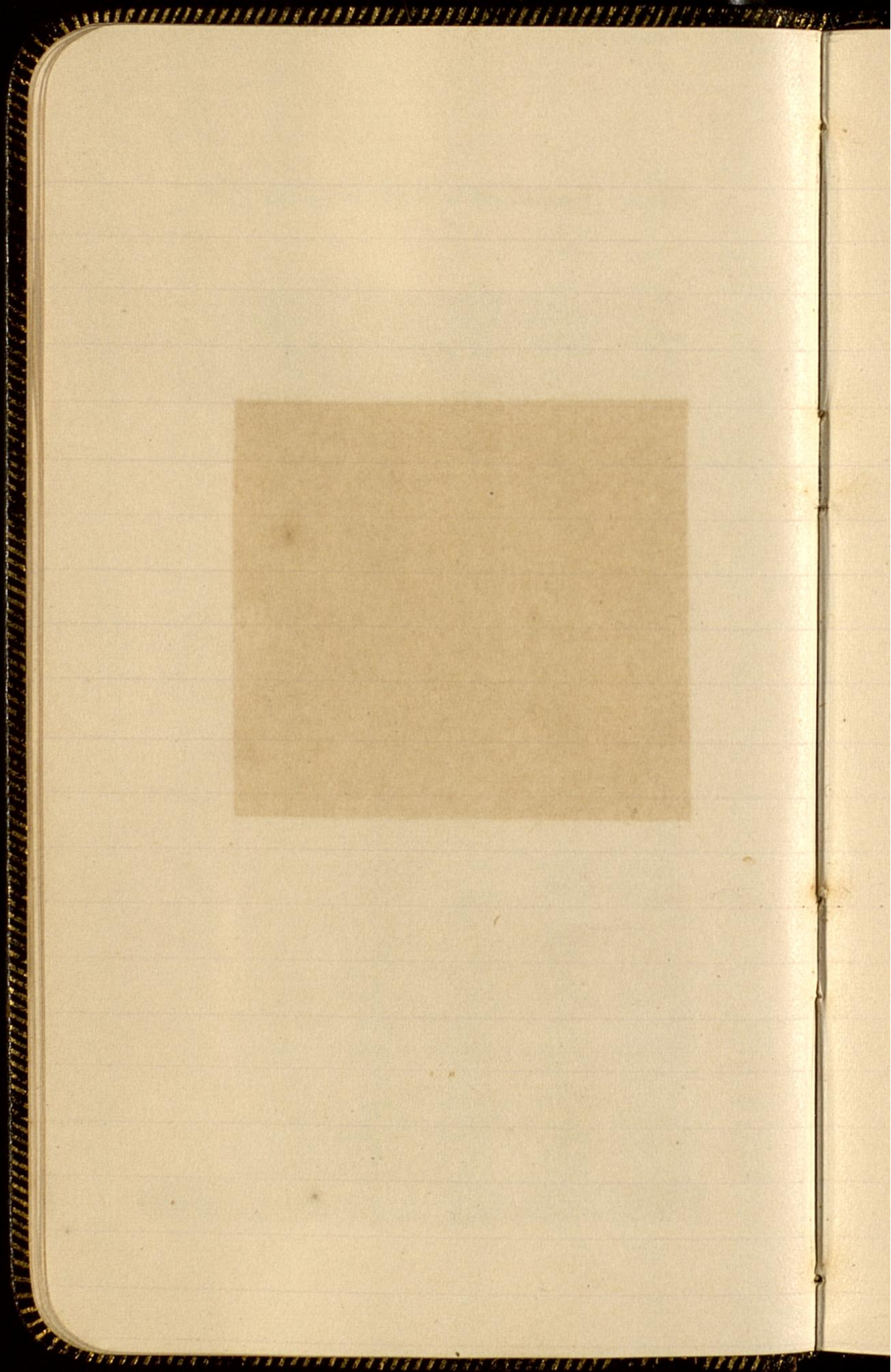
"Summer! beautiful summer!"
And a star in the western sky,
That sat like a queen in her royal sheen.
When the glow in the west came by,
And they met and kist at the aspen tree
In tears, when the sun went down for me.

"Summer! beautiful summer!"
And a rose bush grew for me.
It bloomed a flower 'mid sun and shower.
Under the aspen tree,
And the glow and the star and the rose and
tree
Were tears when the sun went down for me.

"Numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting."

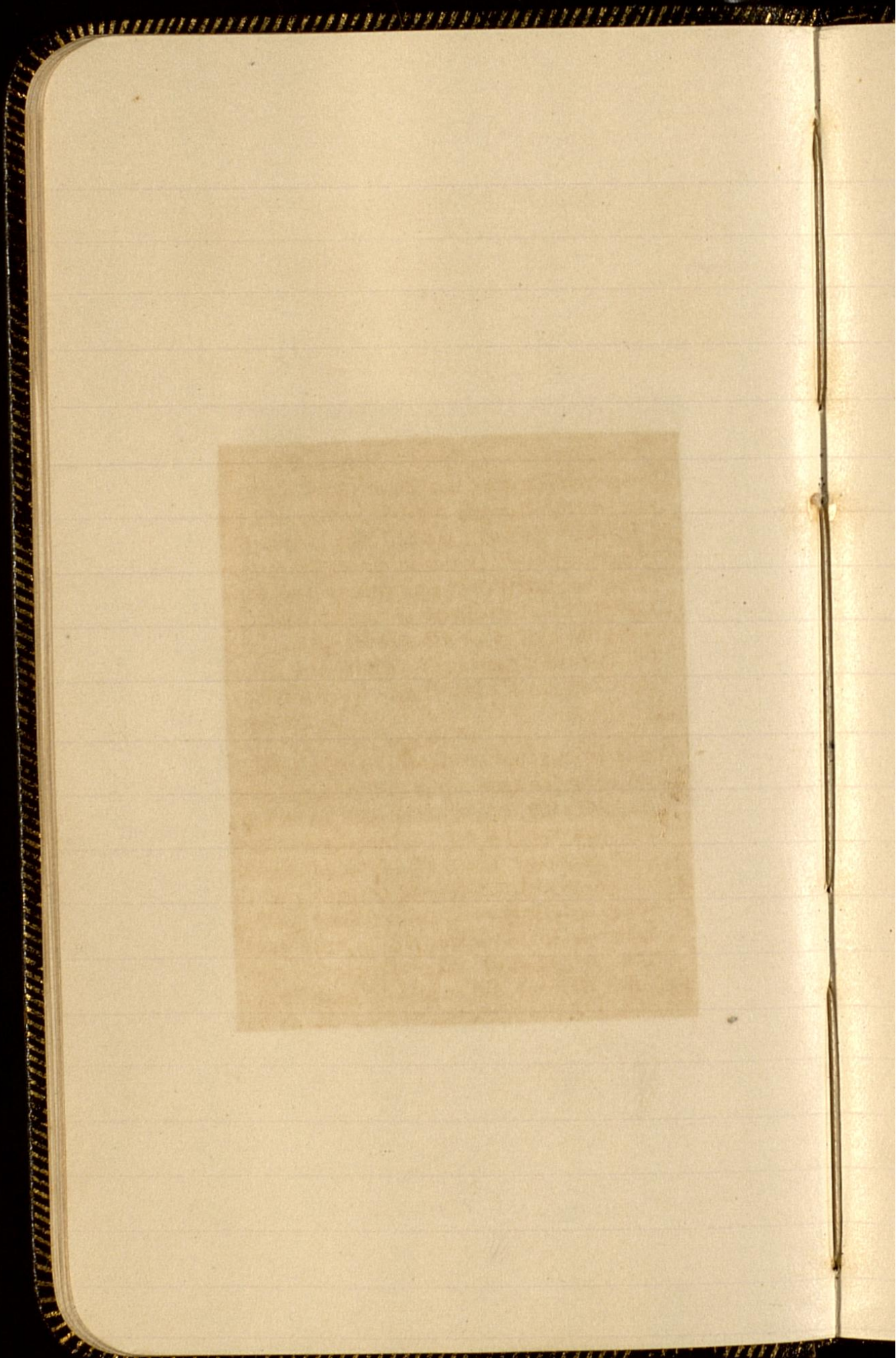
In the sweet calm of a glorious summer afternoon, just as the shadows began to grow long across the lovely college campus, the spirit of William A. Patterson shook off its earthly fetters and winged its flight to Paradise. For many weary days, and nights he had lingered upon a bed of suffering, but loving hands smoothed his pillow and did all that tender solicitude could desire for the relief of the stricken one. A gentle mother watched unceasingly beside his couch; a devoted father, whose heart yearned over his beloved son, and a deeply attached uncle, were ever near to minister unto his every wish. But all in vain is human love and solicitude when the Master calls our loved ones. Seldom has it been our duty to chronicle the death of one so dearly loved. An only child, he was the idol in the home where his smile made the sunshine, and beloved also by a wide circle, his loss will be deeply felt. He possessed besides a lovable disposition, a brilliant intellect and a ready wit, which made for him many ardent admirers. It seems hard indeed that he should die in the very springtime of his youth and usefulness, but God willed it so, and may the sorely stricken ones learn to say, "Thy will be done!"

TUESDAY, JUNE 4, 1895



"Why weepest thou?" the Master says;
Ah! mourner, lift thine head;
To-day thy loved one knows all joy,
Earth's pains forever fled.
A little farther on life's road,
Who knows what cross was there?
Perhaps that crown of thorns, one day,
Would be too great to bear.
Weep not; that brow so pure, so calm,
Wears Heaven's diadem;
Hush now thy sobs, and hear His voice,
"Thy dead shall live again!"

"Why weepest thou?" 'tis Jesus speaks;
Ah, mourner, lift mine eyes;
Let not that glad Redemption song
Be marred by earth-born sighs.
A few more years of marching here,
E'en though they had been fair,
Could ne'er atone for one sweet day
Of perfect rapture there.
Soon, soon, brave heart, thy hands shall meet;
Wait patiently till then;
Remember, hidden on His breast,
Thy loved one lives again!



Brighter far than all earth's fairest dreams of
splendor,

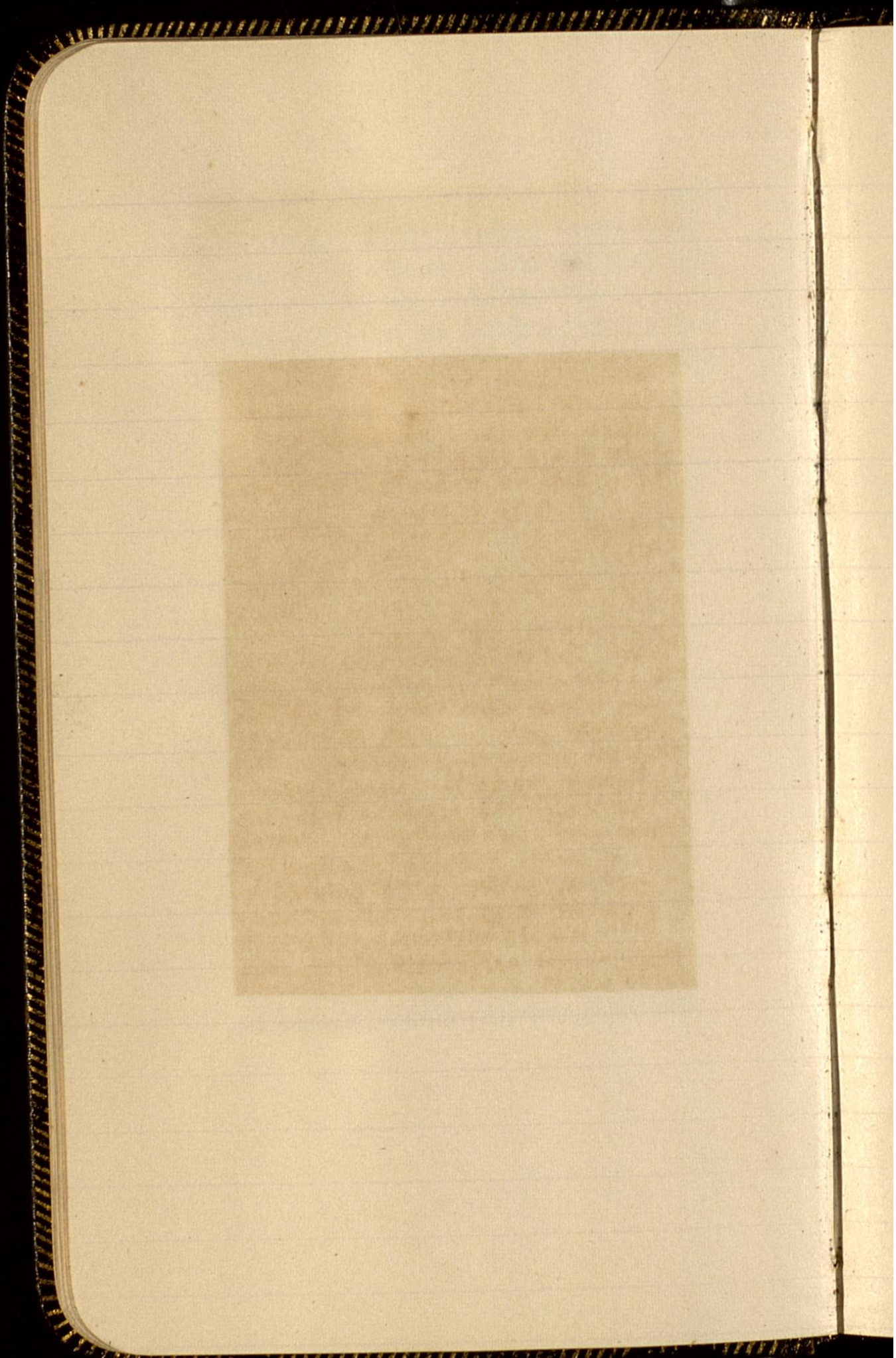
Heaven's portals thou shalt see;
Dearer far than all the gifts the world could ren-
der

Is the love that welcomes thee in tones so tender,

Died at the residence of his father,
President James K. Patterson, Mon-
day, June 3, William Andrew, only
and beloved son, in the 27th year of
his age.

Seldom have we to record the un-
timely end of a life of so much prom-
ise in the first development of a glo-
rious young manhood. Endowed with
a mind of rare intellectual qualities,
and the tenderest and most noble sen-
sibilities, what wonder he was the
idol of doting parents and greatly be-
loved by a wide circle of devoted
friends. "Whom the gods love die
early," and a cruel dart from the swift
messenger has sped, and a young and
manly form lies cold and still.

If the sympathy of countless friends
in this broad land and across the seas
could assuage the bitterness of grief,
his stricken parents might find miti-



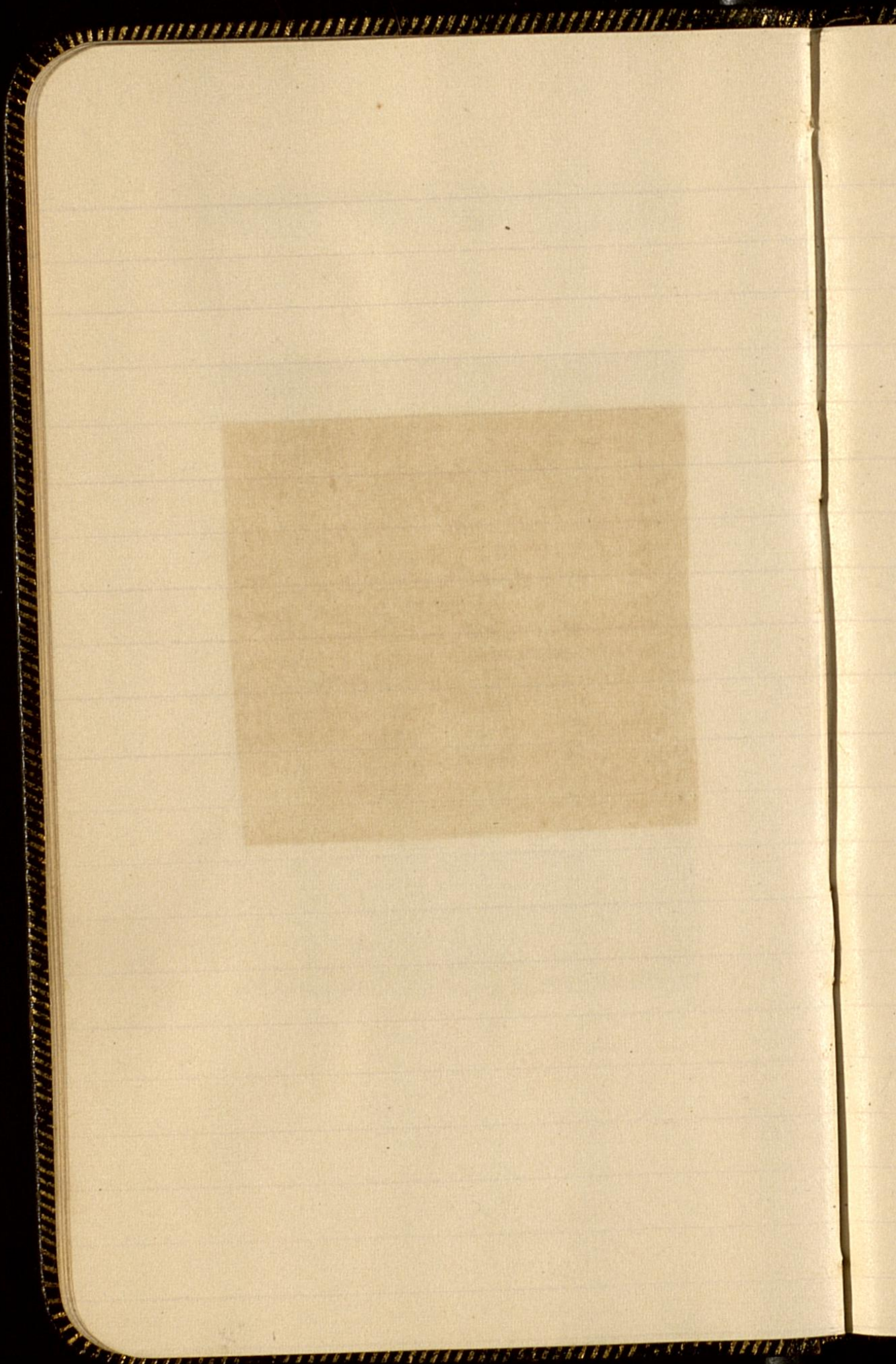
"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

gation of sorrow, but in this dark hour

"Fair hope is dead and light is quenched in night,
What sounds can break the silence of despair."

Methought upon life's stream a bark set sail. The morning smiled, calm was the ocean, no cloud arose; swiftly and smoothly on its course the vessel glides, from its mast the penant floats, Faith, Hope, Truth, Honor, Manhood. This is the inscription, and the precious cargo speeds on. There may be the sound of distant thunder, but the harbor gleams, nearer and nearer the swift bank approaches. The day still smiles, the current unbroken, and now at last the gallant bark rides into port. No storms have marred the beauty of its symmetry, its precious cargo safe.

With masts unbroken, and white sails unsullied, it has anchored safe forevermore.



"He did but float a little way adown the
stream of time, * * * * *

He did but float a little way,
And putting to the shore
While yet t'was early day,
Went calmly on his way
To dwell with us no more.

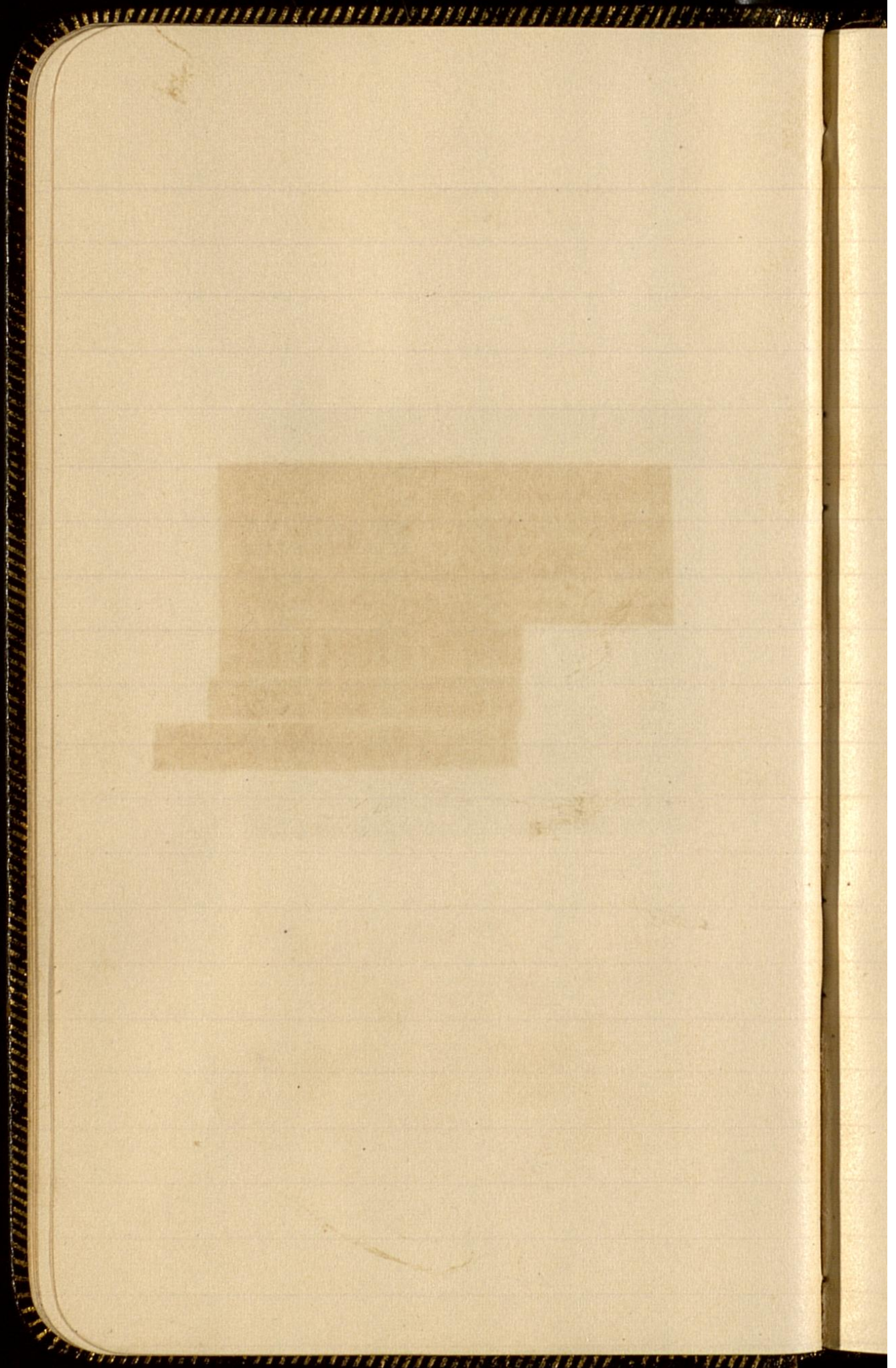
No jarring did he feel,
No grating on his vessel's keel:
* * * * *

Full short his journey was, no dust
Of earth unto his sandals clave;
The weary weight, that old men must,
He bore not to the grave.

And so his stay with us was short, and 'twas
most meet

That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God."

* * *



" Lord, all pitying, Jesu blest,
Grant him Thine eternal rest."

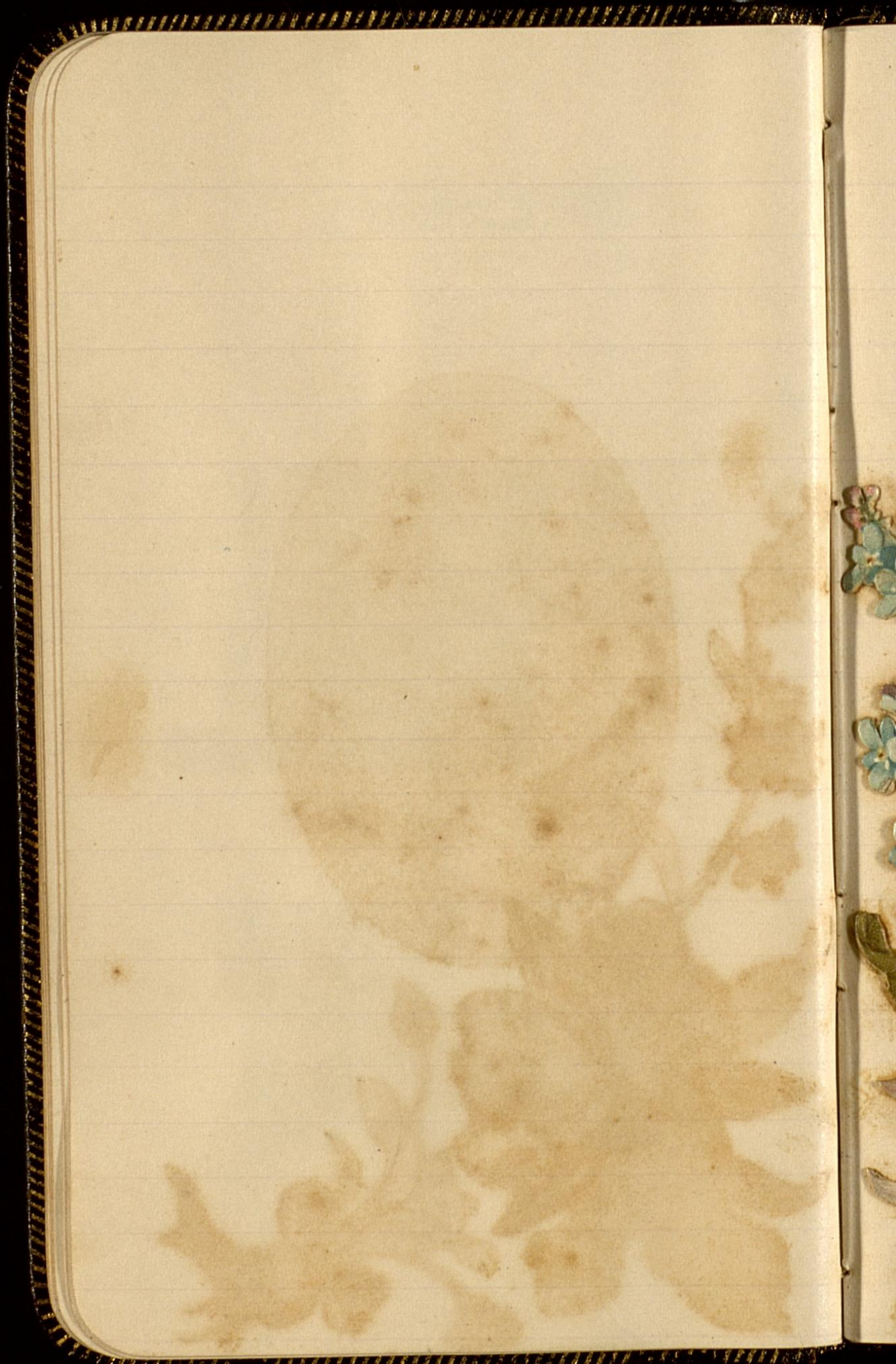
Funeral Services.

The funeral services of William Andrew Patterson will take place Wednesday morning at 10:30, solar time, from the First Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Bartlett officiating.

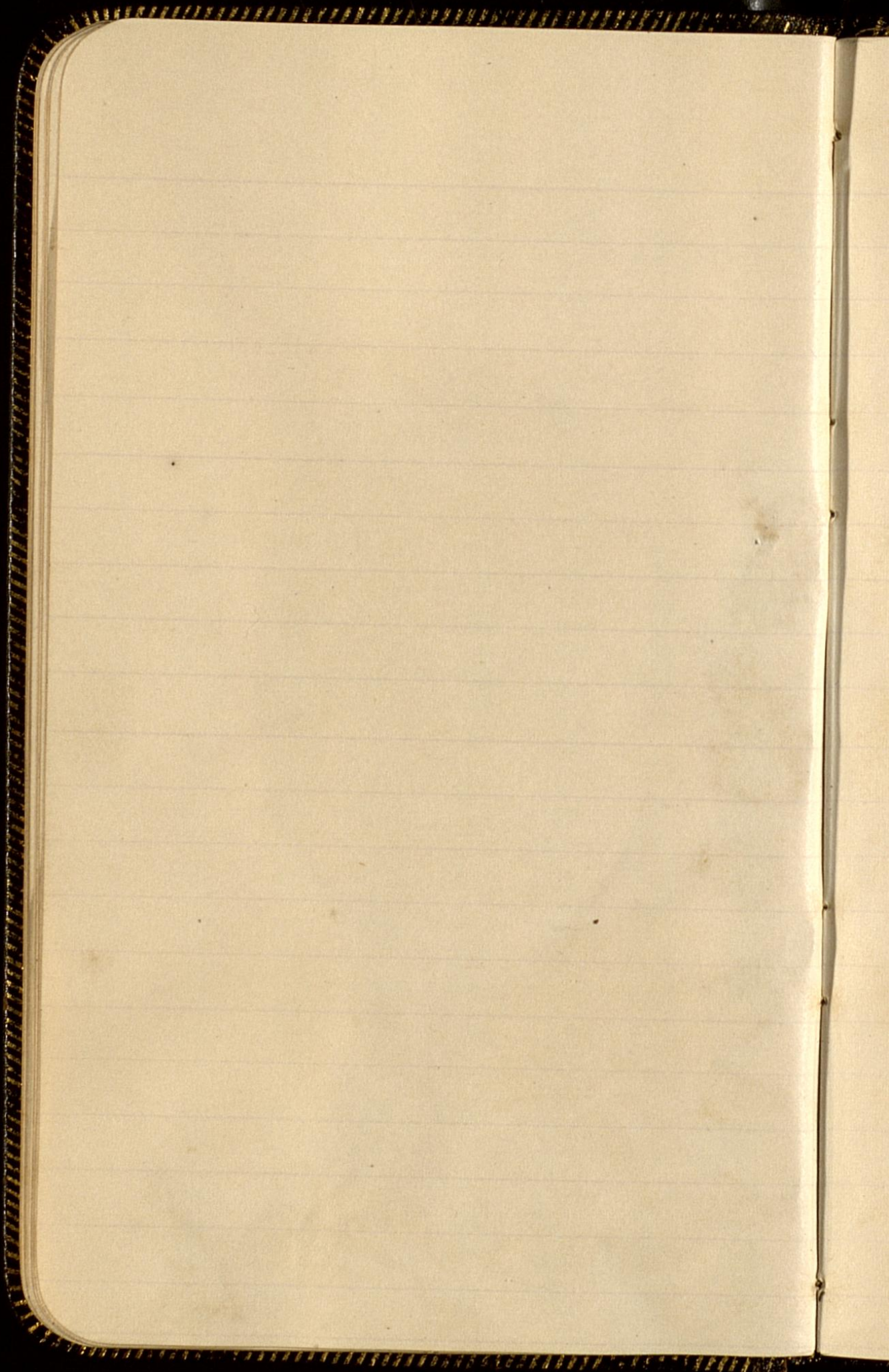
**THE LEADER,
JUNE 4, 1895.
LEXINGTON, KY.,**

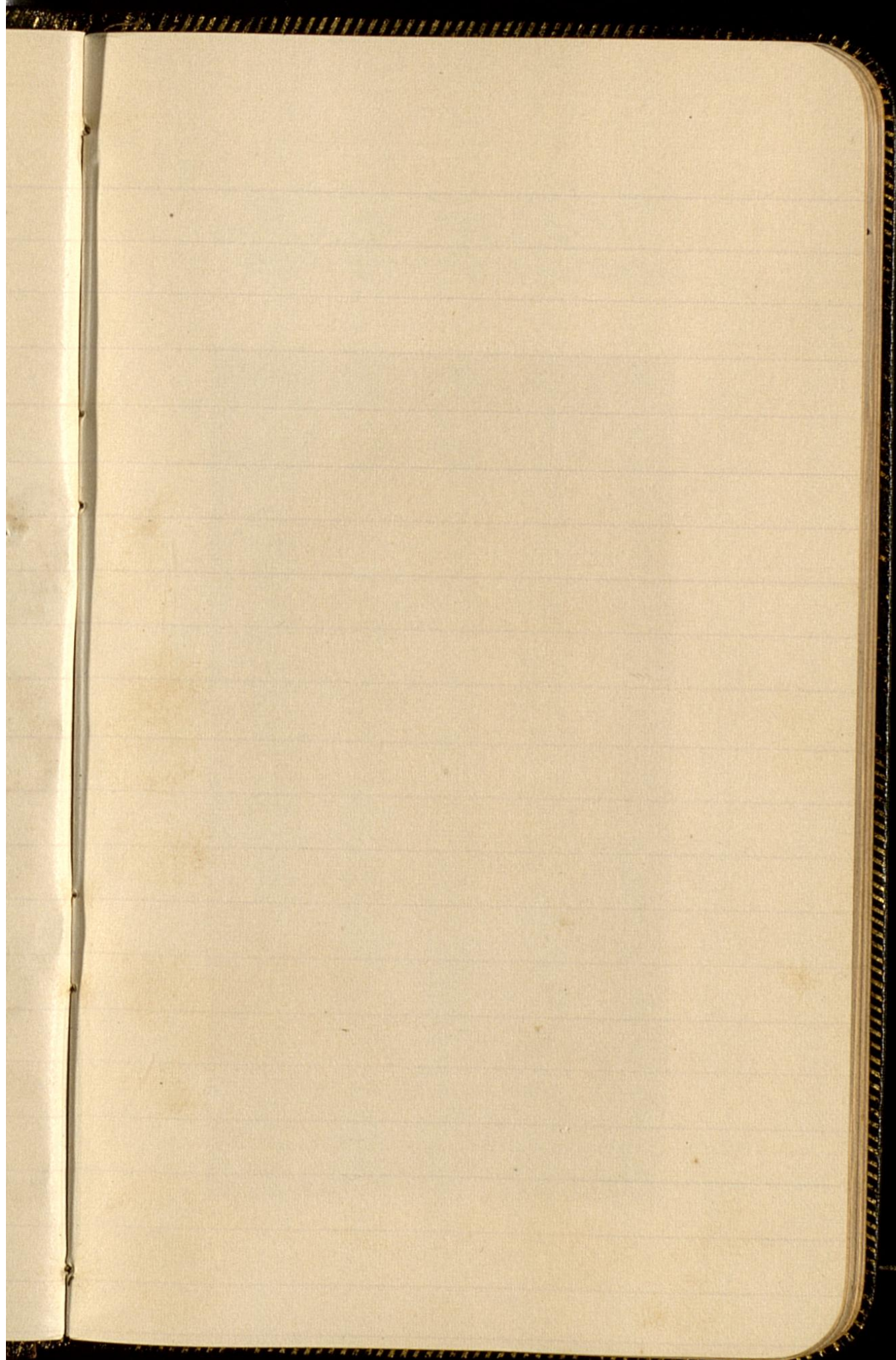
Death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust
No outward sign nor sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward spiritual speech
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be
dust.

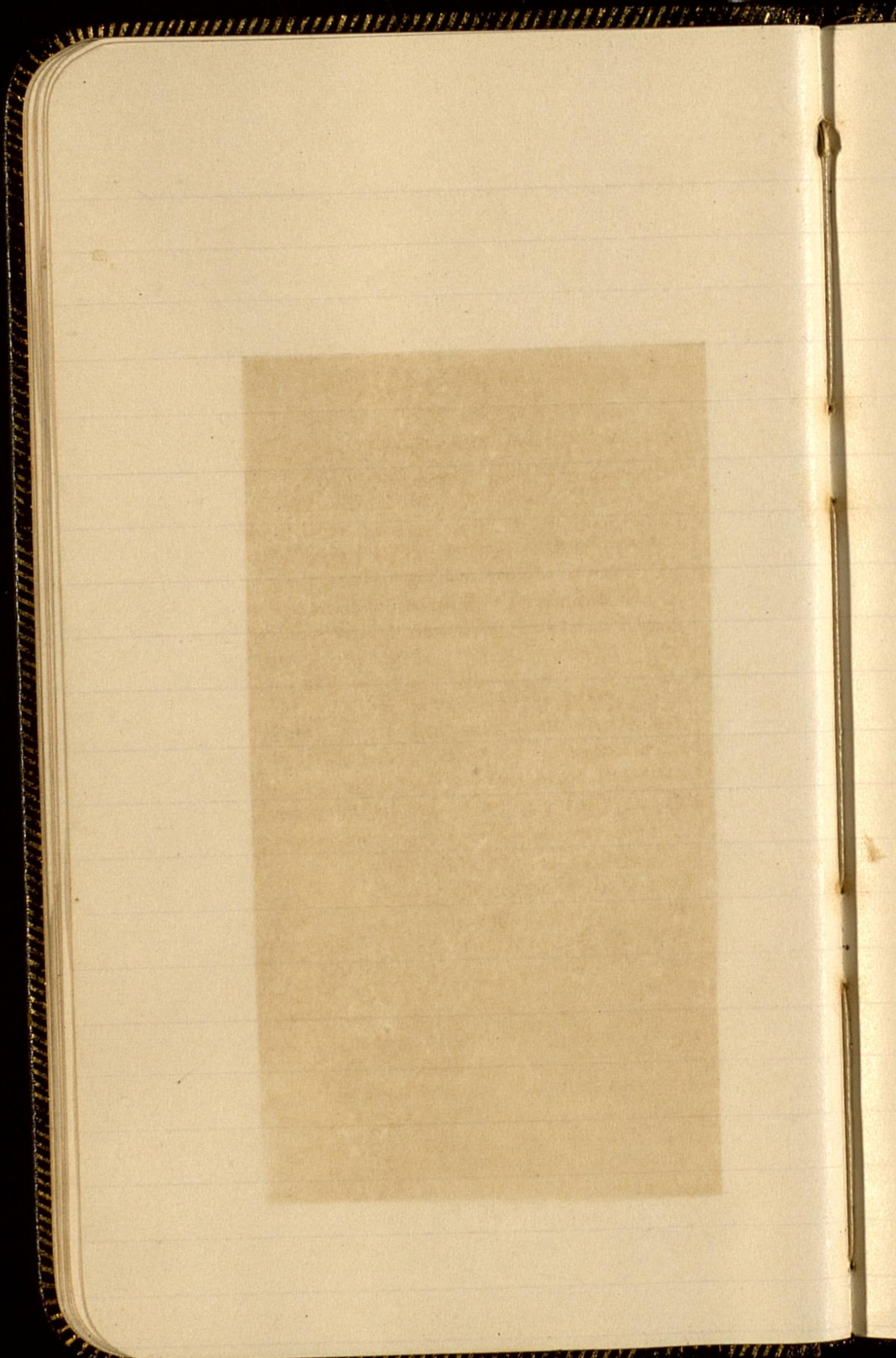
It bids us do the work that they laid down,
Take up the song where they broke off the
strain;
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.











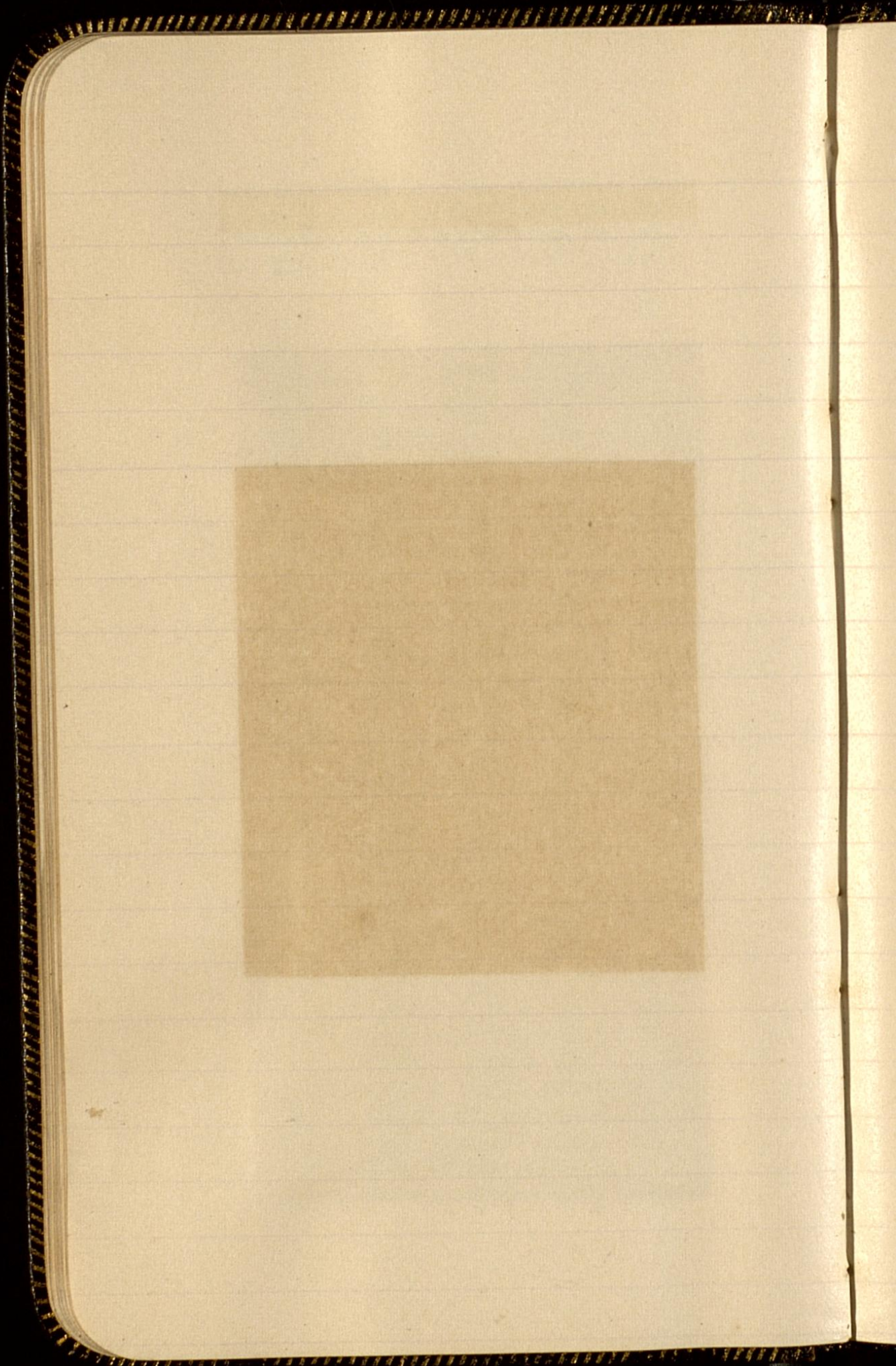
O yes, there's a dream so pure, so bright,
That the being to whom it is given
Hath bathed in a sea of living light,
And the theme of that dream is Heaven.

AN UNTIMELY DEATH

YOUNG WILLIAM PATTERSON DIES
YESTERDAY AFTERNOON.

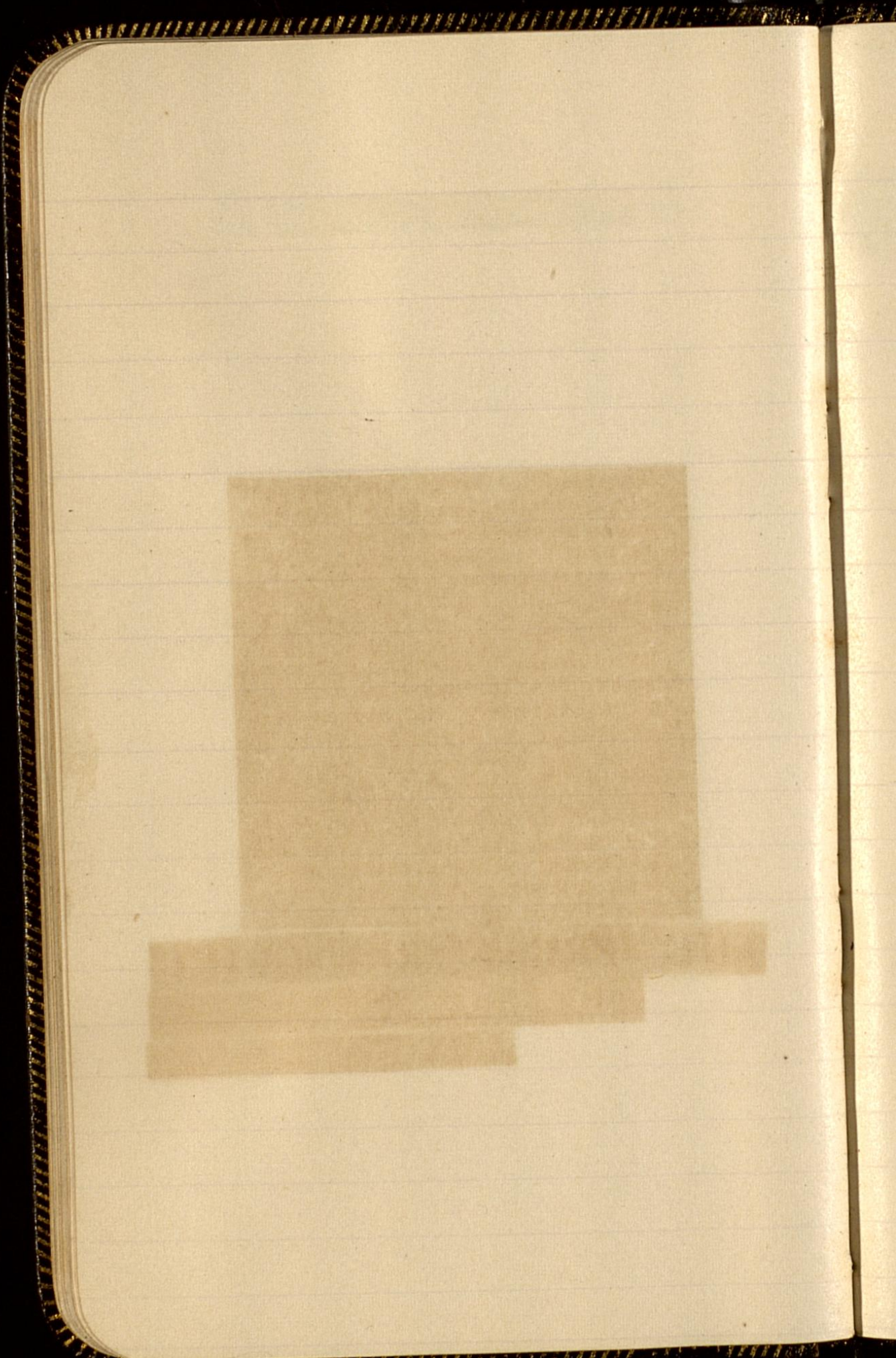
His Death Will Cause Nearly All the
College Exercises For This Week To
Be Cancelled---Brief Sketch of
The Deceased.

The death of Prof. William Andrew Patterson, the son and only child of Prof. and Mrs. James K. Patterson, of the Kentucky A. and M. College, will be heard with deep sorrow by the entire community. He died at his parent's home in the State College grounds yesterday afternoon at half past 5 o'clock. The cause of his death was appendicitis, from which he has been a sufferer for several years. An operation was performed last Saturday by Drs. Barrow and Skillman, of this city, and Dr. McMurtry, of Louisville. The operation was a successful one, but the ravages of the disease had been so great as to greatly enfeeble the patient and he had not sufficient strength for the ordeal.



"O saint immortal! in thy heavenly sphere,
We thank our Father that thou once dwelt here."

The deceased was born on April 12, 1868, and was an only child. He was the idol of his loving parents, to whom his death will be a very sad blow. He was a young man of high intellectual gifts and fine manly qualities. His youth gave great promise of a useful and prominent career as an educator, and his death was most untimely. He was never strong physically, however, and was always a source of anxious solicitude to his parents on this account. He was very popular with teachers and students, and possessed a keen sense of humor that made his company sought after on all occasions. He took high rank at college, and for the past three years has been assistant professor in the departments of English and History.



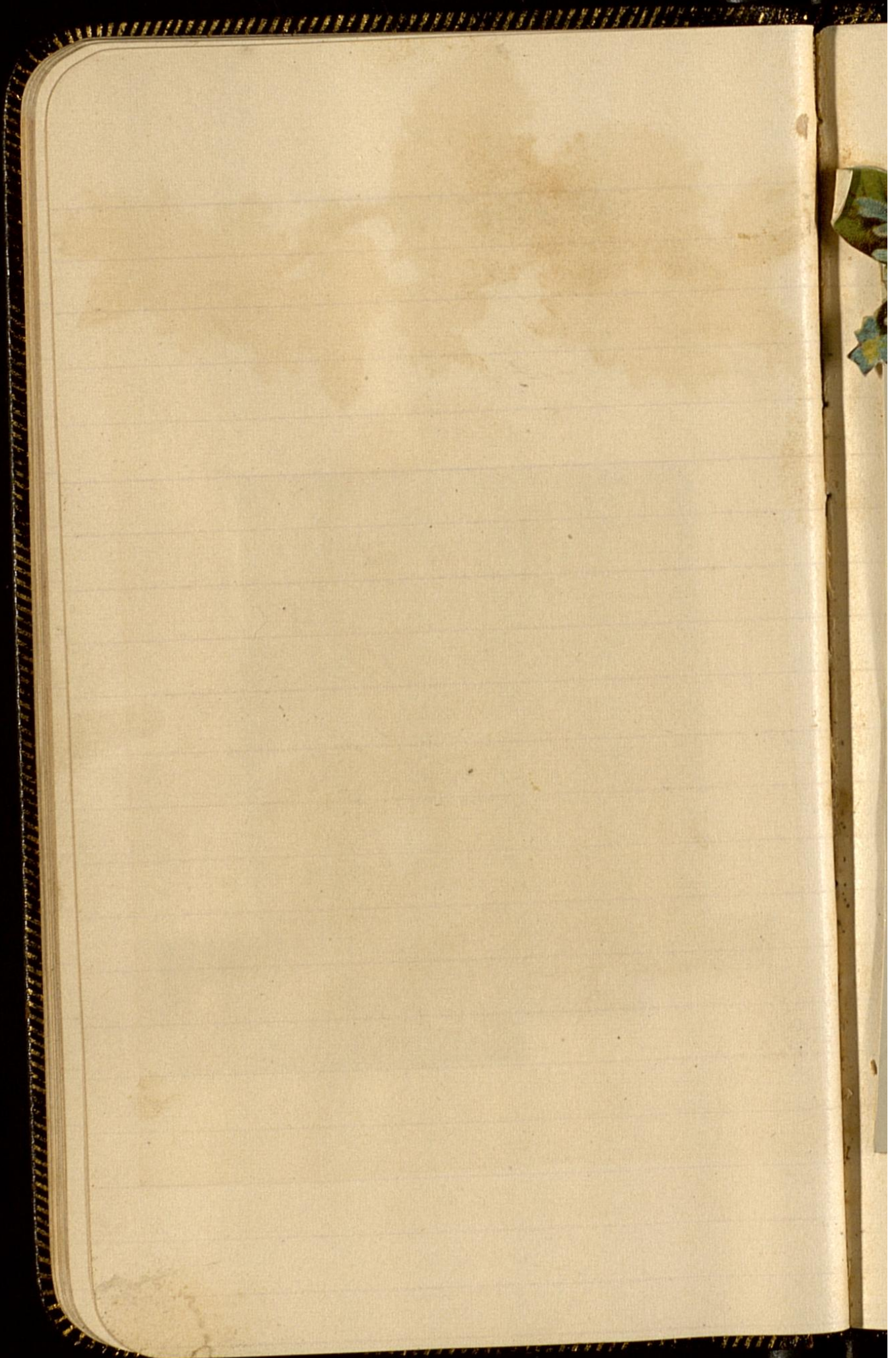
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's
vain shadows flee!

The death of Prof. Patterson will doubtless cause a change in the programme of commencement week exercises of the State College. The Alumni banquet which had been set for this evening has already been canceled, and the class day exercises set for Wednesday will probably also be abandoned. The members of the faculty will meet this morning at 10:30 o'clock to consider what to do concerning the graduation exercises for Thursday. It was suggested that nothing be done beyond delivering the diplomas, but it is likely that the exercises will be gone through with, though shortened, and the musical feature eliminated.

THE PRESS-TRANSCRIPT.

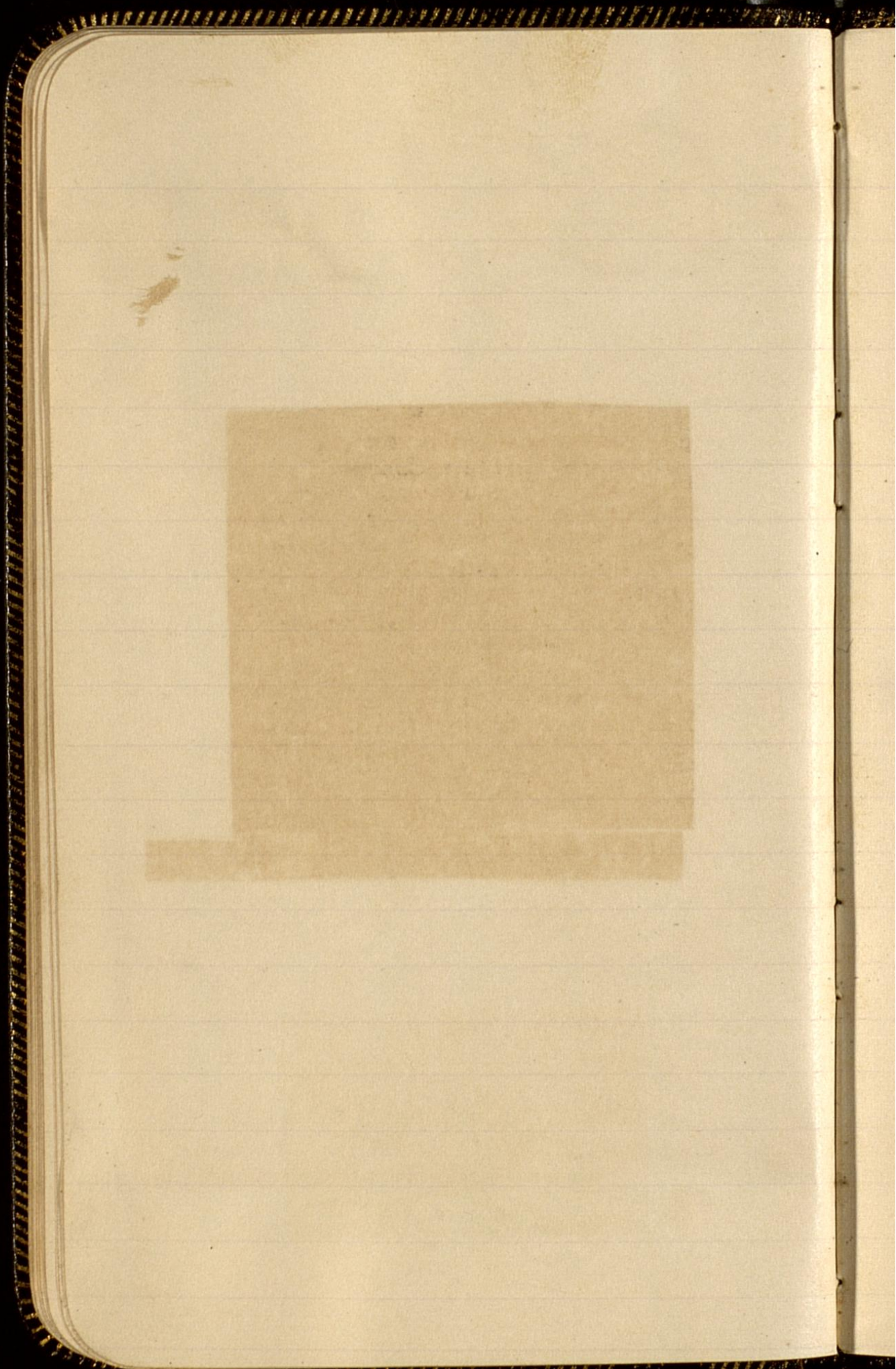
TUESDAY, JUNE 4, 1895.

LEXINGTON KY.,





"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty;
they shall behold the land that is very far off."



The funeral was attended by the faculty and members of the Board of Trustees in a body. The pall-bearers were Profs. J. Louis Logan, J. H. Kastle, J. H. Neville, James White, Munsey, F. Paul Anderson, Dr. Alfred M. Peter and Capt. Swigert. The members of the choir were Prof. C. F. Croxton, Prof. R. L. Blanton, Frank Croxton and Charles Reynolds.

The long line of carriages which attended the remains to the cemetery testified the esteem and affection in which the deceased was held by his friends.

THE PRESS-TRANSCRIPT.

THURSDAY, JUNE 6 1895

Lexington, Ky

O MERCIFUL God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life; in whom whosoever believeth, shall live, though he die; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in him, shall not die eternally; who also hath taught us, by his holy Apostle Saint Paul, not to be sorry, as men without hope for those who sleep in him; We humbly beseech thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness; that, when we shall depart this life, we may rest in him; and that, at the general Resurrection in the last day, we may be found acceptable in thy sight; and receive that blessing, which thy well-beloved Son shall then pronounce to all who love and fear thee, saying, Come, ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world. Grant this, we beseech thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer, Amen.

Alumni to Meet.

A meeting of the Association of Alumni, of the State College, is called for 3 o'clock this afternoon at the office of Mr. F. C. Elkin, Northern Bank building, to take appropriate action upon the death of Mr. William A. Patterson.

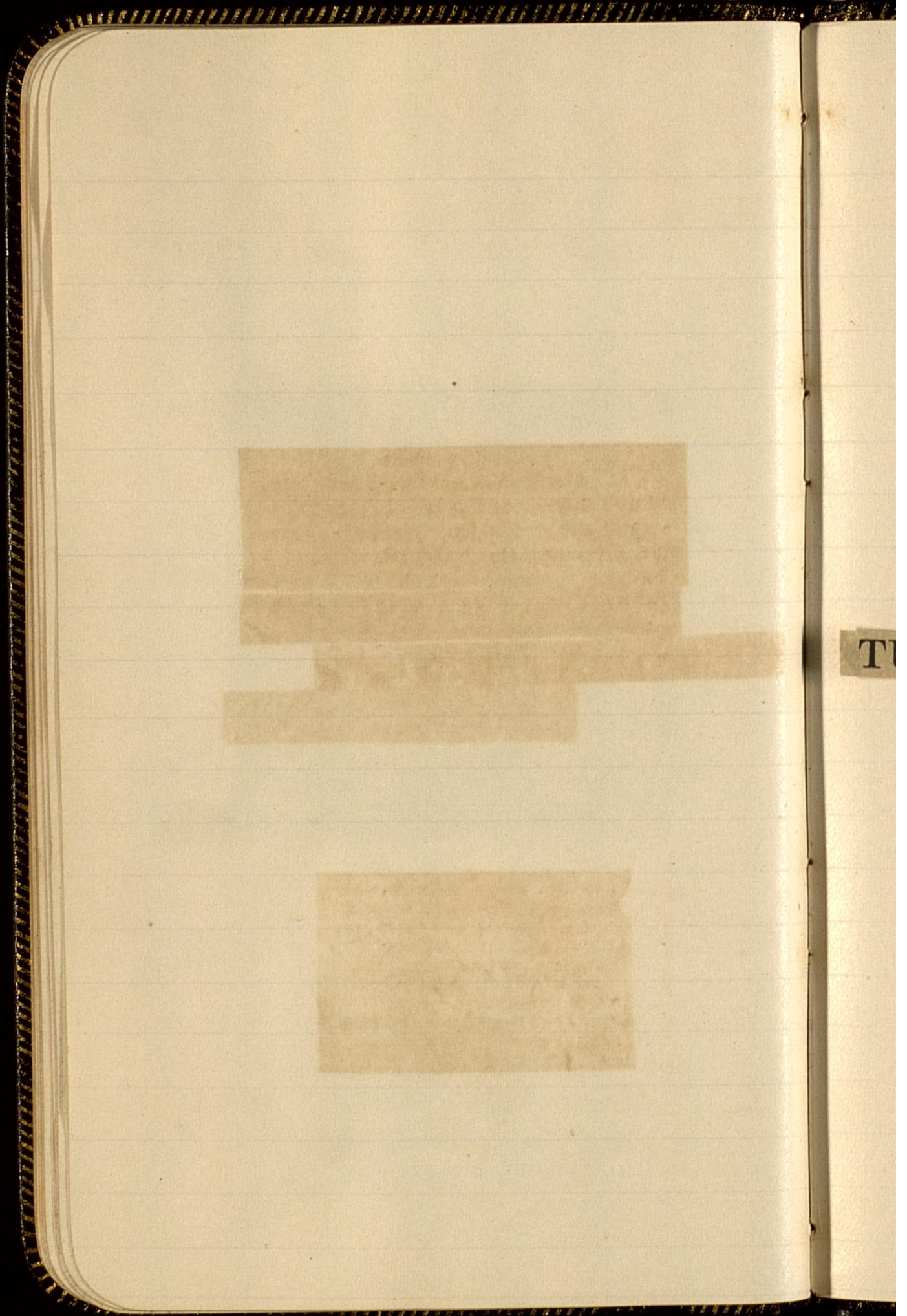
ALFRED M. PETER,
Ch'm Executive Committee.

No Oratorical Contest.

The oratorical contest to select the representative of the State College to the Chautauqua contest, which was to have been held last night at the Lexington Business College, was postponed on account of Prof. Patterson's death.

TUESDAY, JUNE 4, 1895.

SOME day we say, and turn our
eyes
Toward the fair hills of Paradise :
Some day, some time, a sweet new
rest
Shall blossom, flower-like, in each
breast ;
||: Some day, some time, our eyes shall
see
The faces kept in memory ; :||
Some day their hands shall clasp
our hand,
||: Just over in the morning land ; :||



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Funeral Services.

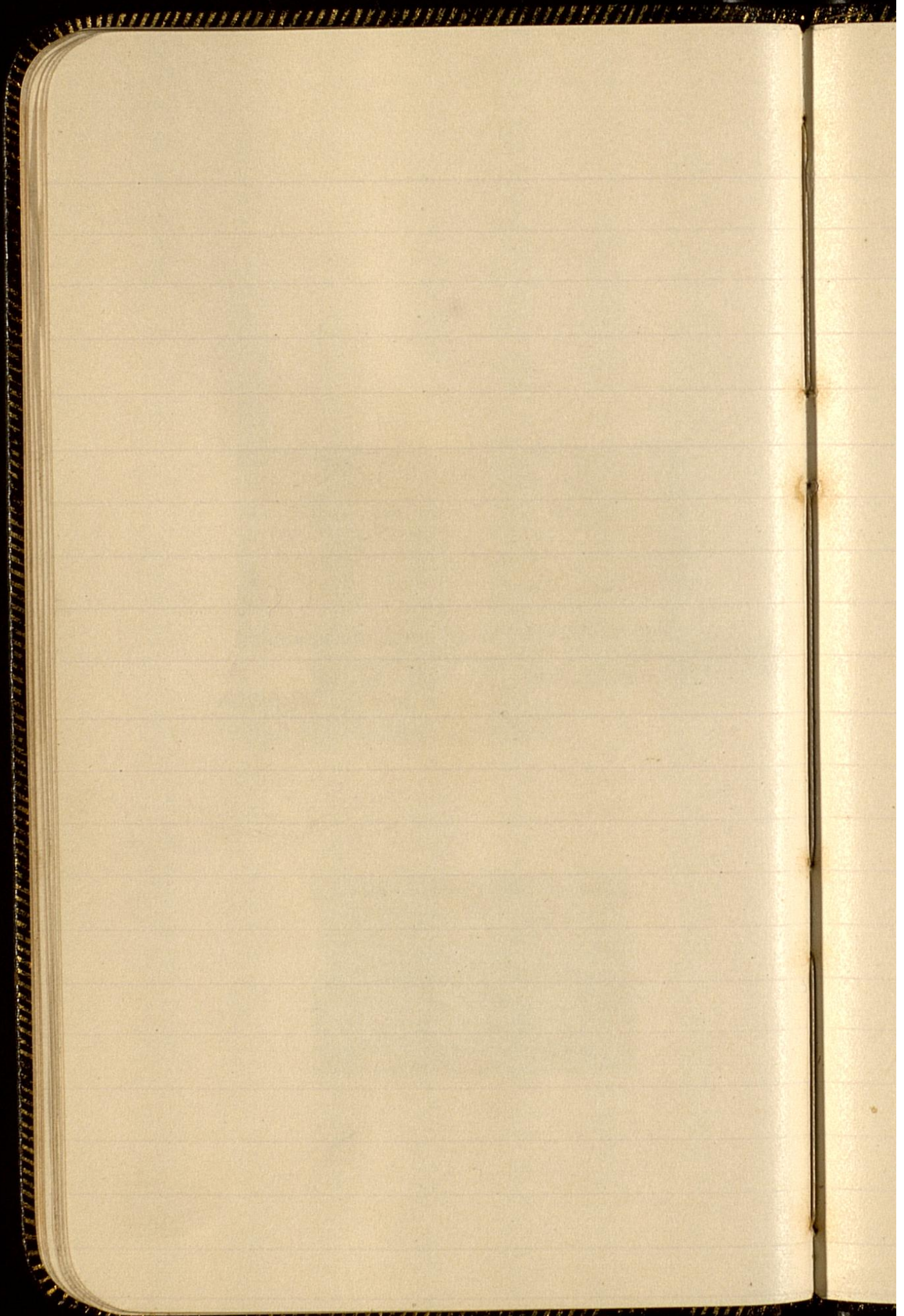
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PRESS-TRANSCRIPT

TUESDAY, JUNE 4.

LEXINGTON, KY.,

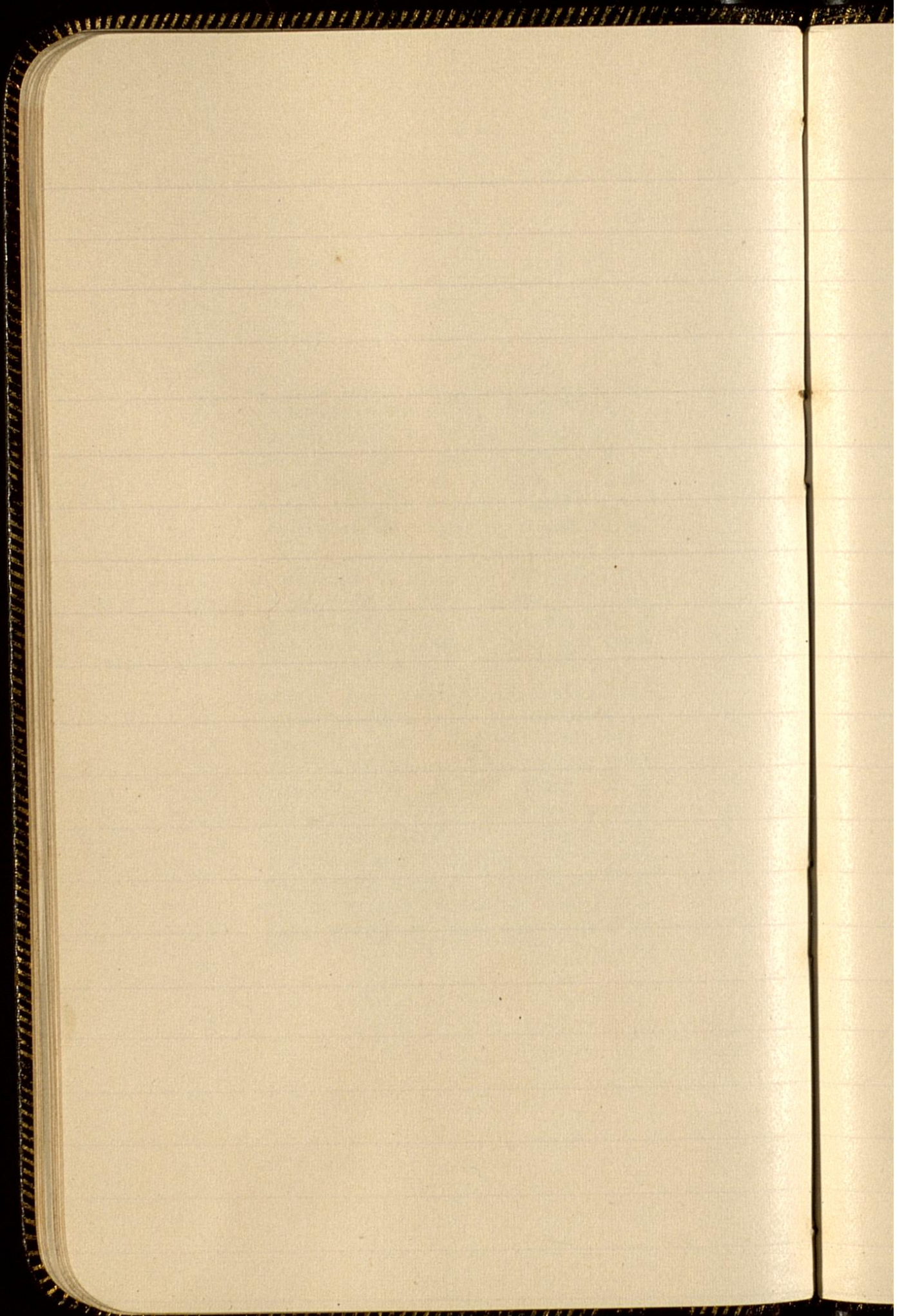
"Let the lifeless body rest,
He is gone who was its guest.
Gone, as travelers haste to leave
An inn; nor tarry till eve.
Traveler, in what realm afar,
In what planet, in what star,
In what vast, arid space,
Shines the light upon thy face?
In what garden of delight
Rests thy weary feet tonight?"

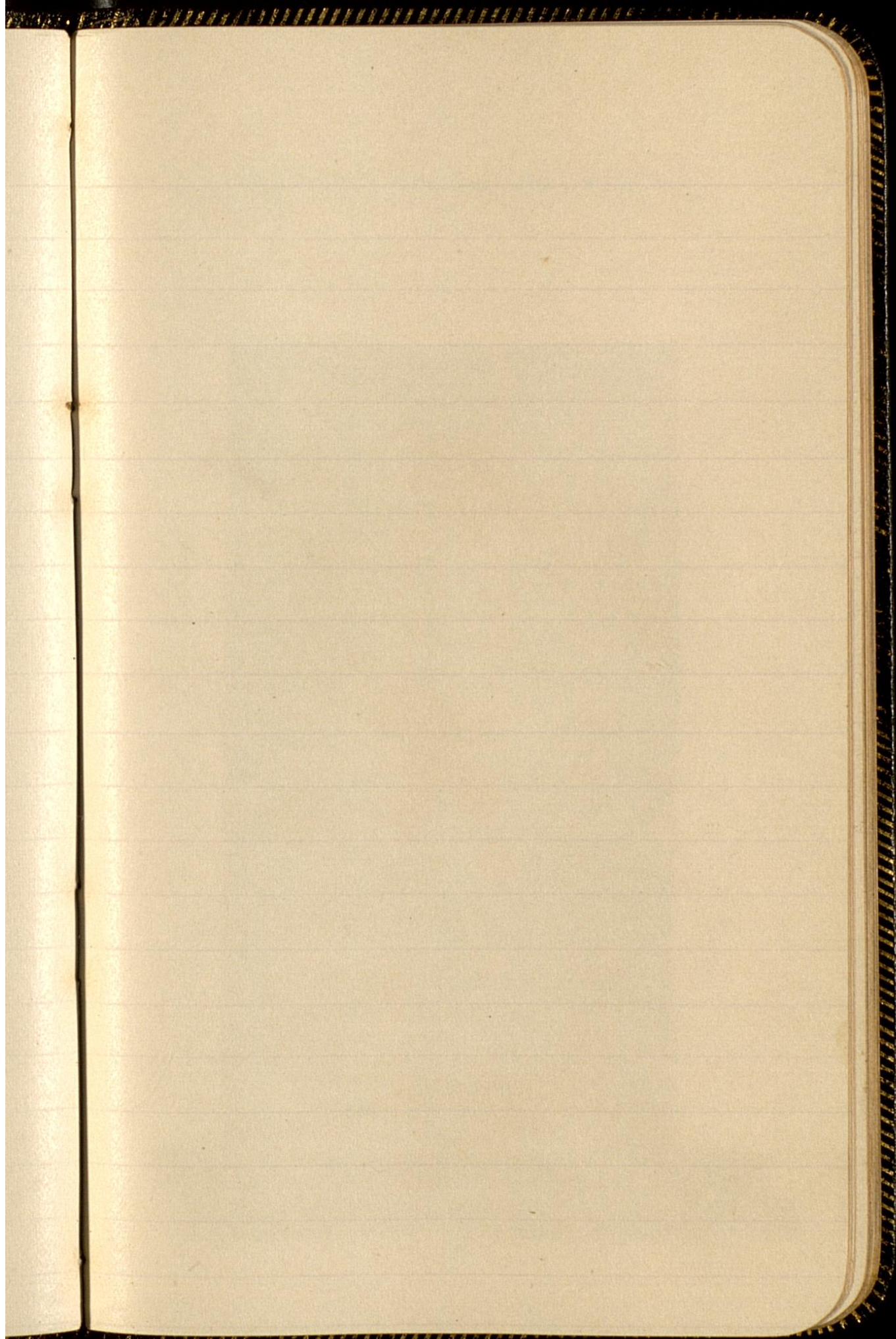


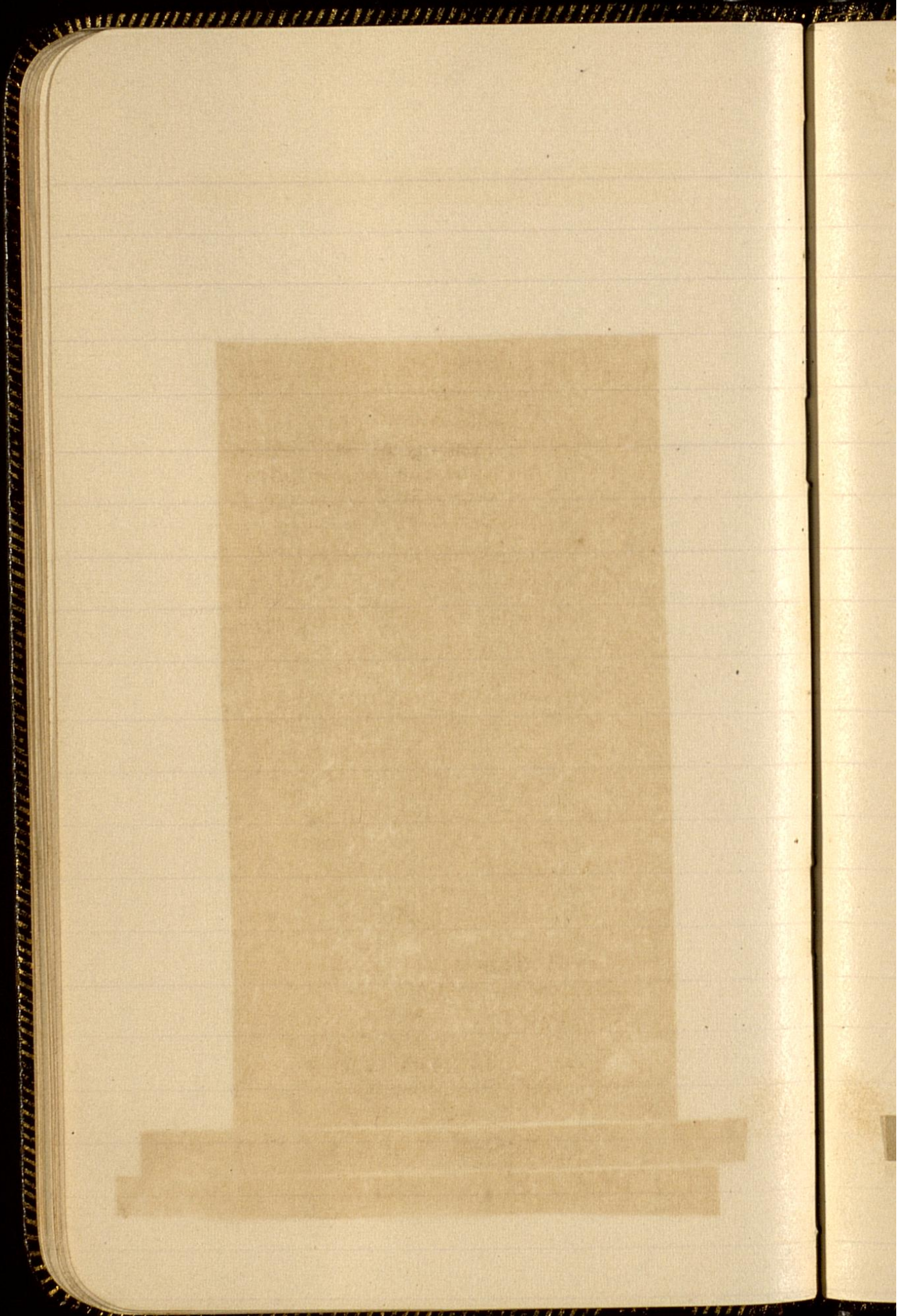
Somewhere, we know not where,
In the vast realms of space,
Is found our Father's house,
The soul's abiding place.
And, in its mansions fair,
Those who have gone before
Wait for our coming feet,
Still loving, as of yore.

Somehow, we know not how,
On joyful errands bent,
God sends His messengers,
Fulfilling His intent.
And, 'mongst those blessed ones,
Come those who know us best
To help us on our way,
To guide us to our rest.

Sometime, we know not when,
Our toilsome journey o'er,
We, too, shall reach our home
And rest forevermore.
And, 'mongst its joys divine,
These not the least shall be,
To clasp again loved hands,
And longed-for faces see.







"That which I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

LEXINGTON, KY., June 4, 1895.

At a called meeting of the Association of Alumni of the State College, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The Association of Alumni of the State College of Kentucky has received with deep sorrow the intelligence of the death of one of its most valued and highly esteemed members, Mr. Wm. A. Patterson, of the class of '89, therefore, be it

Resolved, That his memory be cherished by this association on account of his high attainments and his many lovable traits of character which endeared him to all its members.

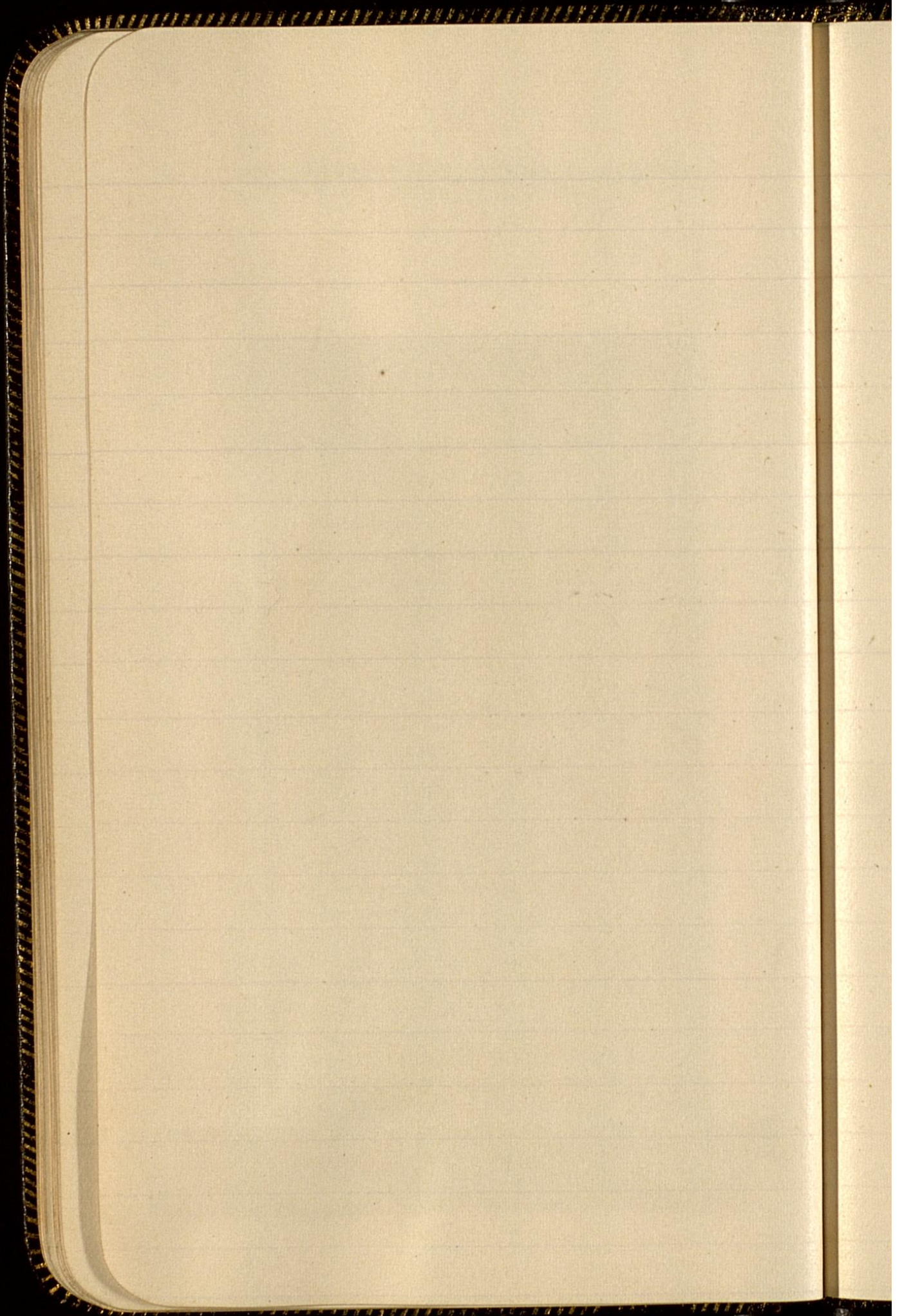
Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family as an assurance of our heartfelt sympathy for them in their deep affliction.

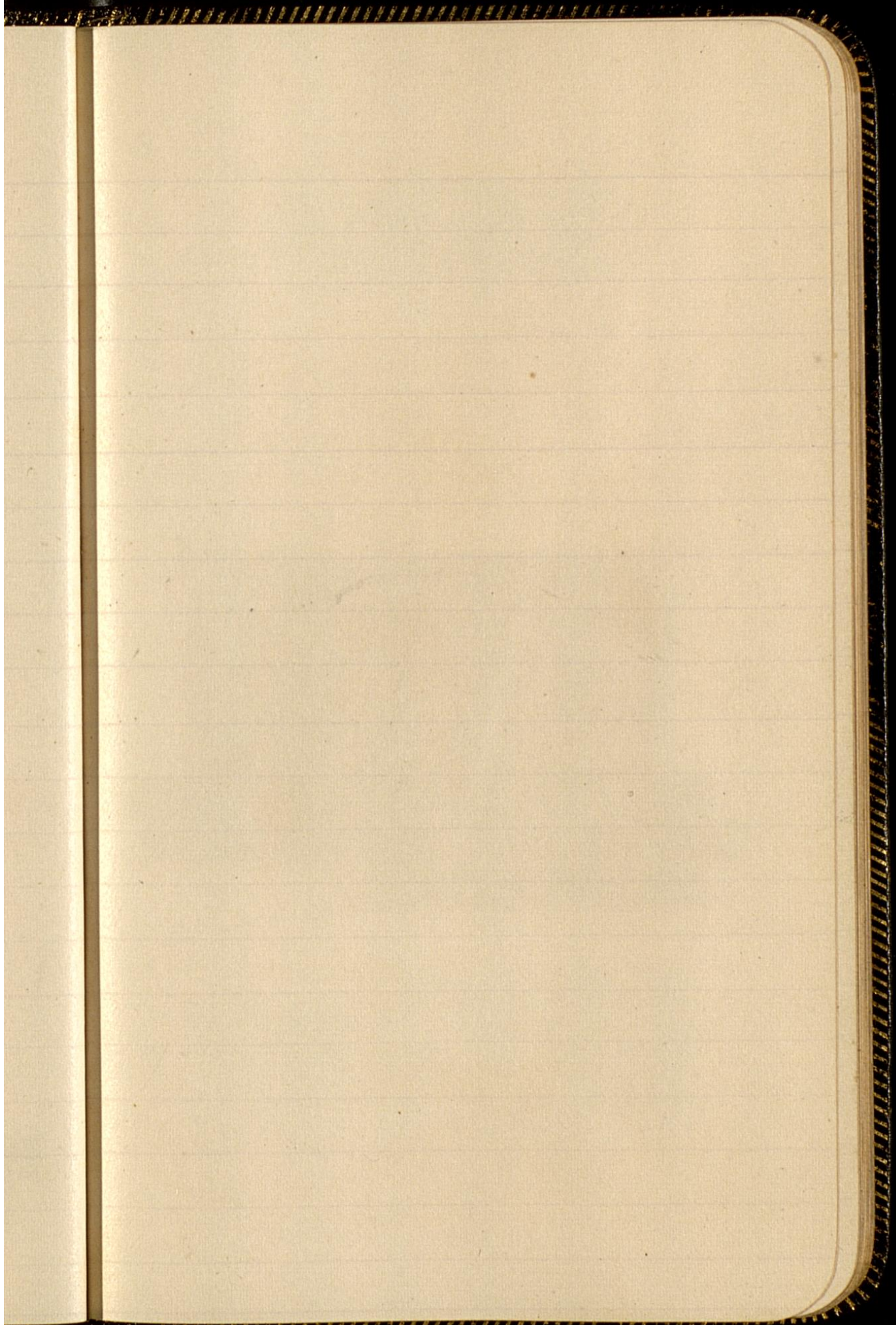
Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the association and published in the city papers.

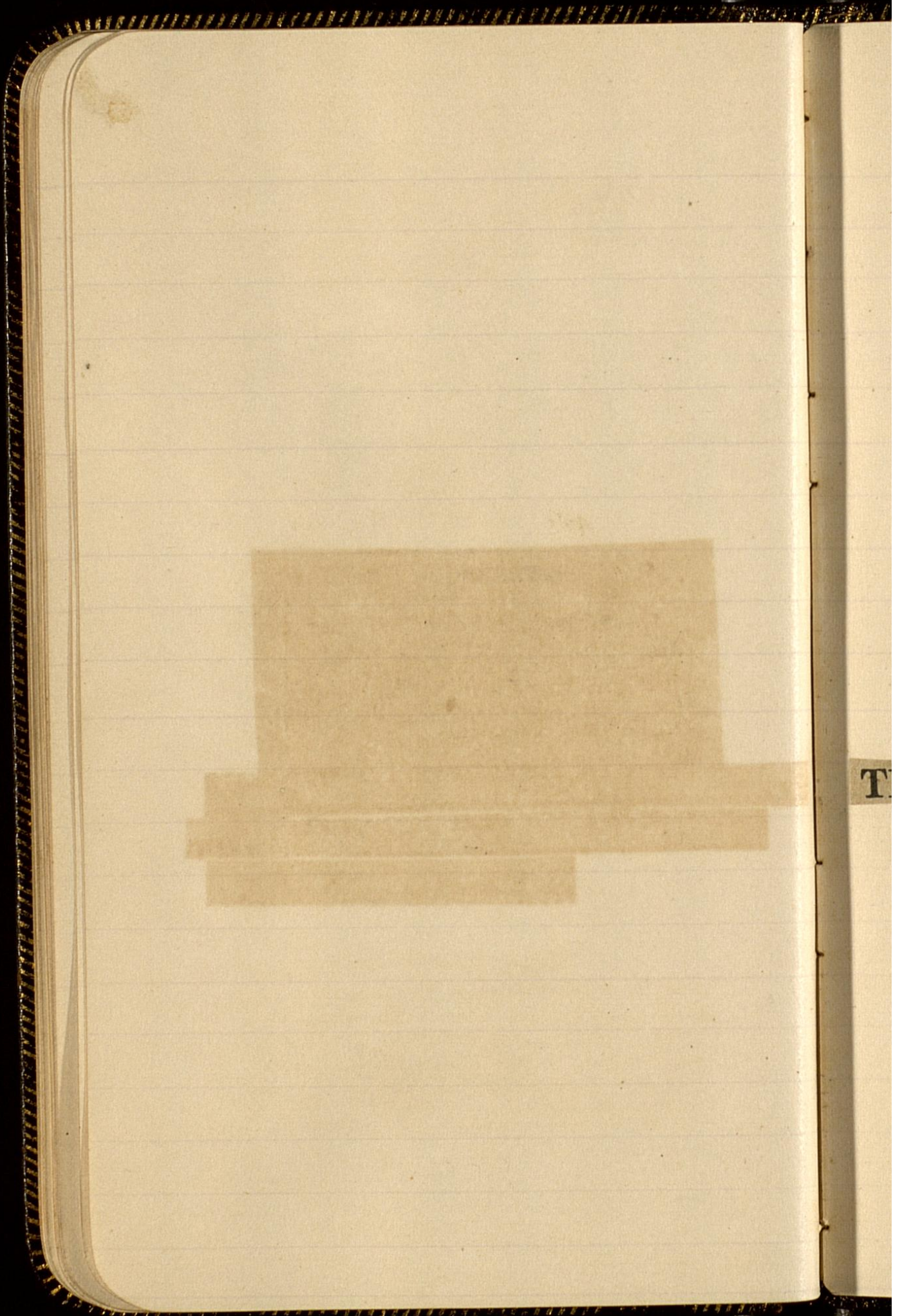
Henry E. Curtis, Vice-Pres.

H. M. Gunn, Secretary.

**THE PRESS-TRANSCRIPT,
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1895.**







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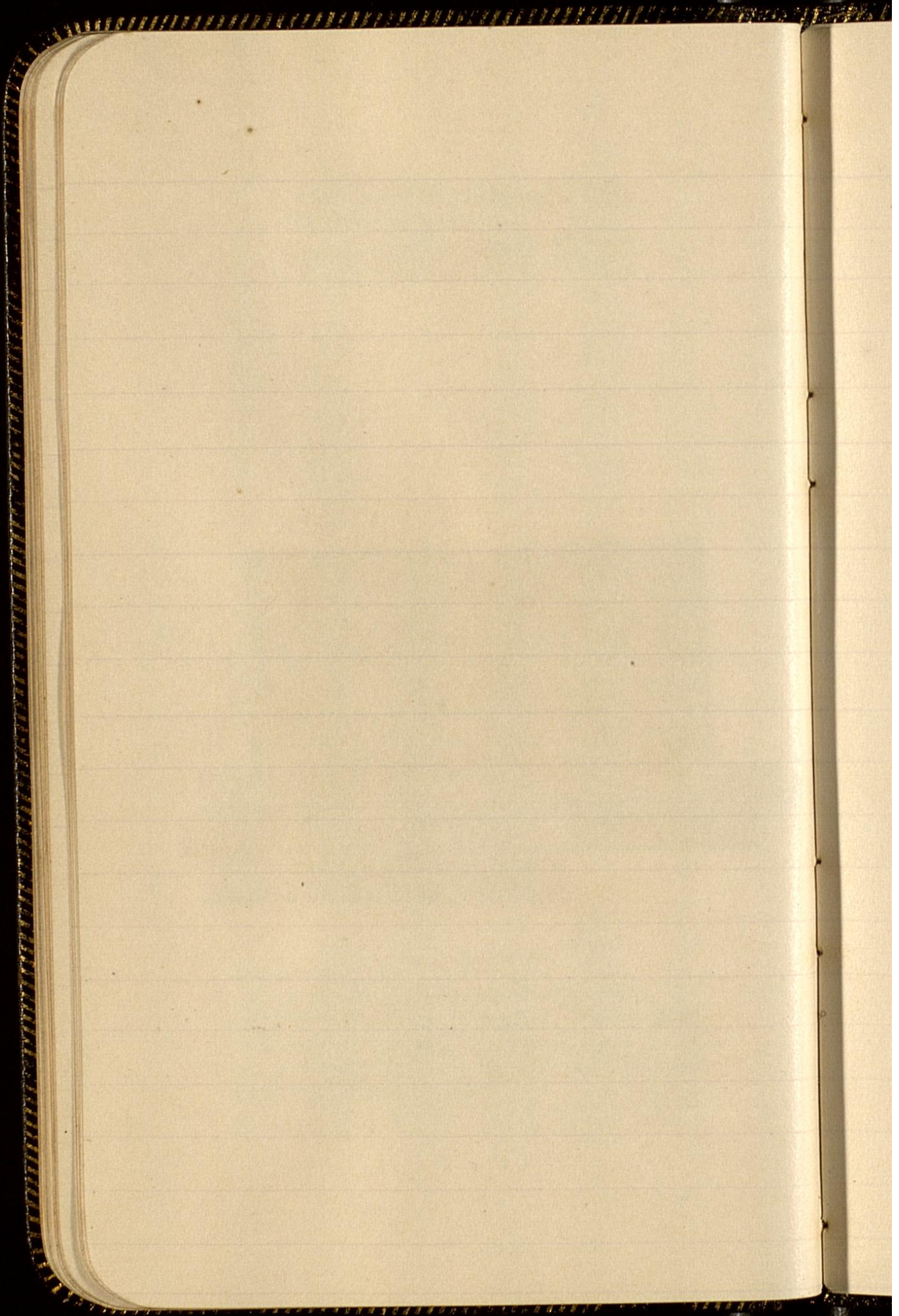
WE give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

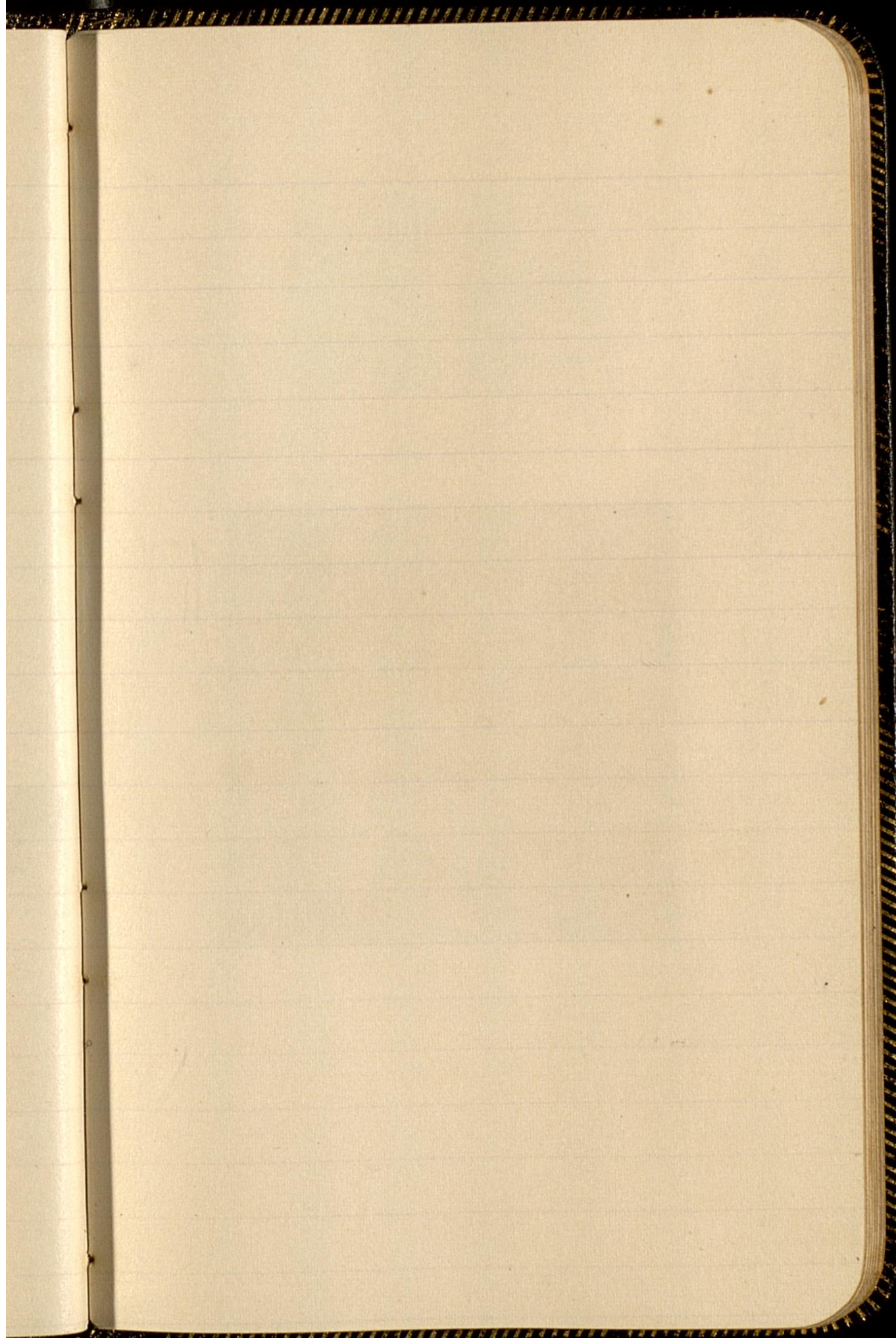
W. A. PATTERSON'S FUNERAL.

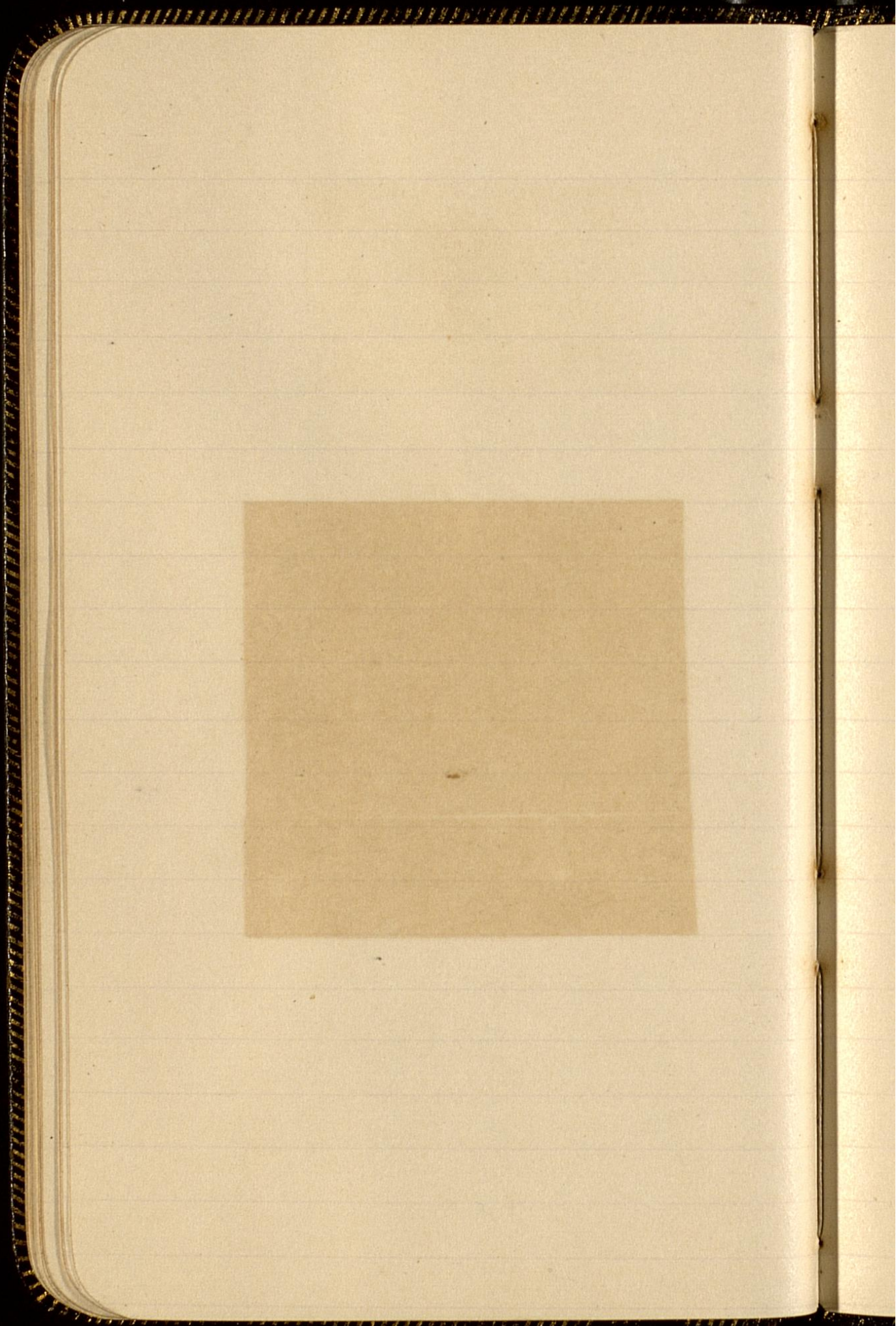
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THE PRESS-TRANSCRIPT.
WEDNESDAY. JUNE 5 1895.
LEXINGTON KY.,

'Almighty God, whose most dear Son went not up to joy, but first He suffered pain, and entered not into glory before that He was crucified, grant that we, walking in the way of the cross, may ever find it the way of life and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord.' "







" Like a river free and flowing
That absorbs the heaven's hue,
All the crystal light reflecting
From its deep, celestial blue;
So thy rich life, full flowing
On its way to God's vast sea,
Threw back the light of Heaven
That the Saviour shed on thee;
Not lost, but intermingling
In the ocean of His love,
Thou art resting in His presence
In the Paradise above."

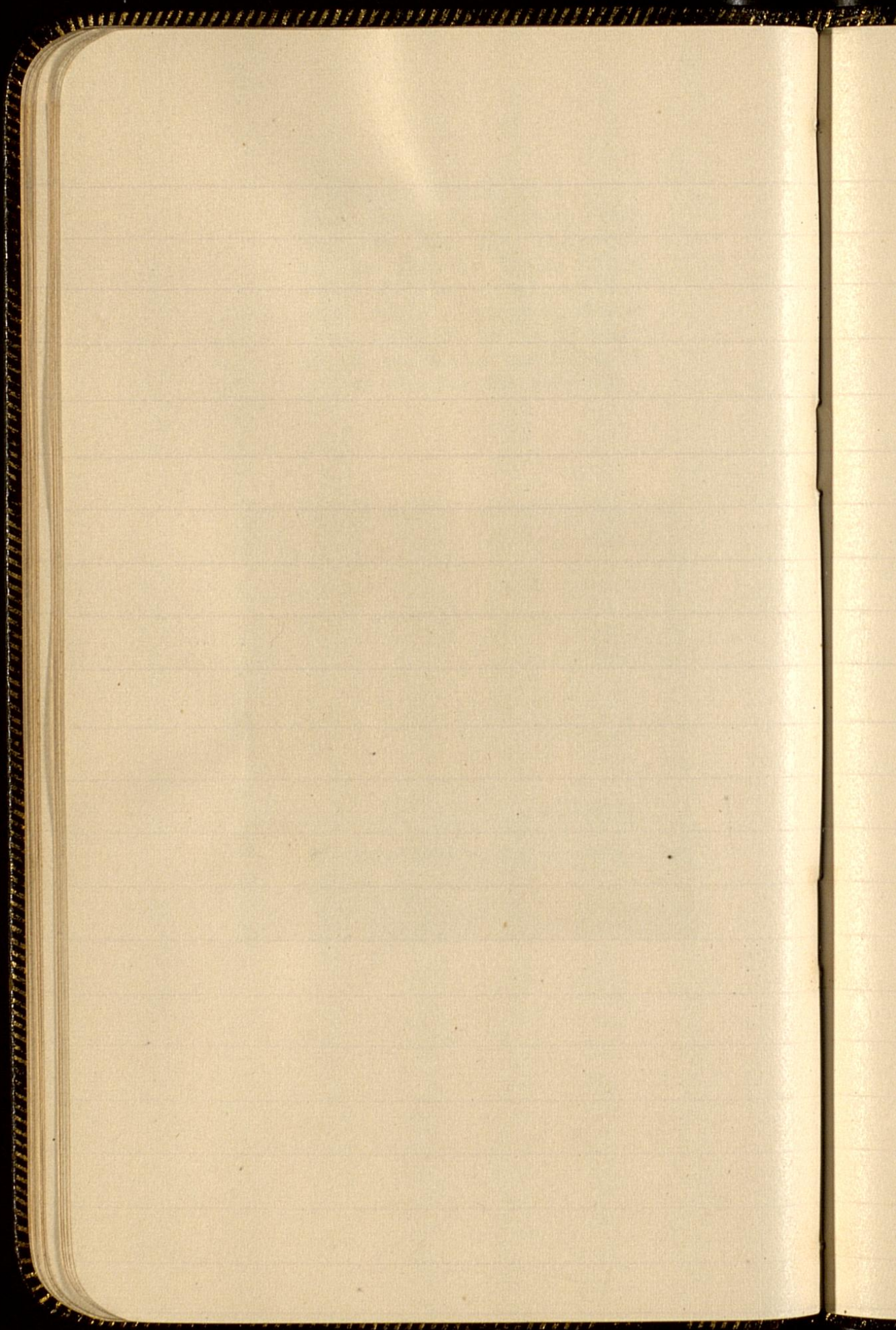
DIED.

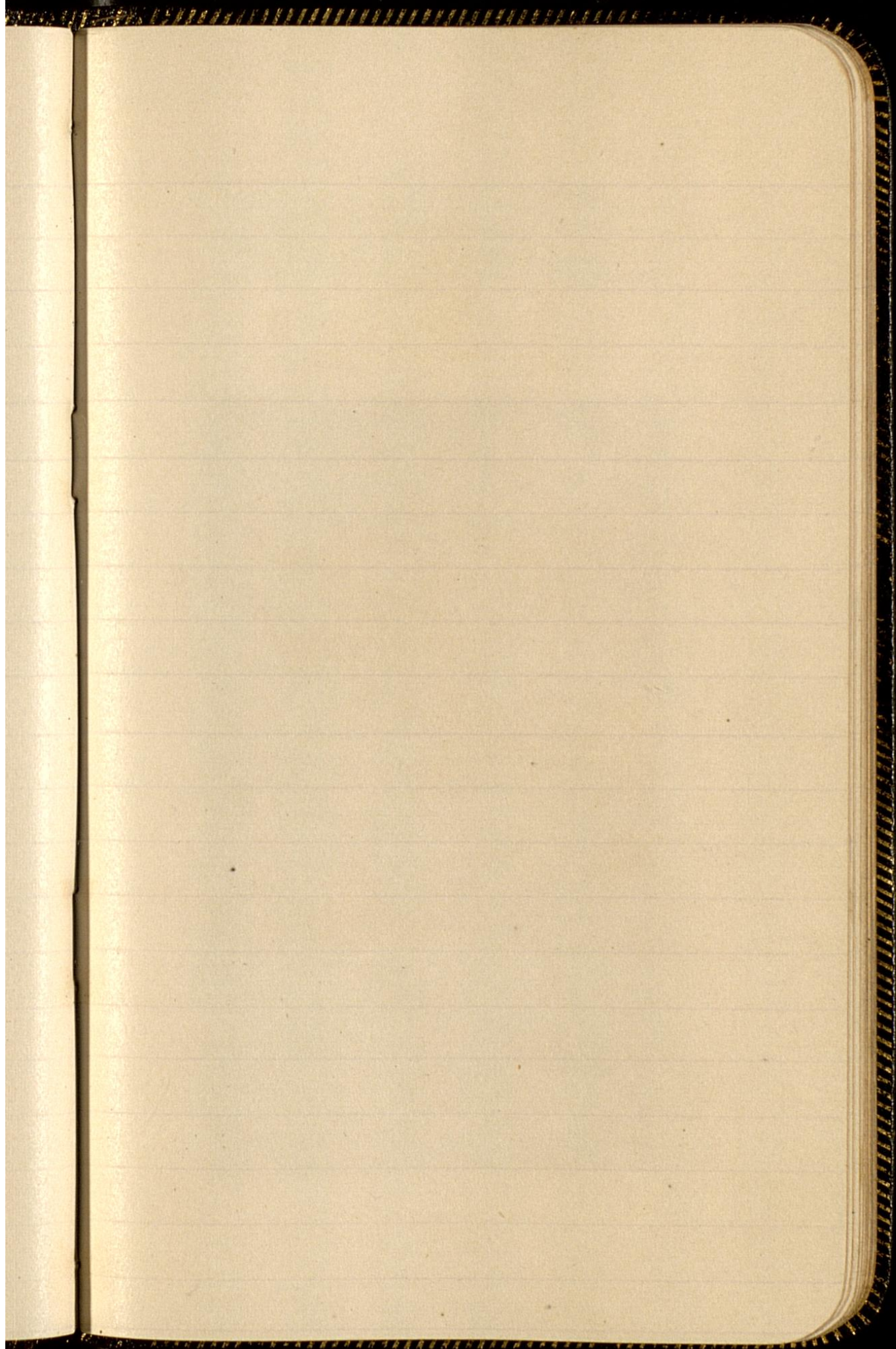
At his father's residence on the State College Grounds Prof. Wm. A. Patterson, son of President J. K. Patterson, aged 27 years. The cause of his death was apendicitis.

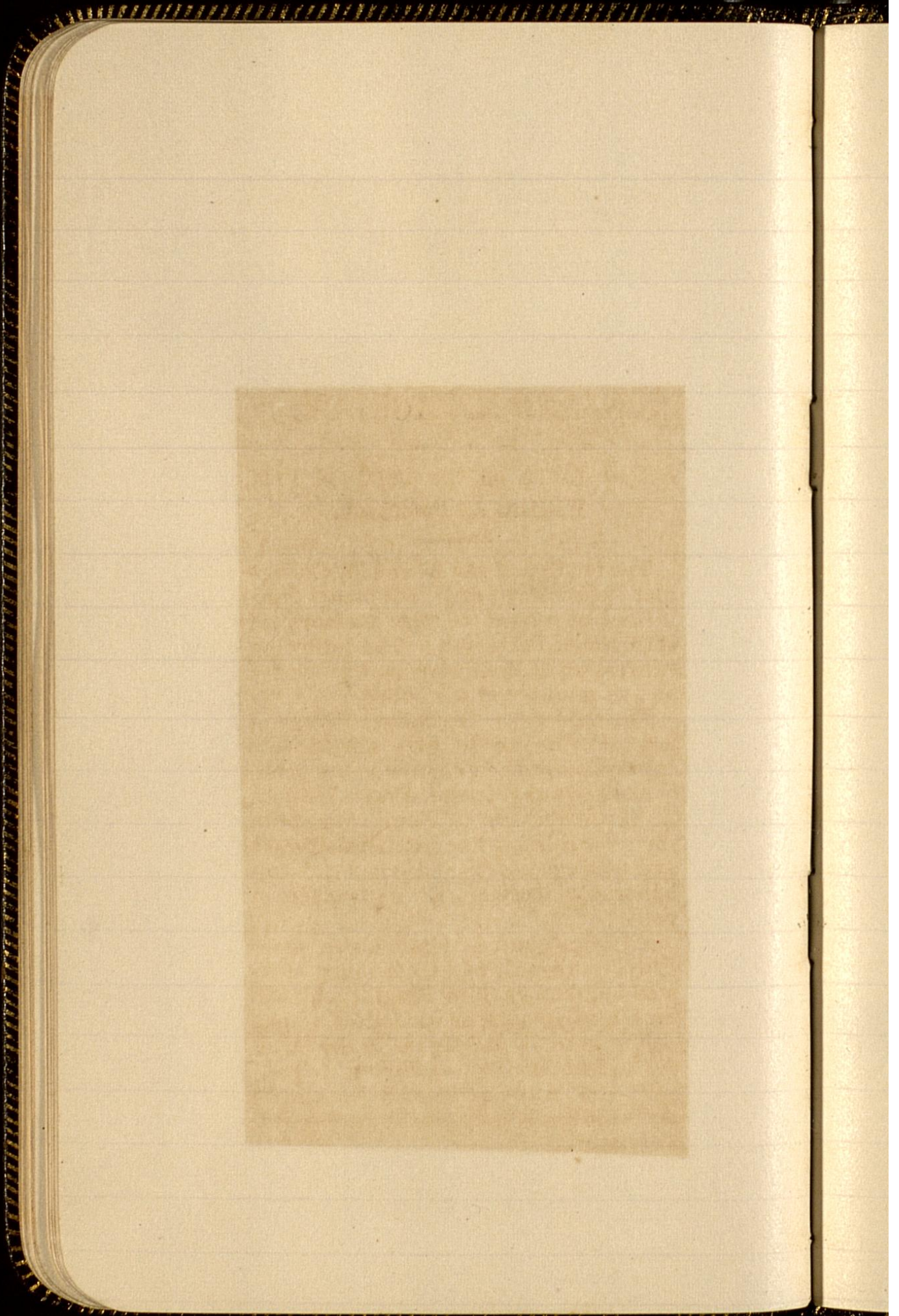
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THE GAZETTE.

WEDNESDAY, - JUNE 5, 1895.







" And when the stream
Which overflowed the soul had passed away,
A consciousness remained that it had left
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images and precious thoughts
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed."

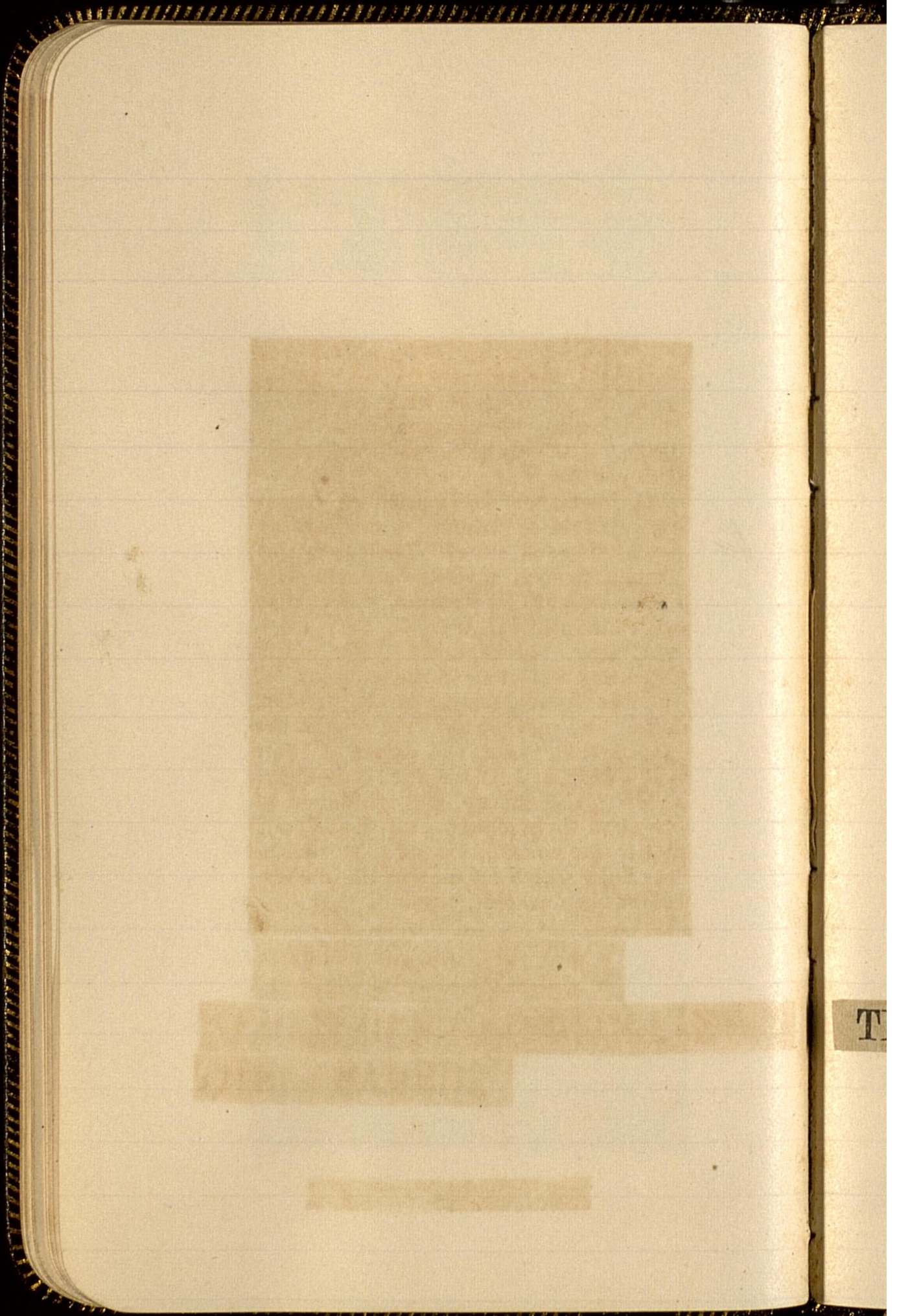
A. AND M. FACULTY.

Action Taken on the Death of Prof. William A. Patterson.

The faculty of the A. and M. College met yesterday and adopted resolutions of respect to the memory of William A. Patterson. The following expression of their sorrow was spread on the minutes of the college:

The faculty of the State College of Kentucky desire to give affectionate expression of their sorrow at the death of their young friend, Prof. William A. Patterson, and to commemorate in their records his fine intellectual gifts and loving heart, and his brief but honorable service as a teacher of youth.

All of us cherished for him a most friendly regard, and from some of us who had known him longest and had been his teachers or his fellow pupils before were his colleagues in the faculty, he had won an enduring friendship and a deep interest in his life and character and opening professional career.



"Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."

We will hold him evermore in sacred and loving memory, and never cease to be touched with the pathos of his trying sickness and his early death. His sun has gone down, while it is yet morning.

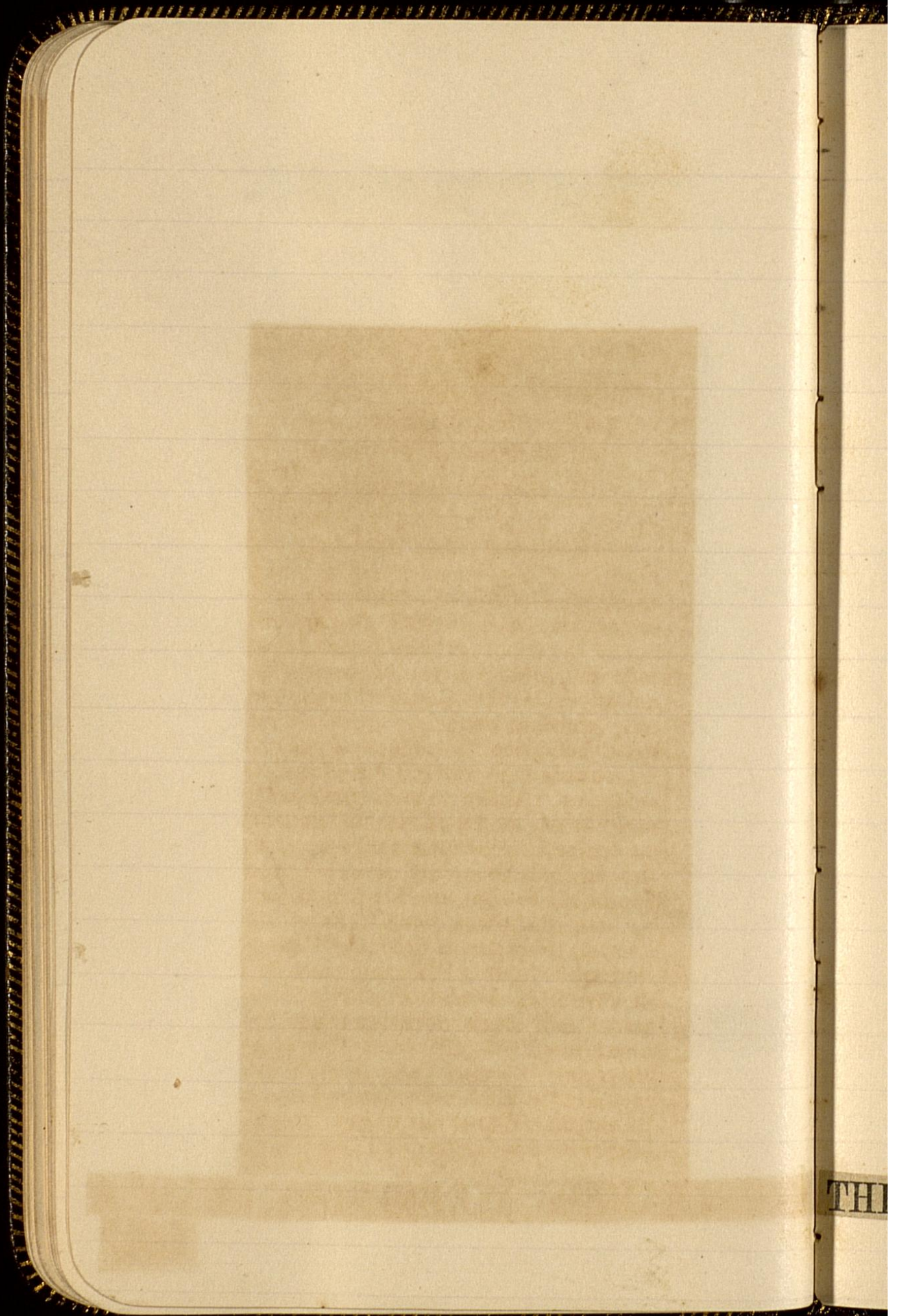
To his father, our presiding officer and cherished friend, what can we say at this sad time? The poverty of human speech forbids an adequate expression of the sympathy we have with him and his wife in this overwhelming bereavement. We stand awed and reverent in the presence of the unutterable sorrow of the stricken father and mother as they mourn the loss of their child, the desire of their souls, and, as best we can, commend them to the mercy and guidance of the Lord their Maker and Redeemer, and to the consolation of that deathless hope which He bids us all to cherish in the darkest hours.

LEXINGTON, KY.,

THE LEADER. WEDNESDAY,

JUNE 5, 1895.

He bides with us—who dies!
He is but lost—who lives!



There is no place where earth's
sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven ;

STATE COLLEGE ALUMNI.

Yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock the alumni of the State College met in Mr. Clay Elkin's office in the Northern Bank building and adopted resolutions on the death of Prof. William A. Patterson. The resolutions were as follows:

Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas, The Association of Alumni of the State College of Kentucky has received with deep sorrow the intelligence of the death of one of its most valued and highly esteemed members, Mr. William A. Patterson, of the class of '89; therefore be it

Resolved, That his memory be cherished by this association on account of his high attainments and his many lovable traits of character which endeared him to all its members.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family as an assurance of our heartfelt sympathy for them in their deep affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the association and published in the city papers.

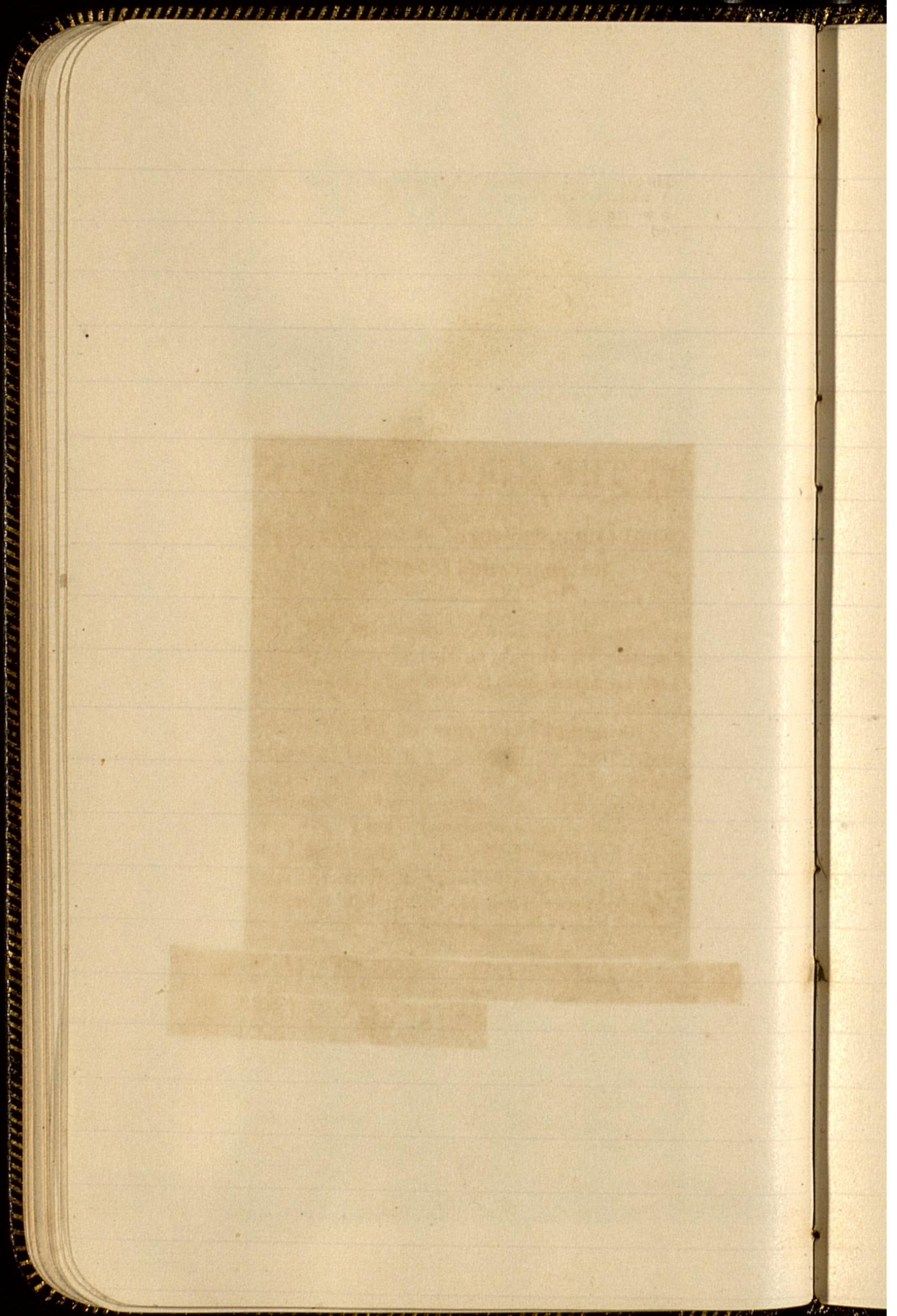
HENRY E. CURTIS, Vice Pres.

HENRY M. GREEN, Secretary.

Lexington, Ky., June 4.

THE LEADER. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5,

1895.



His pure, noble, unselfish, loving spirit still lives, and will be an inspiration to all who knew him. The world will be the better for the short years he lived in it.

AT THE STATE COLLEGE.

Usual Commencement Exercises Will
Be Suspended Thursday.

Prof. R. N. Roark, Secretary of the Faculty of the A. & M. Colleges, sends THE LEADER the following announcement.

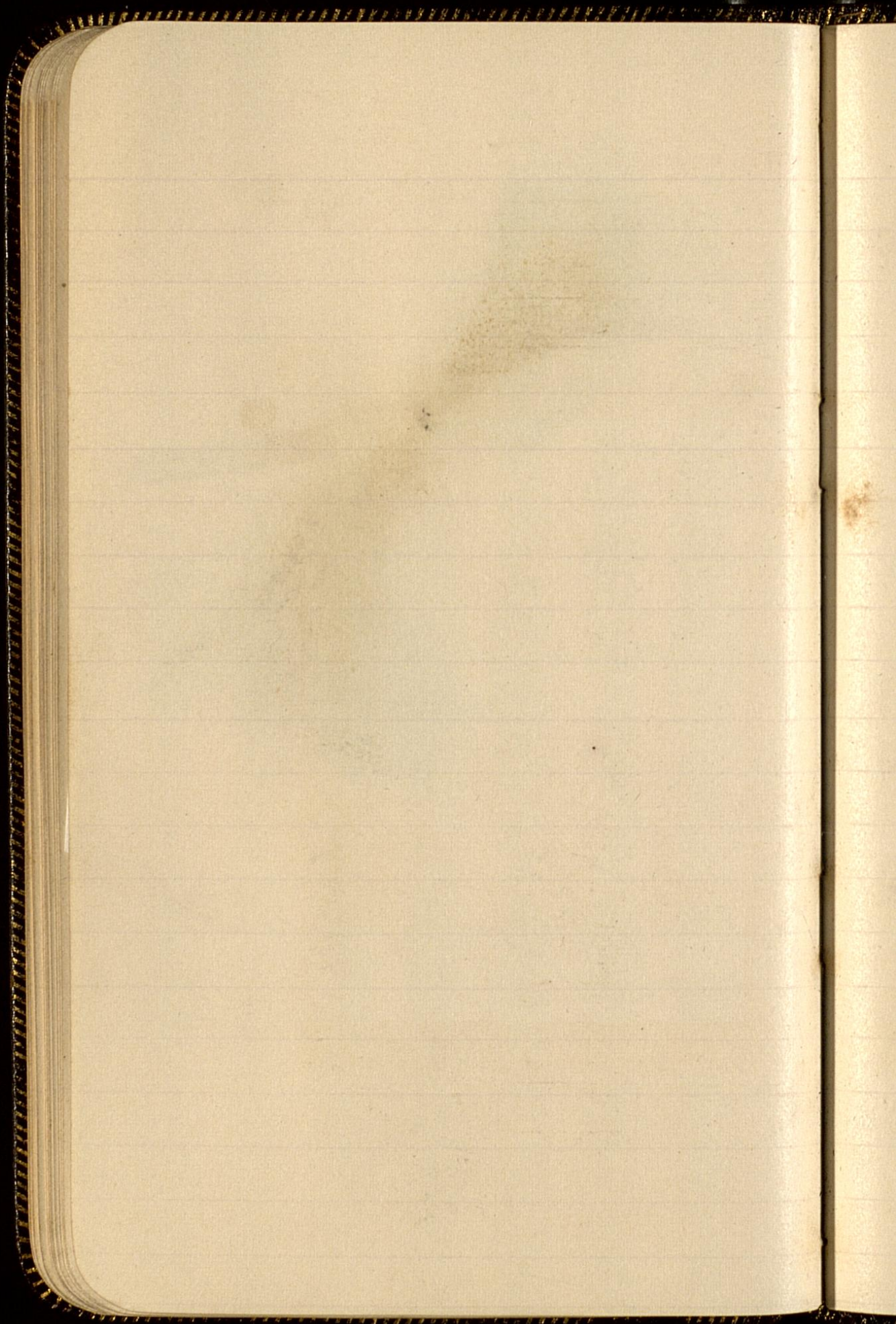
The usual exercises of Commencement Day will be suspended at the State College on Thursday. The honors will be announced, the degrees will be conferred, and the diplomas presented. But there will be no delivery of orations, and no music. The doors will be open to the public at 10 a. m., standard time.

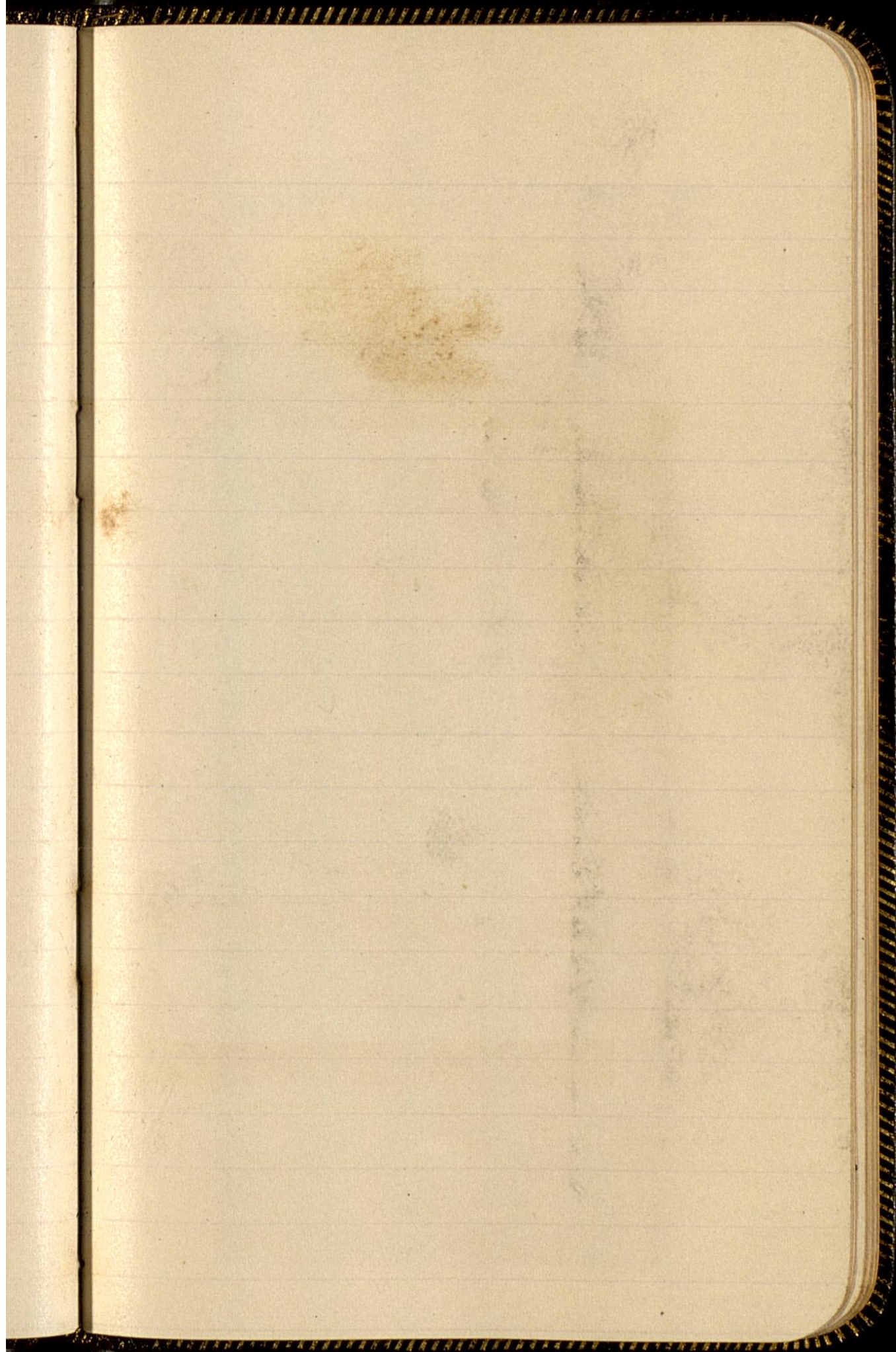
THE LEADER, WEDNESDAY,

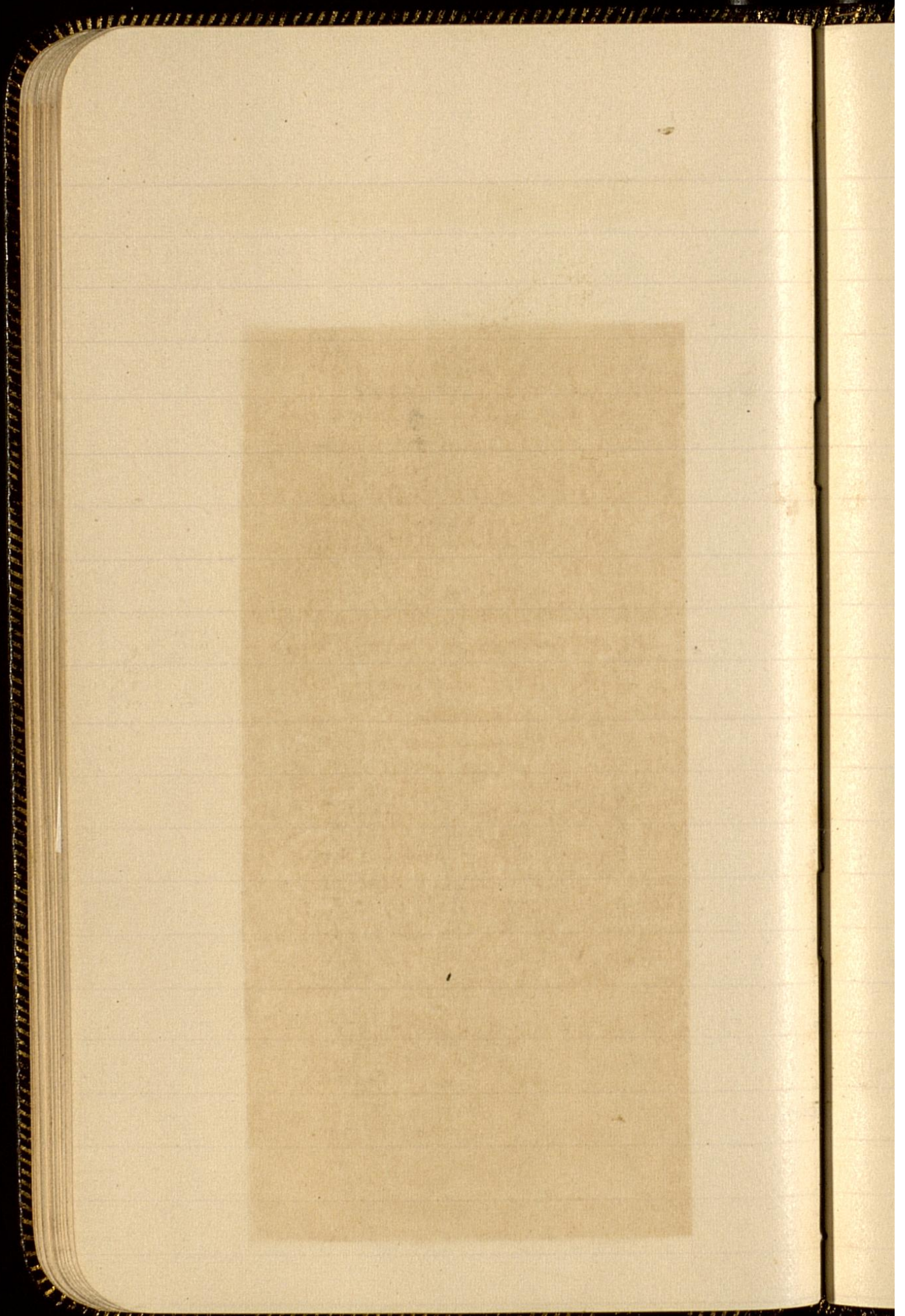
JUNE 5 1895.











"We asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest it, even length of days forever and ever."

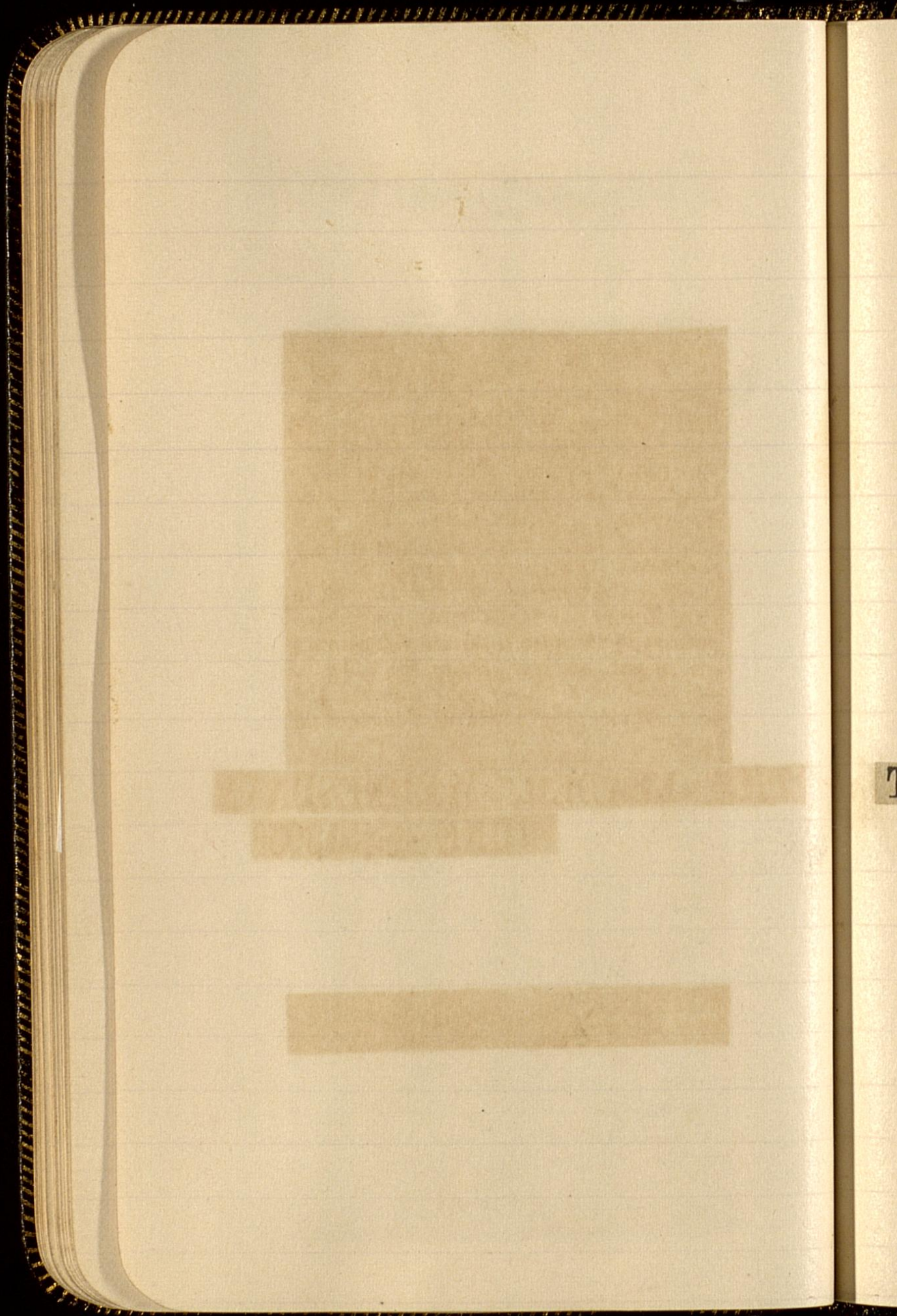
LAST SAD RITES.

Funeral of William A. Patterson This Morning.

Plain and Impressive Services at The
First Presbyterian Church—Pro-
fuse Floral Offerings—Pall
Bearers.

The funeral of William A. Patterson took place this morning at 10:30 from the First Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Bartlett being assisted by Prof. John W. Shackelford of State College. The pall-bearers were Profs. J. Louis Logan, J. H. Kastle, J. H. Neville, James White, Munsey, Anderson, Dr. Alfred M. Peter and Capt. Swigert.

The funeral procession, as it entered the church, was a most impressive one. Following the flower-laden casket, and next to Dr. Bartlett and Prof. Shackelford, came the members of the board of trustees, then the faculty in a body, and after the family, and close friends the students. After a touchingly beautiful prayer by Prof.



Father, in Thy gracious keeping

Shackleford, "The Lord My Shepherd Is," was sung by a quartette of male voices, without the organ, the rich, deep basso of Mr. C. F. Croxton forming the accompaniment. Others of the quartette were: Prof. R. L. Blanton, Mr. Frank Croxton and Charles Reynolds. "Jesus Lead Us" and "Rock of Ages" were also touchingly rendered.

After the services at the church, a long line of carriages containing sympathizing friends, followed in solemn procession to our beautiful City of the Dead, and there the silent form was left sleeping beneath a mound of flowers.

THE LEADER, WEDNESDAY

JUNE 5, 1895.

And we lift our wistful eyes
To the land where beyond the winter snows
Another summer lies.

TH

Till morning's joy shall end the night
of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in
cloudless love.

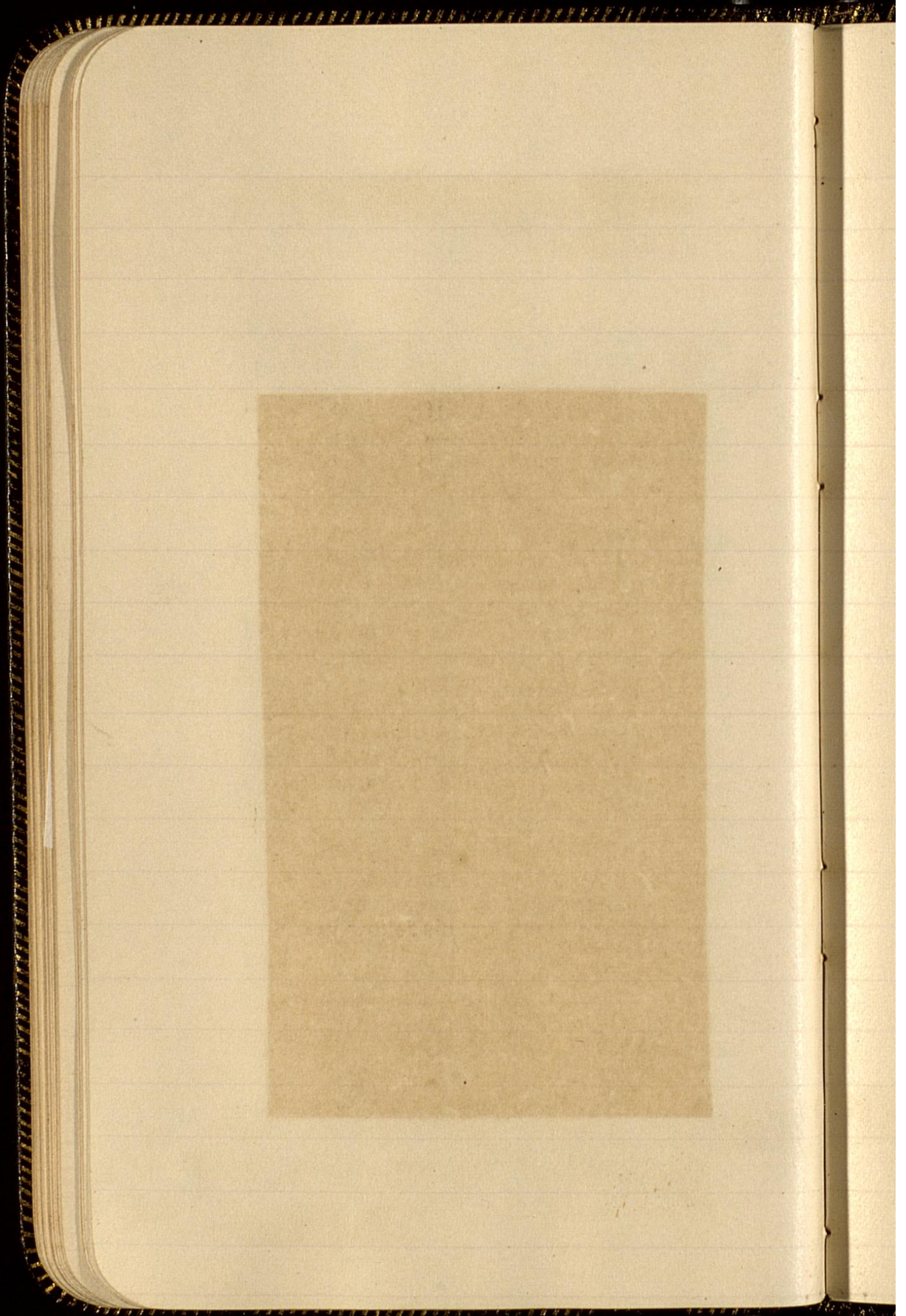
IN THE FLOWER OF HIS YOUTH.

WILLIAM A. Patterson, only son of James K. Patterson, president of the State College of Kentucky, died at the home of his parents in Lexington on June 3d, from the result of an operation rendered necessary by appendicitis. He was born in 1868. His education began early, not from books or schools, but from personal and intimate association with his father, who imparted to him while yet a child habits of thought, a large store of information, and a command of language far beyond his years. He graduated B.S. in 1889. The following year he went abroad with his parents, returning in 1891. Historic scenery in Scotland, England, France, Italy and Germany, Culloden, Bosworth Field, Waterloo, Leipsic greatly interested him. Paris and Rome especially were often in his thoughts, and it was the fondest hope of his life to revisit them. He had made special studies of logic, metaphysics, English literature, history, and the French language. In 1892 he was appointed assistant in English literature, and in 1894 assistant to his father in the department of civil history. His ability to communicate knowledge was equal to his facility in acquisition. He exhibited the beauties of the English classics, and seized upon the great facts in historical development with equal grace and power. The accuracy of his knowledge, as well as its comprehensiveness, surprised even those who knew him best. With the operations of the great campaigners of the French revolutionary epoch, of the American Civil War, and of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, his familiarity was almost marvelous. In natural endowments, varied attainments, strong analytical powers, cultivated taste, delicate sensibility, and a keen sense of humour, few were his equals. Unfailing in courtesy, amiable, gentle, generous and manly, his friendship was sought, and his company enjoyed, by all who knew him. He had strong, intelligent, quiet faith in Christianity. His untimely death leaves a vacancy which cannot be filled. To his father and mother he was son, brother, friend.

THE SCOTTISH-AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY,

JUNE 12, 1895.



“ Grant him, O Lord, eternal peace, and may light perpetual rest upon him.”

RESOLUTIONS

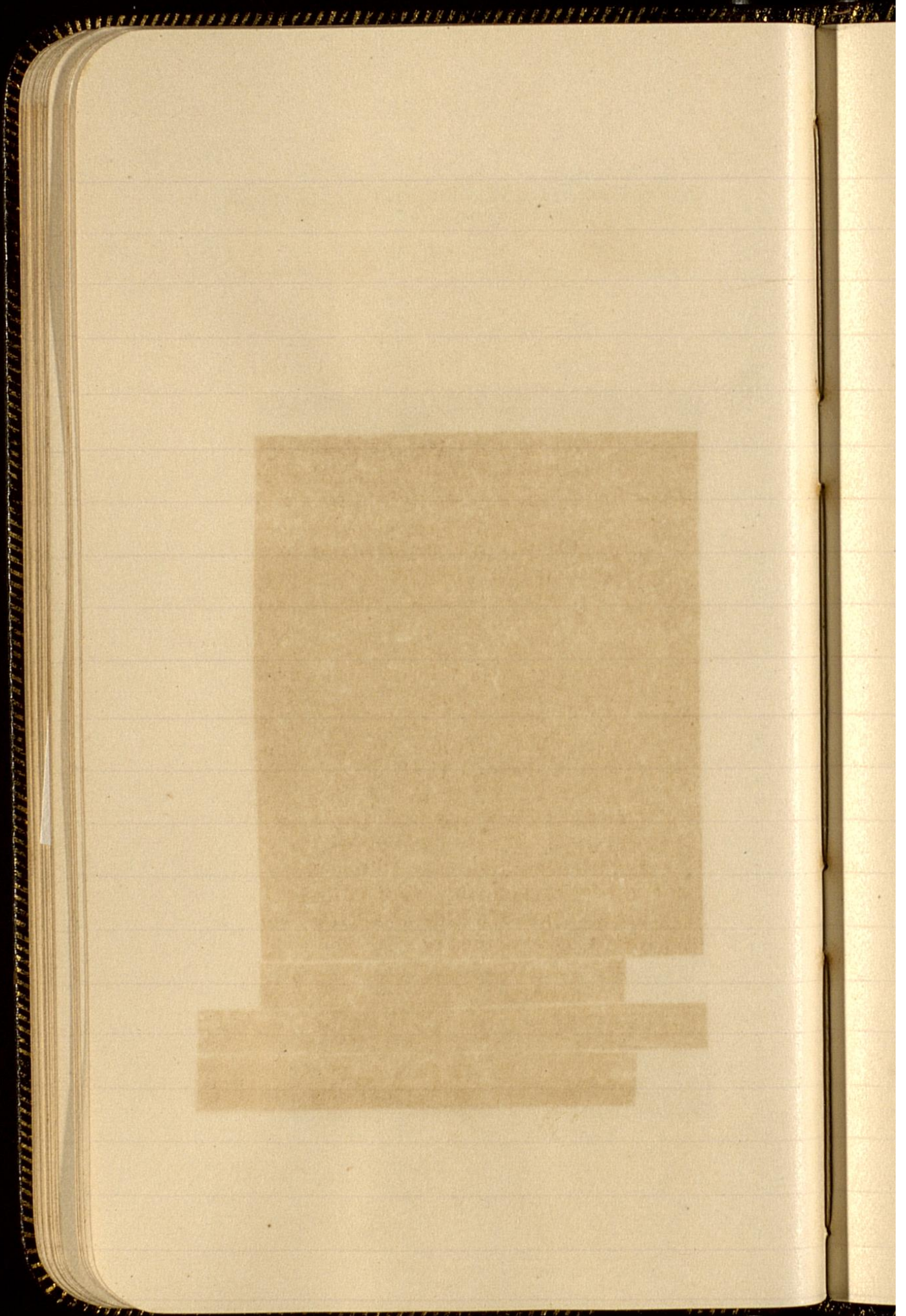
Of Respect Adopted by the State College
Faculty:

The faculty of the State College adopted the following resolutions of respect in memory of the late Wm. A. Patterson :

The faculty of the State College of Kentucky desire to give affectionate expression of their sorrow at the death of their young friend, Prof. William A. Patterson, and to commemorate in their records his fine intellectual gifts and loving heart, and his brief but honorable service as a teacher of youth.

All of us cherished for him a most friendly regard, and from some of us who had known him longest and had been his teachers or his fellow pupils before were his colleagues in the faculty, he had won an enduring friendship and a deep interest in his life and character and opening professional career.

We will hold him evermore in sacred and loving memory, and never



" Not so much even as the lifting of a latch,
Only a step into the open air;
Out of a tent already luminous,
With light that shone through its transparent
walls."

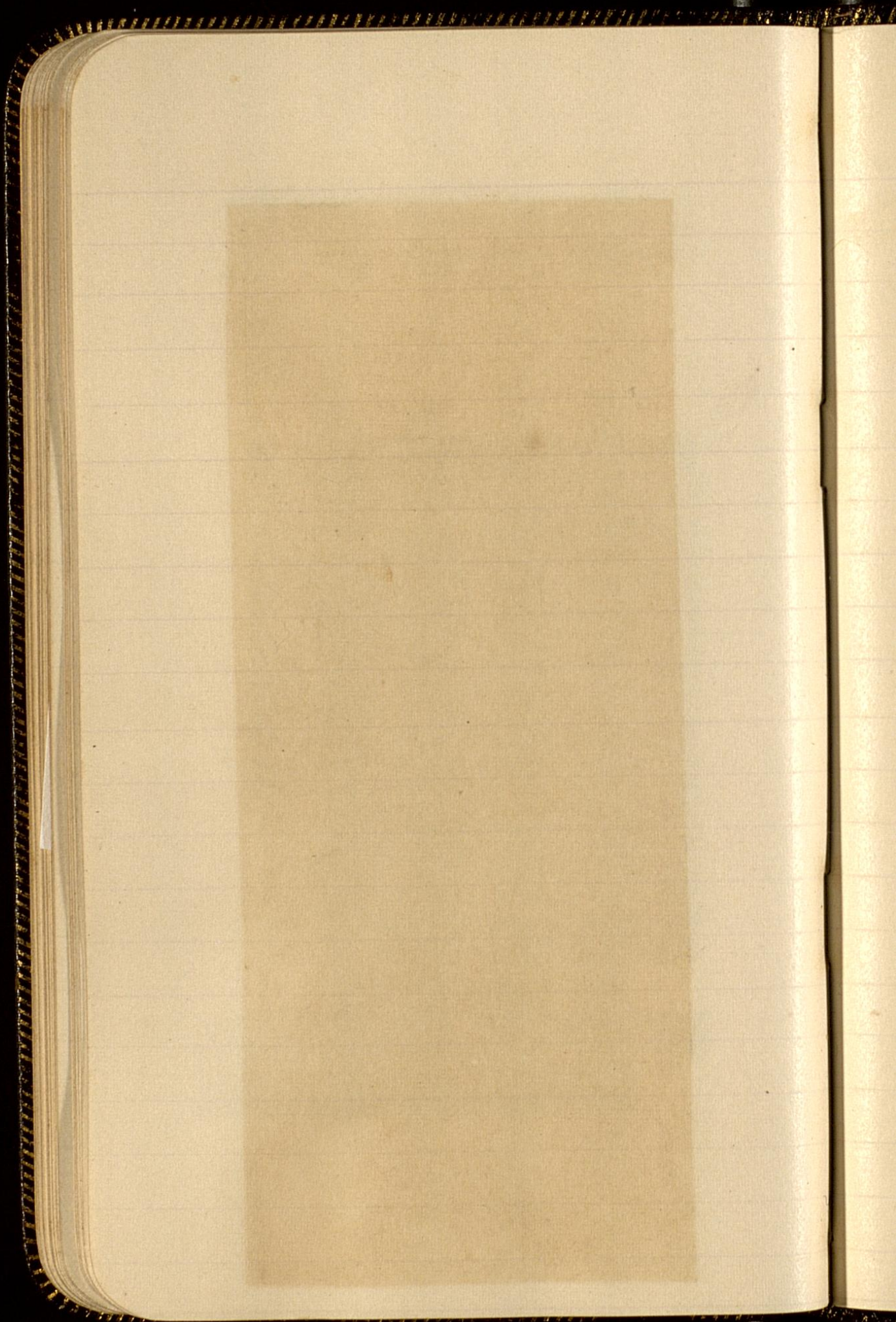
cease to be touched with the pathos of his trying sickness and his early death. His sun has gone down, while it is yet morning.

To his father, our presiding officer and cherished friend, what can we say at this sad time? The poverty of human speech forbids an adequate expression of the sympathy we have with him and his wife in this overwhelming bereavement. We stand awed and reverent in the presence of the unutterable sorrow of the stricken father and mother as they mourn the loss of their child, the desire of their souls, and, as best we can, commend them to the mercy and guidance of the Lord their Maker and Redeemer, and to the consolation of that deathless hope which He bids us all to cherish in the darkest hours.

LEXINGTON KY.,

THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1895.

PRESS-TRANSCRIPT



'I thank my God upon every remembrance of you.'

IN MEMORIAM.

William Andrew Patterson.

William Andrew Patterson, only son of James K. Patterson, President of the State State College of Kentucky died at the home of his parents in this city on the 3rd ult.

On the Saturday preceeding his death he submitted to an operation for appendicitis, a disease from which he had suffered for years. For twenty-four hours afterward strong hopes were entertained of his recovery, but his vitality was not equal to the demand upon it and he sank rapidly, passing away without a struggle.

He was born in 1868 and bore the names of two of his uncles, brothers of his father, who were associated with the latter in the management of Transylvania High School, William dying in 1862 and Andrew in 1863. His education began early not from books, but from intimate personal association with his father, whose constant companion he was and by whom was imparted to him while yet a child habits of thought, varied information and a command of language far beyond his years. He graduated B. S. in 1889 and in the following year went abroad with his father and mother, returning in 1891. While in Germany and afterward in England he had repeated attacks of the malady which ended his life. An eminent physician in London, head of the Finsbury hospital when consulted in regard to the advisability of an operation said: "Don't operate on the lad, with care he will recover. Let an operation be the last resort." During the first seven months of his absence he was buoyant with exhilaration and enjoyment. He explored Paris, Rome and London, seeing

more of their attractions and entering more fully into their historical and antiquarian associations than most young men of twenty-two. Culloden, Bosworth Field, Waterloo, Leipsic, and other places made famous by great deeds inspired him with an enthusiasm and a pathos difficult to describe. On Bosworth field within a stone cast of Richard's well he repeated a considerable part of Shakespeare's Richard III and Edgar's fine description of the meeting of Richard and Richmond.

On his return home he made special studies of Logic, French, English Literature and General History, and was appointed Assistant Professor of English in the State College in 1892 and of History in 1894. His attainments in these astonished even those who knew his wonderful facility in acquisition and his tenacity in retaining what he had gotten. In logic he read and mastered everything within his reach—Hamilton, Jevons, Bowen, McCosh, Thomson Mansel, and amused himself at intervals with a projected review of Calderwood's Philosophy of the Conditioned. In French he had acquired such a remarkable command of the niceties of construction that he wrote it with eloquence and conversed in it with accuracy and fluency. His ability to communicate in the class room was equal to his facility in acquisition. He exhibited the beauties of the English classics with strength and grace and seized upon and illustrated the great epochs of historical development with keen insight and power. Of the operations of the great military movements of the French Revolution, of the American Civil war and the Franco-Prussian war, his knowledge was accurate and extensive.

Some months prior to the beginning of his last illness he began in deference to the wishes of his father, the study of law. At

first he had little liking for it. But by degrees his indifference wore away, and the verbal analyses with which he was accustomed to entertain his father and mother after the completion of his self allotted lessons, showed the thoroughness and intelligence with which he grasped its principles and did his work.

During the last five or six years his mental faculties developed to a remarkable degree. His power of close and accurate reasoning, his capacity for acquiring and the tenacity with which he retained all he acquired, gave promise of reputation in the near future.

With all his great powers and acquirements, his modesty was most conspicuous, never parading his knowledge or his gifts. With his intimate friends he was a delightful companion. His strong analytical powers, cultivated taste, delicate sensibility, keen sense of humor and large and varied information, made his friendship sought and his company enjoyed by all who knew him. Though impulsive and quick to resent he was generous to forgive. A few days before his death he remarked to his mother in reference to a quarrel with a person to whom he had been much attached, "If I get well, I will go some evening to see —, I will say to him, I did you wrong and you did me wrong, but I want you to be my friend." There was no element of malignity or vindictiveness in his composition. He had given much attention to the problems of life, had examined the postulates on which naturalism and agnosticism rest and was satisfied of their utter insufficiency. He had a strong, positive and intelligent faith in God and in Christ. On the last occasion when Rev. Dr. Bartlett visited him, the conversation turned upon Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief." He

commented upon one of its remarkable passages with an intelligence, a vigor and a clearness which showed the drift of his thoughts and the earnestness of his convictions. His untimely death leaves a desolate home. For years his parents had lived for him and hoped that he would survive to perpetuate their lineage and their name. But He who orders all things has determined otherwise. A blessed memory is all that is left to them.

“Simple as unweaned infancy, and pure
Pure from all stain—save that of human
clay
Which Christ’s atoning blood hath washed
away,
By mortal sufferings now no more op-
posed
Mount sinless spirit to thy destined rest.”

LEXINGTON OBSERVER.
LEXINGTON, : KENTUCKY.

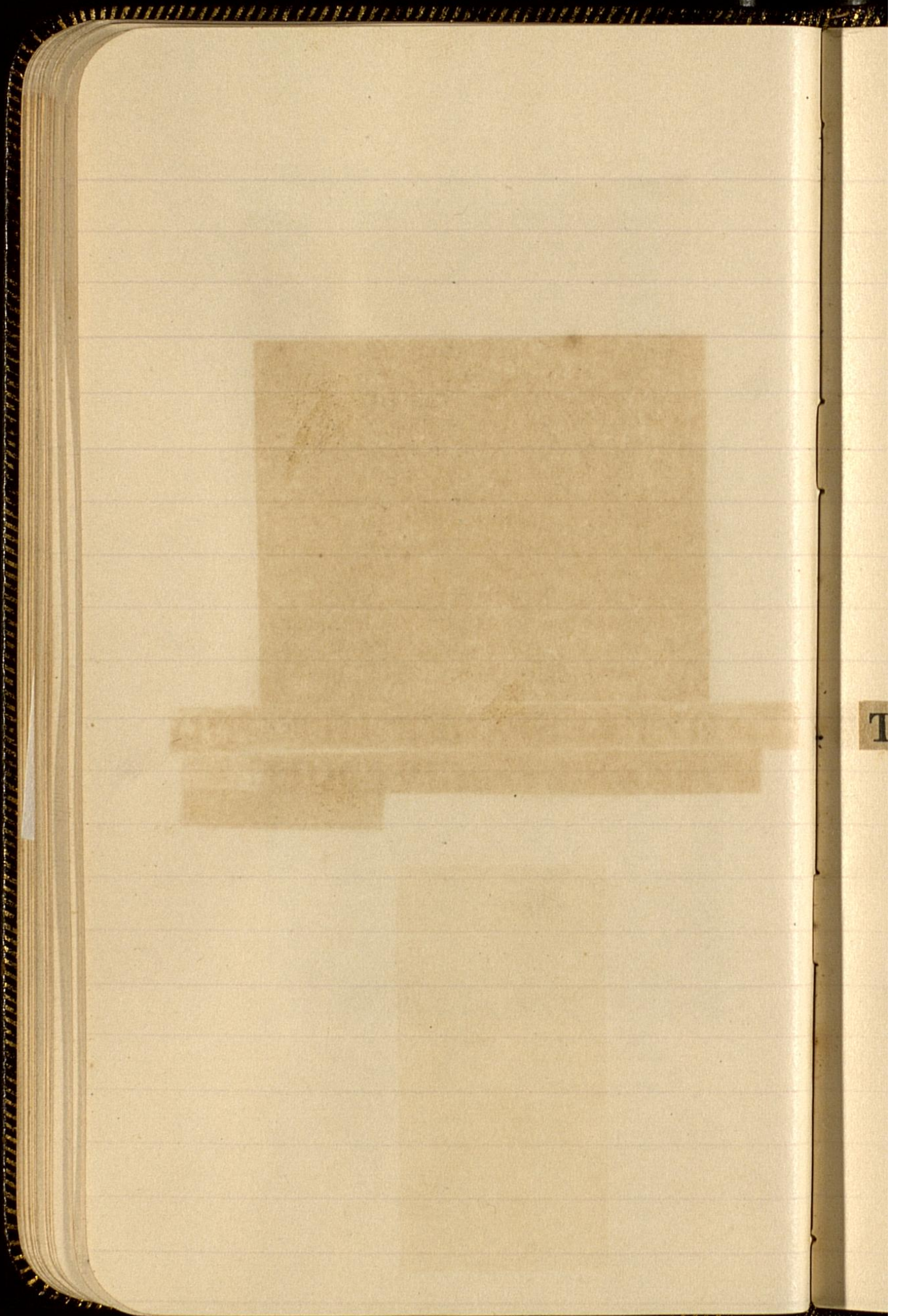
"And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

TO HIS LAST SLEEP.

FUNERAL OF WM. A. PATTERSON
YESTERDAY.

Services Conducted By Dr. Barlette and
Prof. John Shackelford---College
Faculty Adopts Resolutions.

The funeral services over the remains of the late Prof. William A. Patterson were held yesterday morning at 10:30 in the First Presbyterian Church, the regular pastor, Rev. W. F. V. Bartlett, being assisted by Prof. John W. Shackelford, of the State College faculty, and in whose department of English the deceased was assistant professor.



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The funeral was attended by the faculty and members of the Board of Trustees in a body. The pall-bearers were Profs. J. Louis Logan, J. H. Kastle, J. H. Neville, James White, Munsey, F. Paul Anderson, Dr. Alfred M. Peter and Capt. Swigert. The members of the choir were Prof. C. F. Croxton, Prof. R. L. Blanton, Frank Croxton and Charles Reynolds.

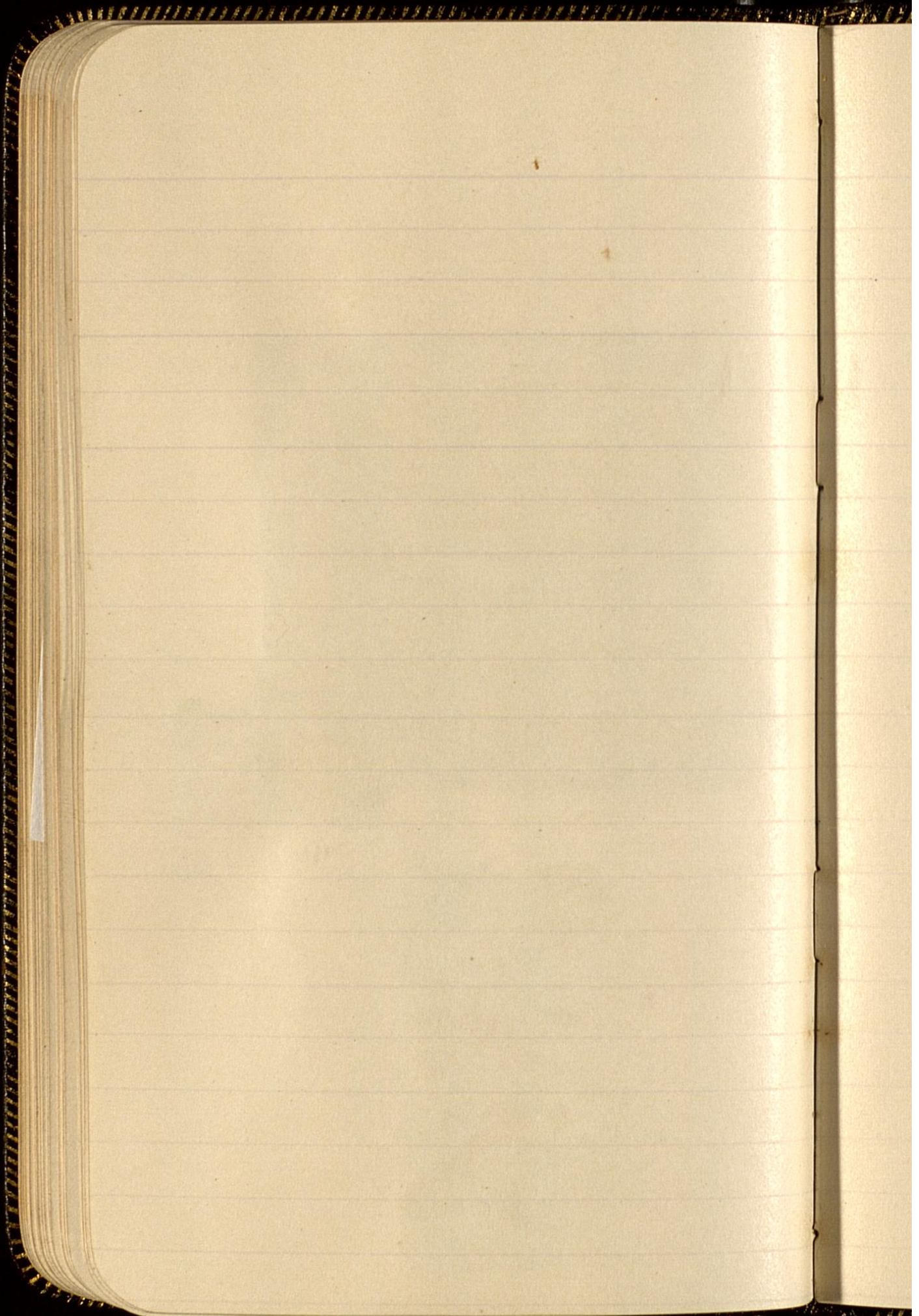
The long line of carriages which attended the remains to the cemetery testified the esteem and affection in which the deceased was held by his friends.

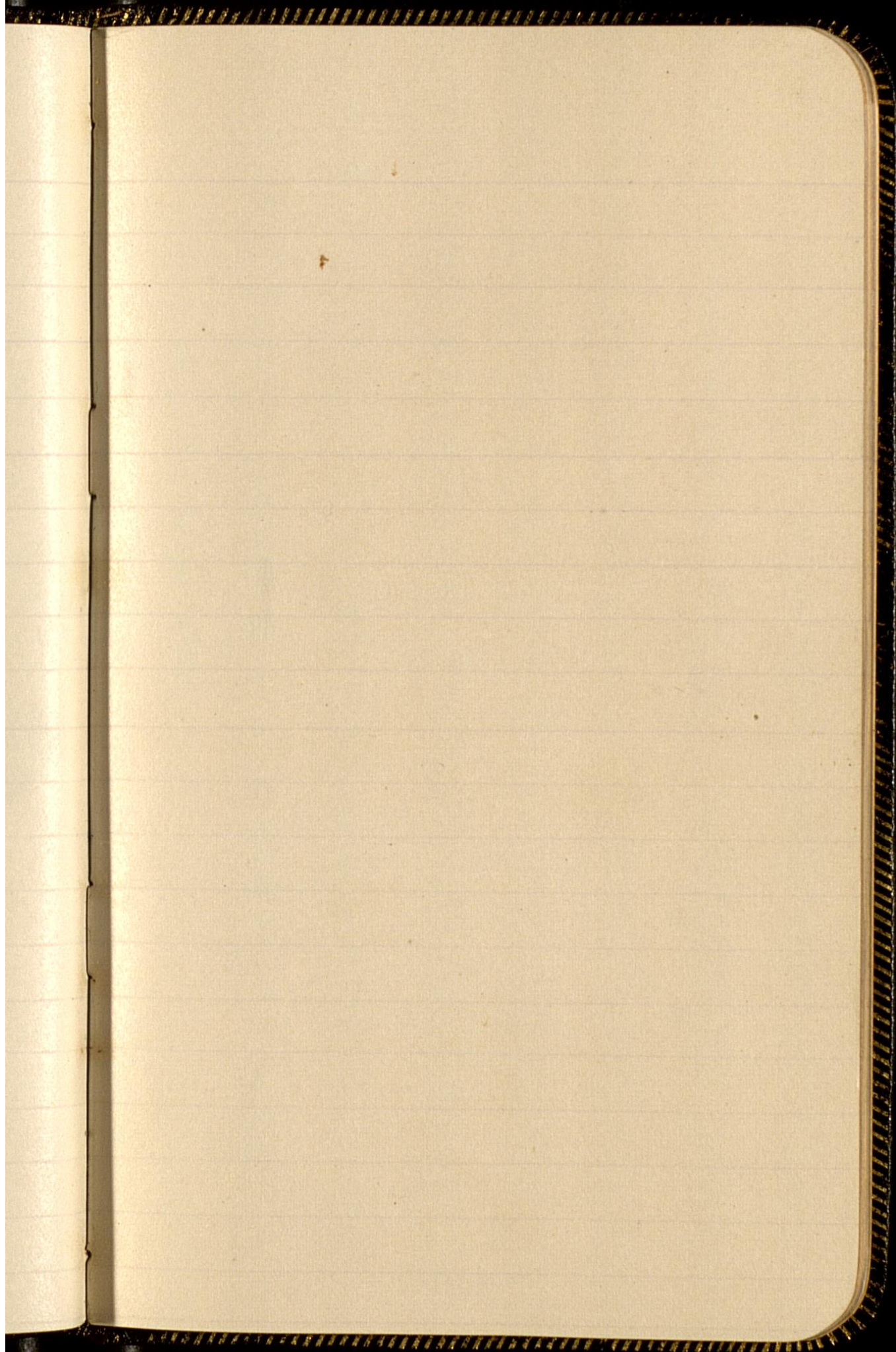
THE PRESS-TRANSCRIPT.

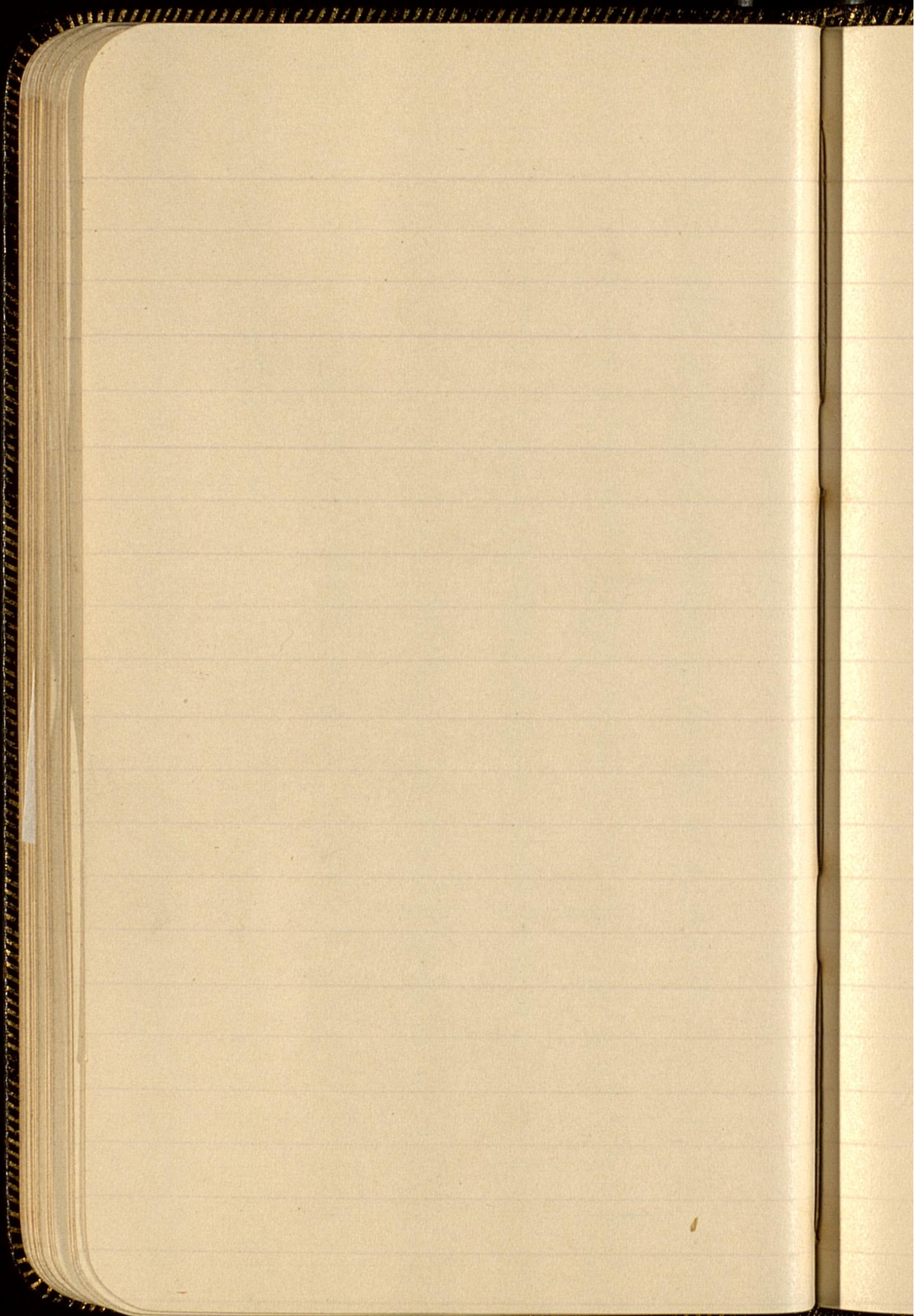
THURSDAY, JUNE 6 1895

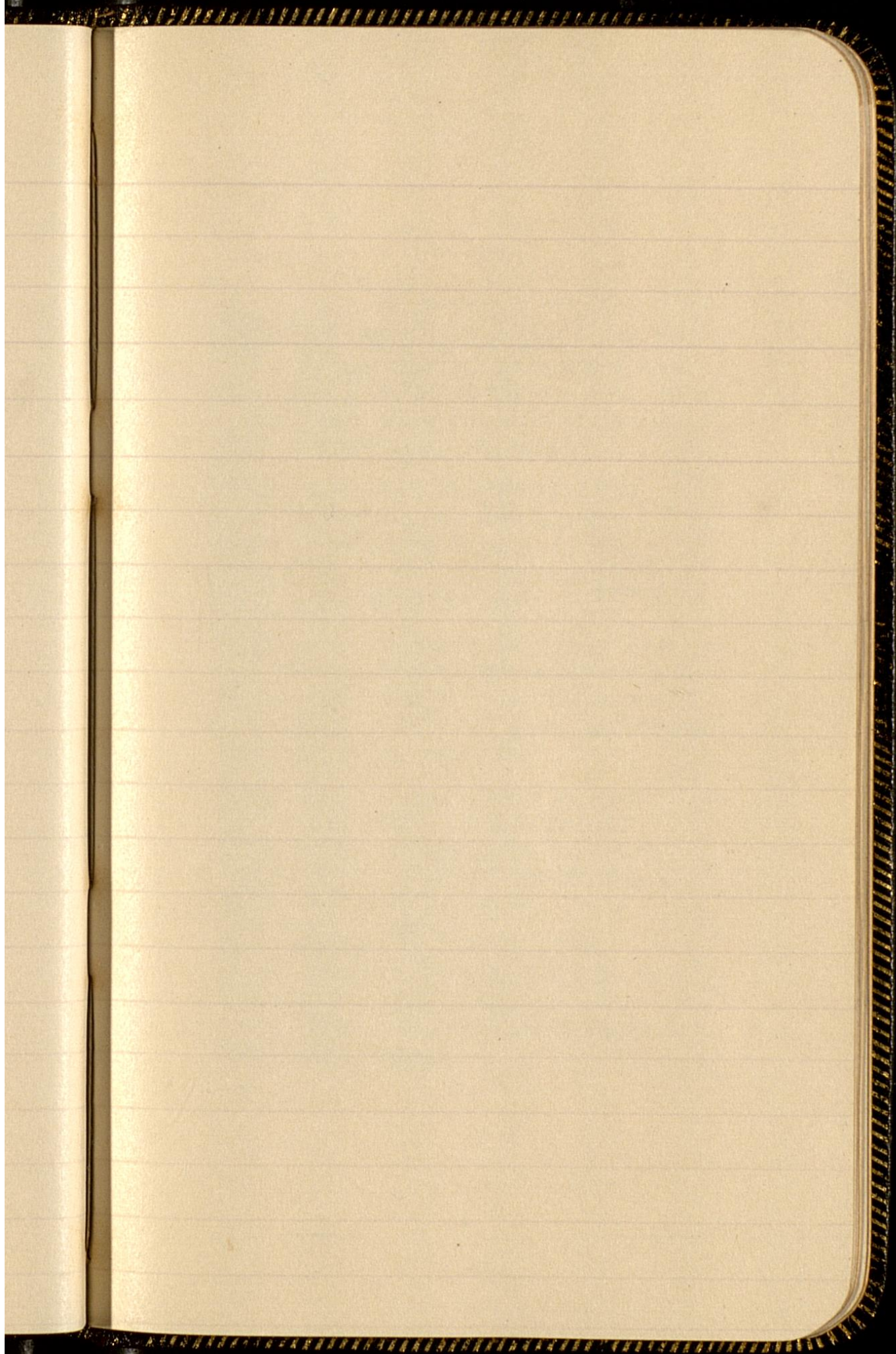
Lexington, Ky

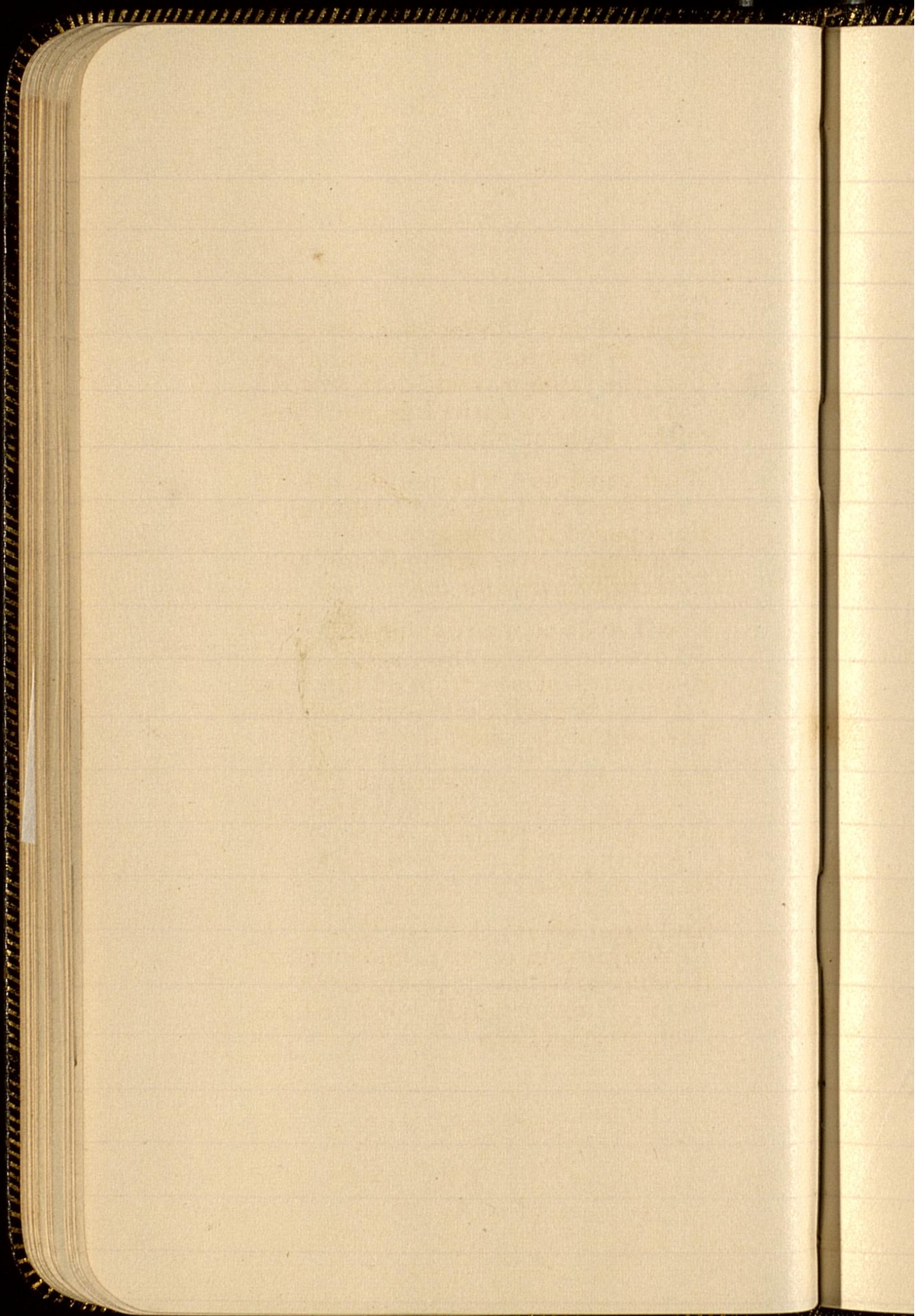
O MERCIFUL God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life; in whom whosoever believeth, shall live, though he die; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in him, shall not die eternally; who also hath taught us, by his holy Apostle Saint Paul, not to be sorry, as men without hope for those who sleep in him; We humbly beseech thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness; that, when we shall depart this life, we may rest in him; and that, at the general Resurrection in the last day, we may be found acceptable in thy sight; and receive that blessing, which thy well-beloved Son shall then pronounce to all who love and fear thee, saying, Come, ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world. Grant this, we beseech thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer. Amen. *I Heris Invenit nul W*











WHAT can I do for thee, Beloved,
Whose feet so little while ago
Trod the same wayside dust with mine,
And now, up paths I do not know,
Speed, without sound or sign.

What can I do? The perfect life,
All fresh and fair and beautiful,
Has opened its wide arms to thee;
Thy cup is over brimmed and full;
Nothing remains for me.

I used to do so many things,—
Love thee, chide thee, and caress;
Brush little straws from off thy way,
Tempering with my poor tenderness
The heat of thy short day.

Not much, but very sweet to give;
And it is grief of griefs to bear
That all these ministeries are o'er,
And thou so happy love elsewhere,
Never can need me more.

And can I do for thee but this
(Working on blindly, knowing not
If I may give thee pleasure so):
Out of my own dull, burdened lot
I can arise and ago

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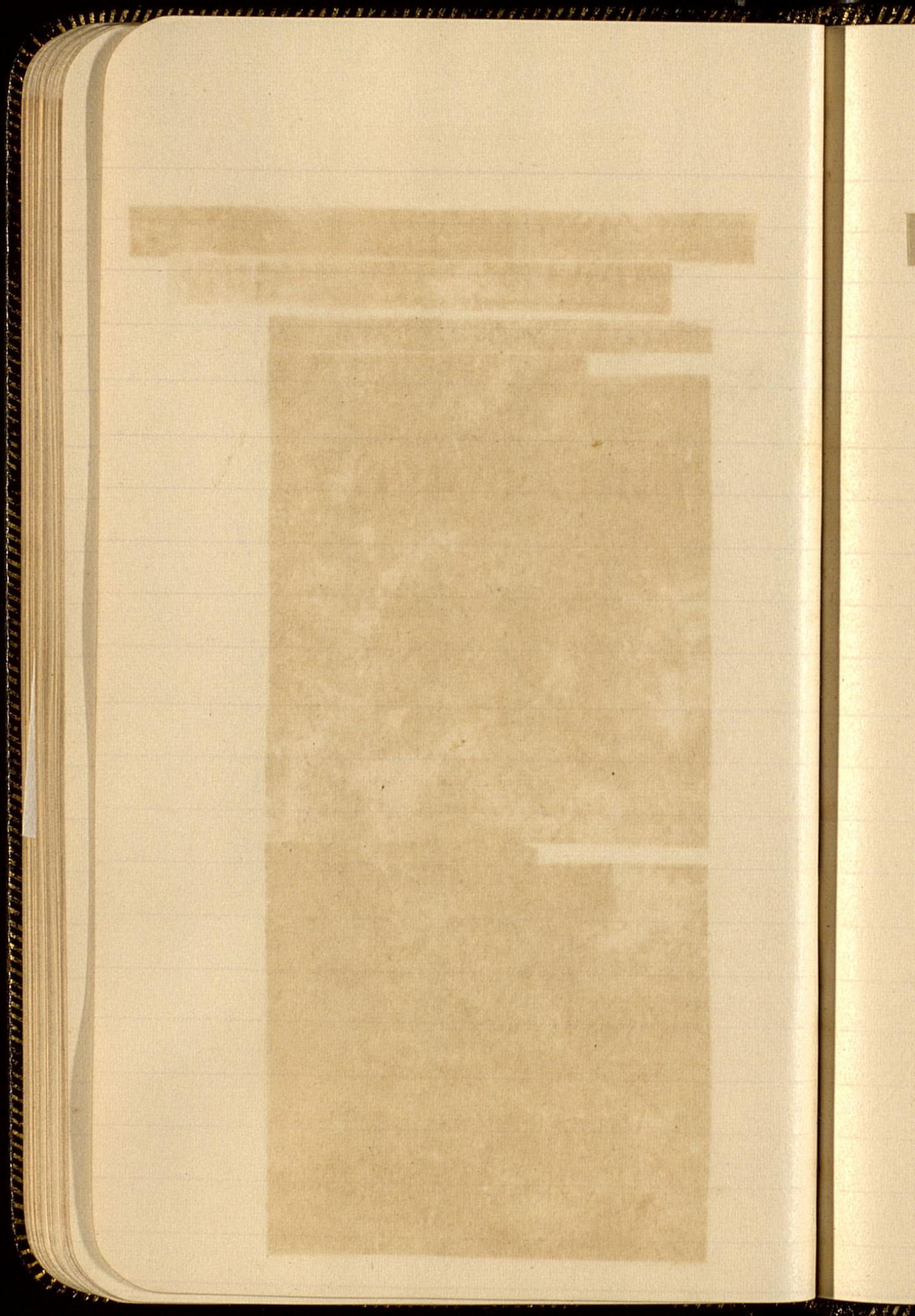
To sadder lives and darker homes,
A messenger, dear heart, from thee,
Who wast on earth a comforter,
And say to those who welcome me,
I am sent forth by thee.

Feeling, the while, how good it is
To do thy errands thus, and think
It may be in the blue far space,
Thou watchest from the heaven's brink,—
A smile upon thy face.

And when the day's work ends with day,
And star eyed-evening, stealing in,
Waves a cool hand to flying noon.
And restless, surging thoughts begin,
Like sad bells out of tune,

I'll pray : "Dear Lord, to whose great love
Nor bound nor limit line is set,
Give to my darling, I implore,
Some new, sweet joy not tasted yet,
For I can give no more."

And with the words, my thoughts shall climb,
With following feet the heavenly stair
Up which thy steps so lately sped,
And, seeing thee so happy there,
Come back half comforted.



"There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
There will sorrows ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given."

THE PRESS-TRANSCRIPT.

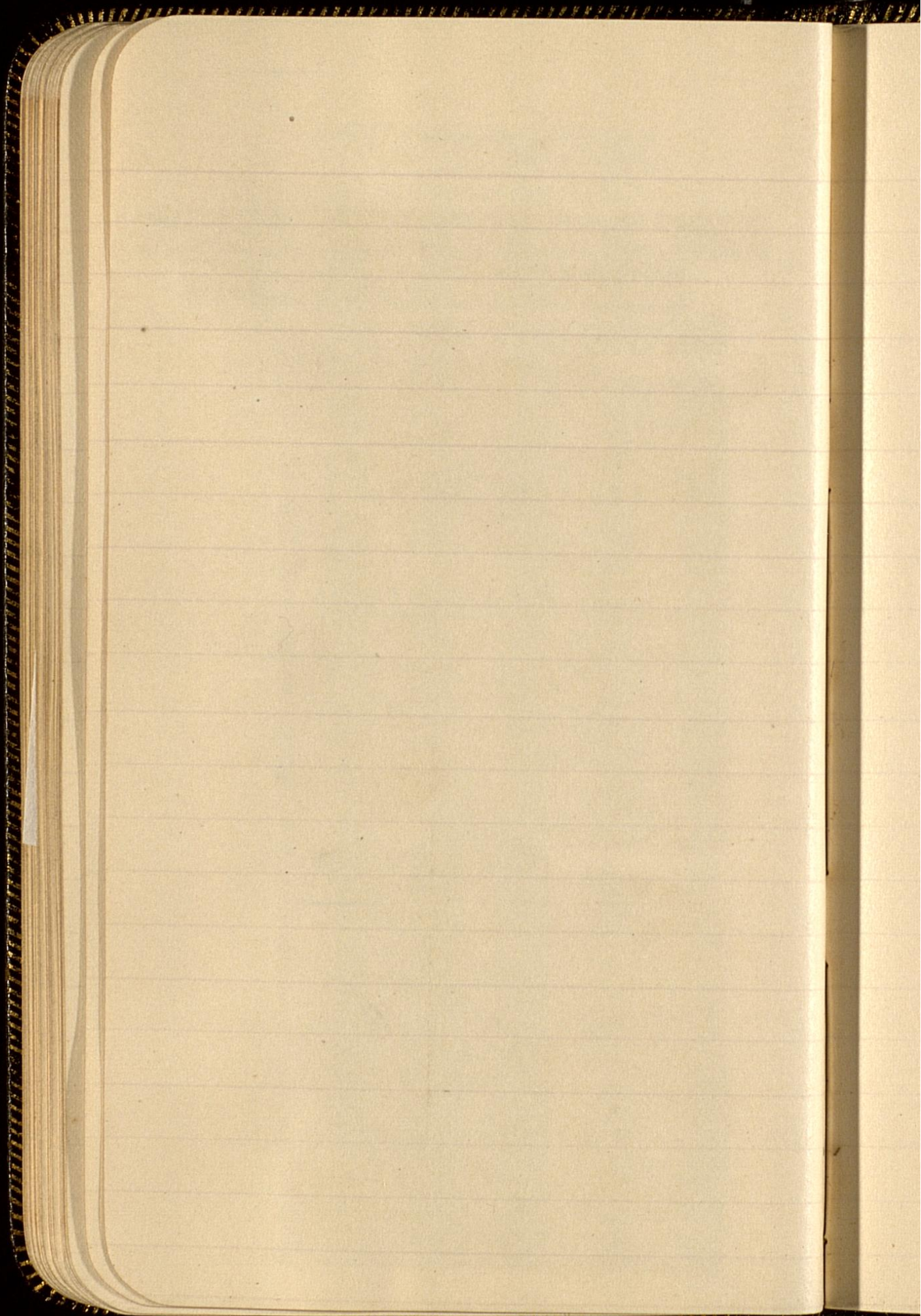
FRIDAY, JUNE 7 1895

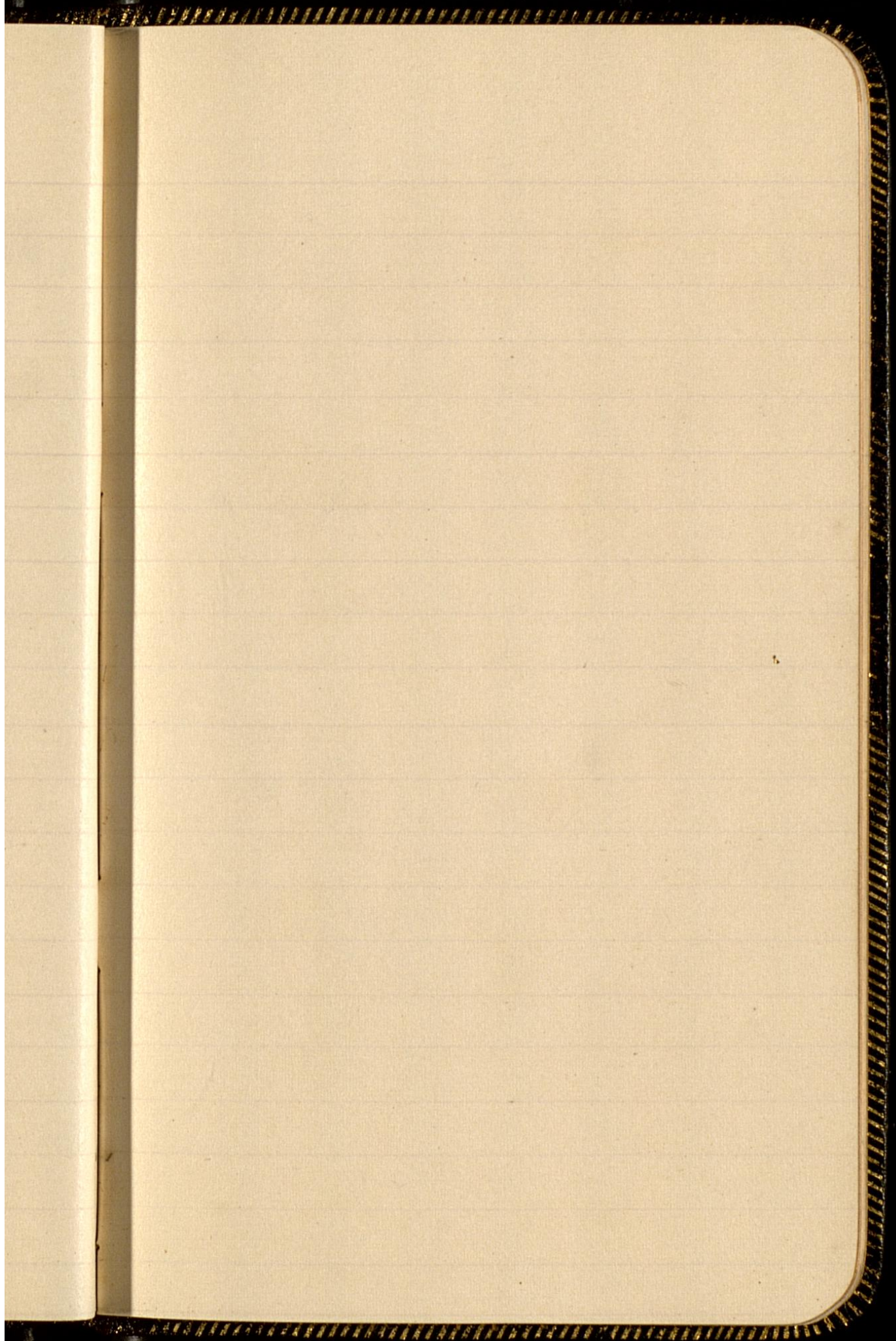
Yesterday witnessed the last of the commencement exercises of the State College. The latter were brief, and throughout their continuance an impressive consciousness remained with pupils and spectators of the recent great sorrow which has fallen upon the revered president and his wife.

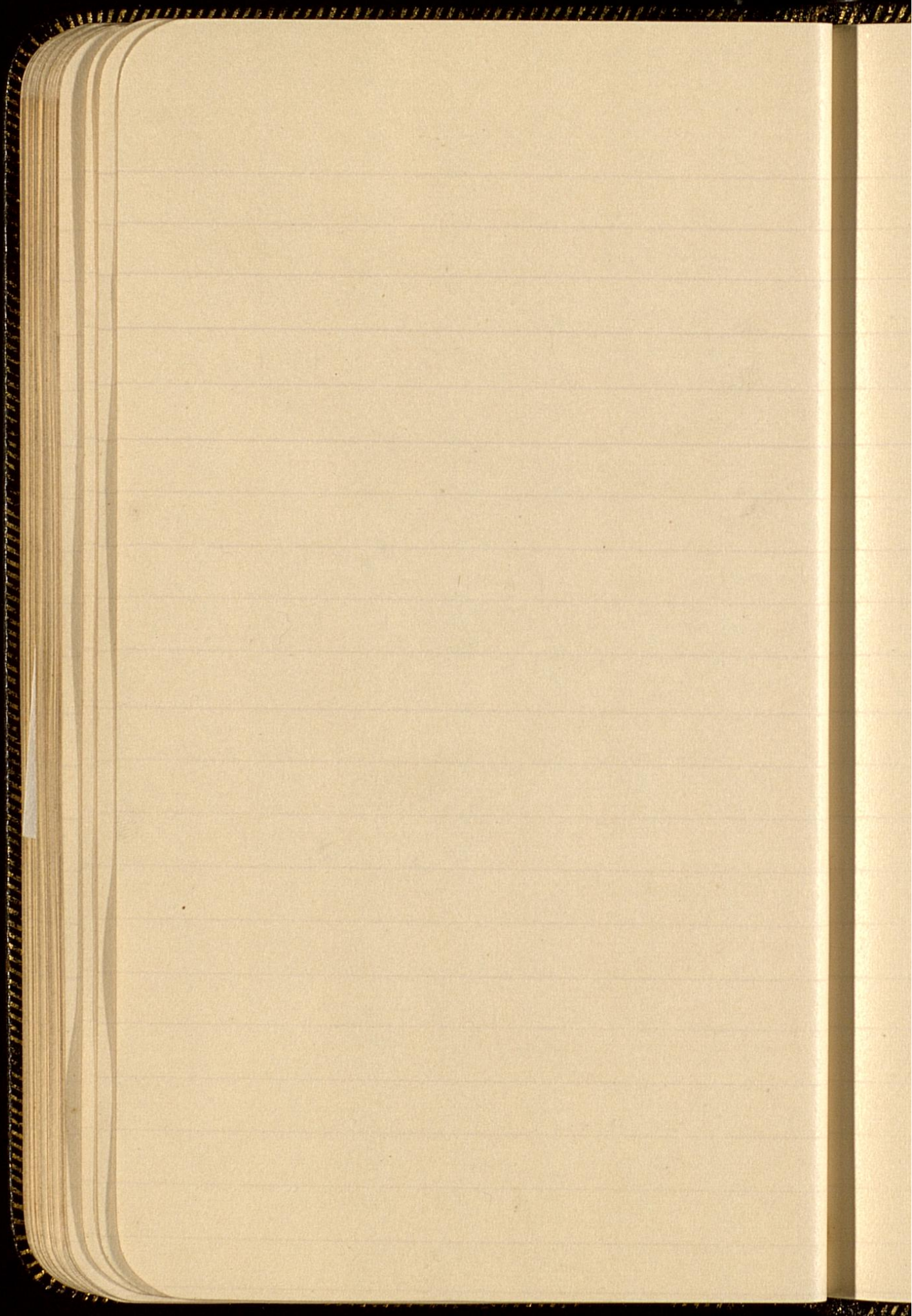
Through sympathy and respect for the untimely death of Mr. Will Patterson, the whole commencement programme, which had been carefully prepared and was unusually brilliant, was set aside and only the simplest ceremony of presentation of degrees and diplomas gone through with. The degrees were conferred by Prof. Shackelford, the presentation of diplomas made by Dr. Spurr, Chairman of the Executive Committee.

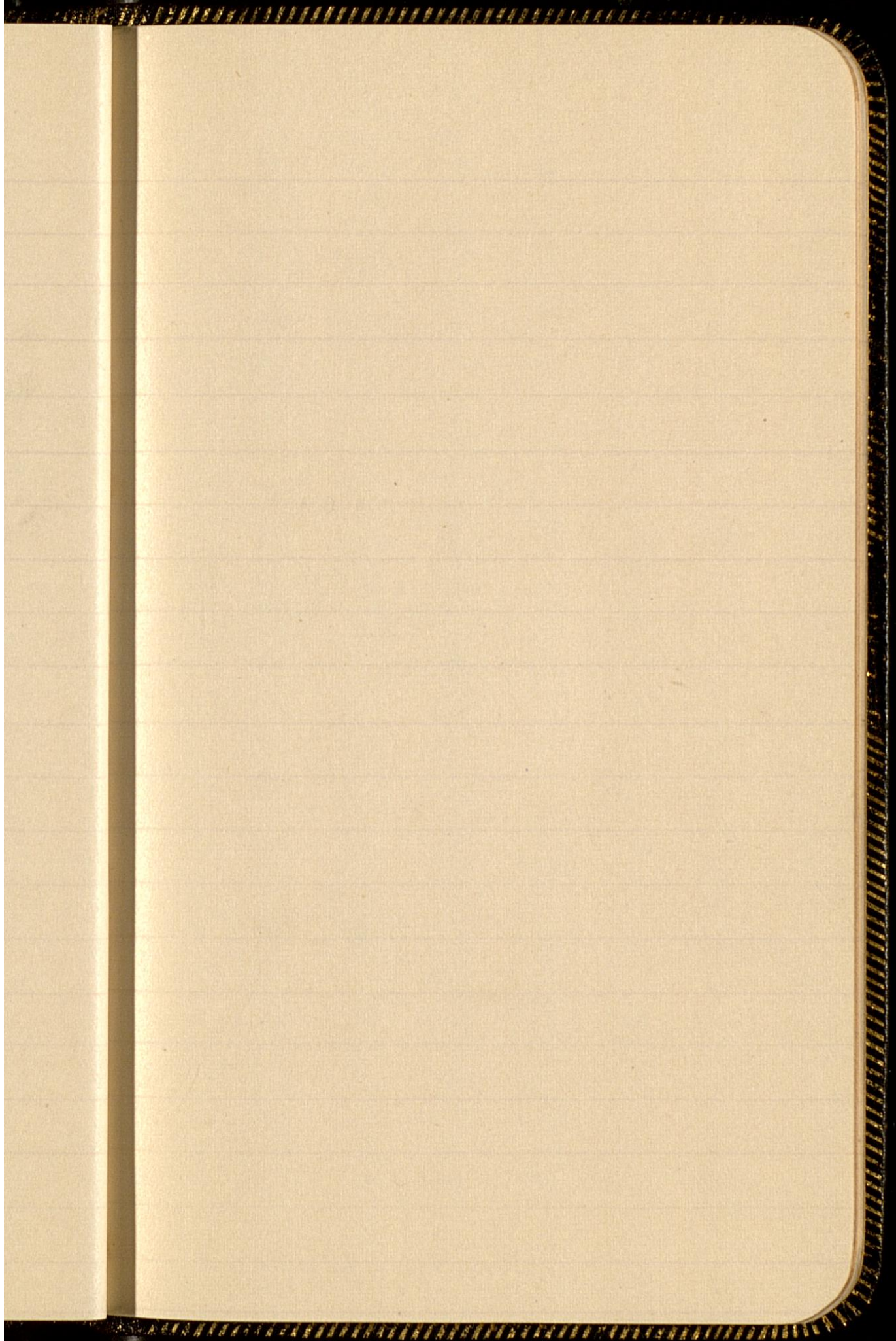
A short interval was allowed before the Benediction for the flowers and gifts of friends to be presented to the members of the class, after which the brief exercises closed with prayer, and pupils and friends passed out quietly from the building into the bright sunshine of the lovely day.

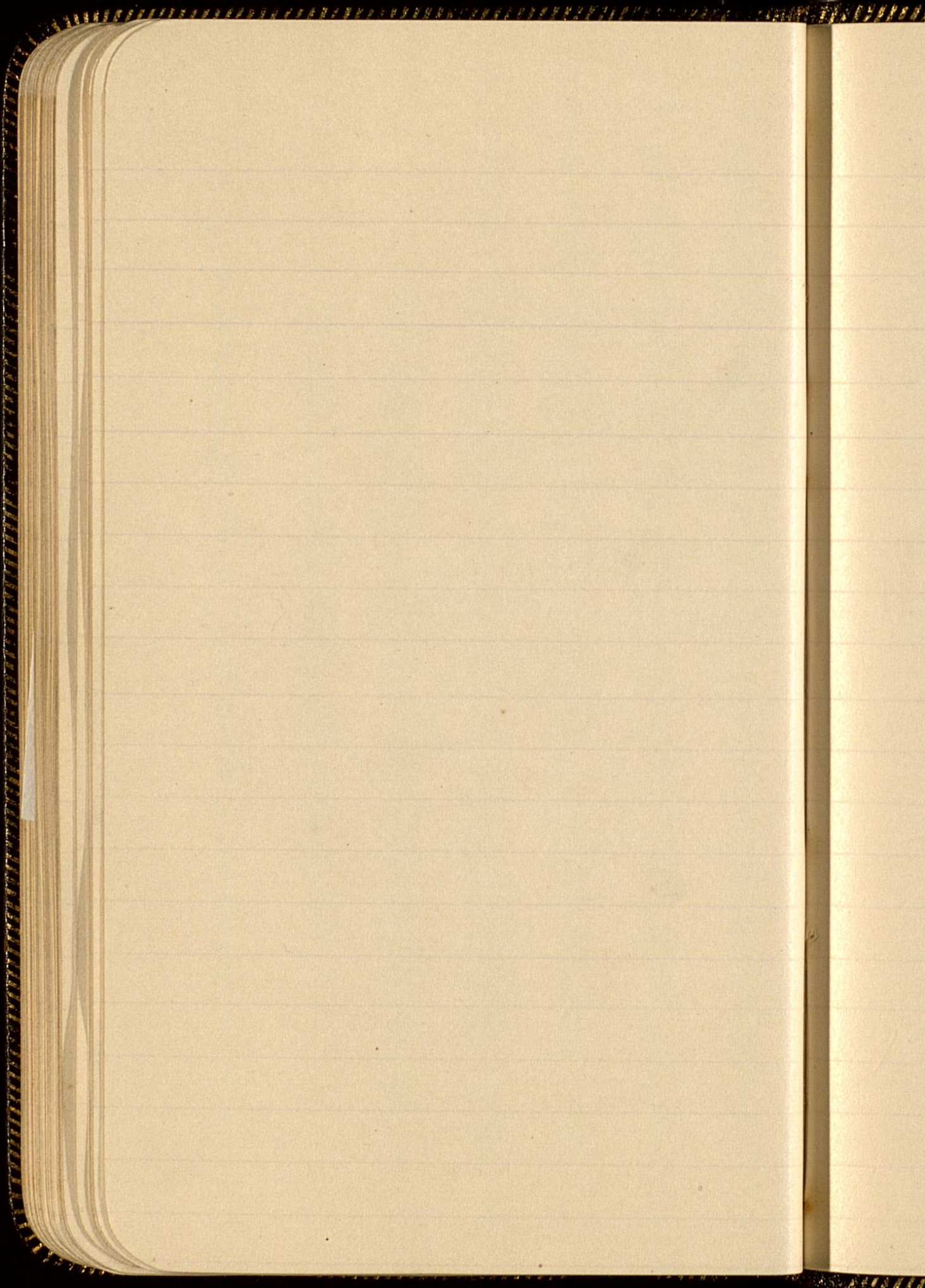
The young girl graduates, eight in number, were very sweet in their white commencement gowns and ribbons and flowers, but even the gayest were affected by the peculiar circumstances overshadowing the hour to which all had looked forward with excited anticipations.

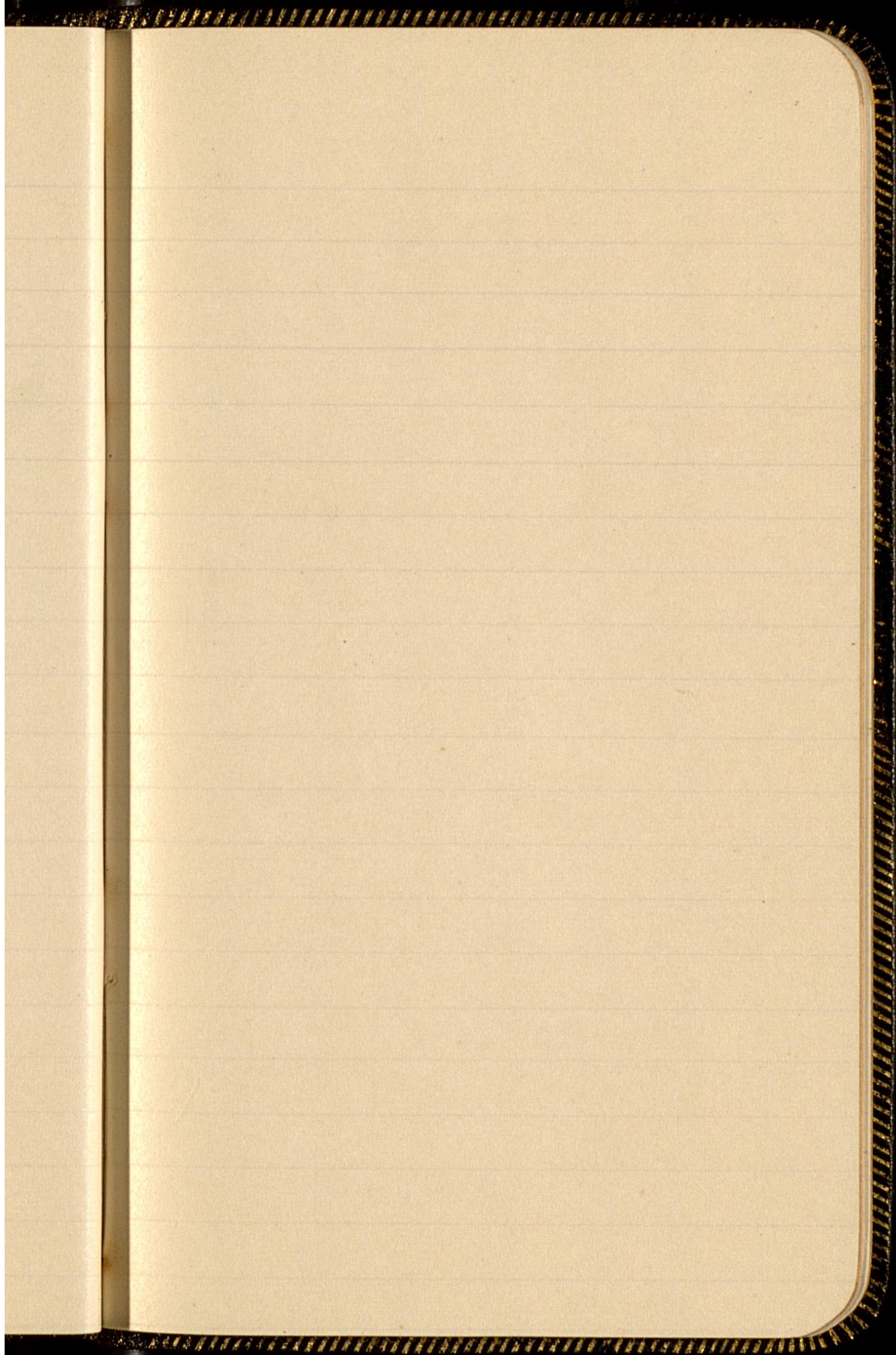


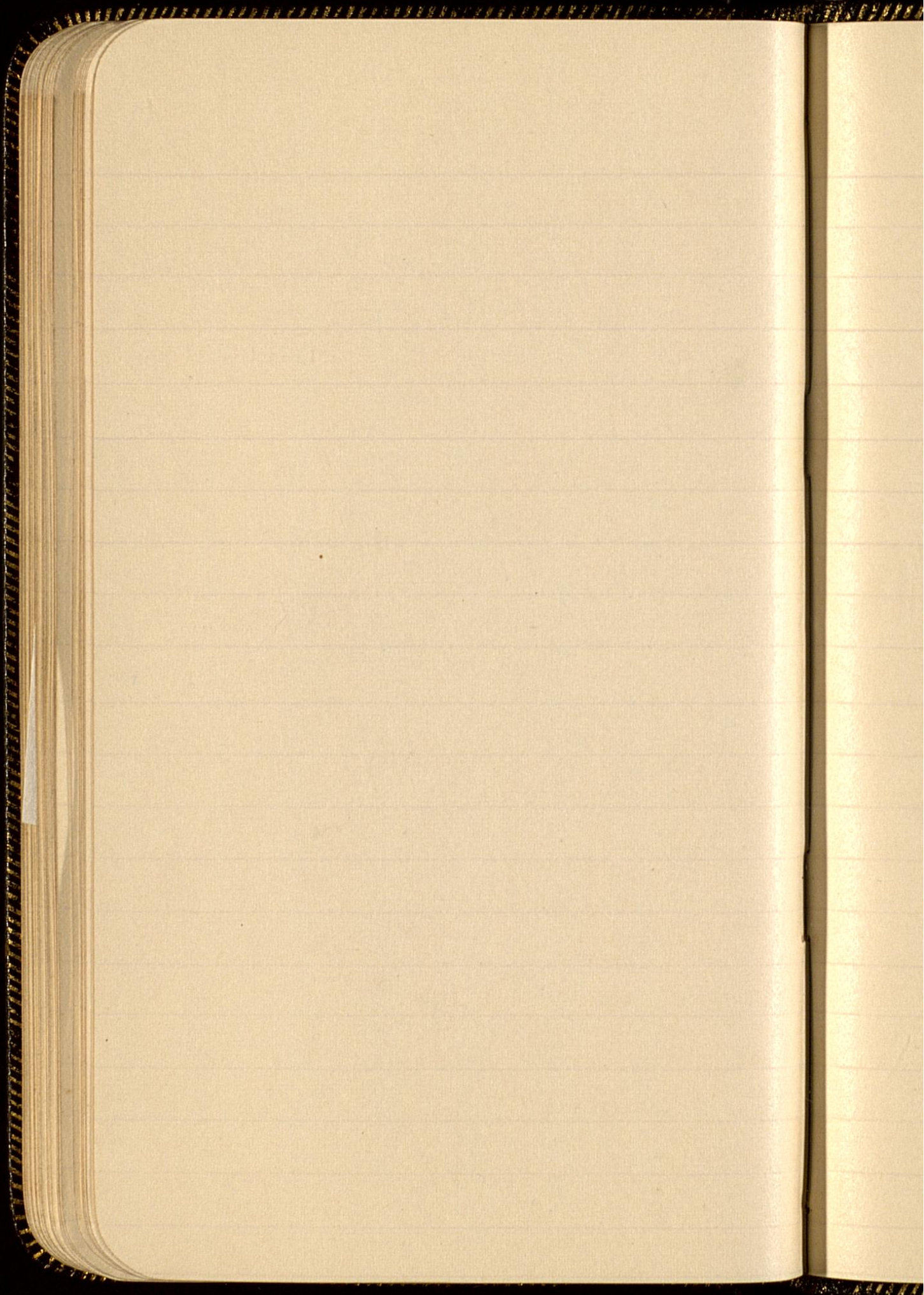


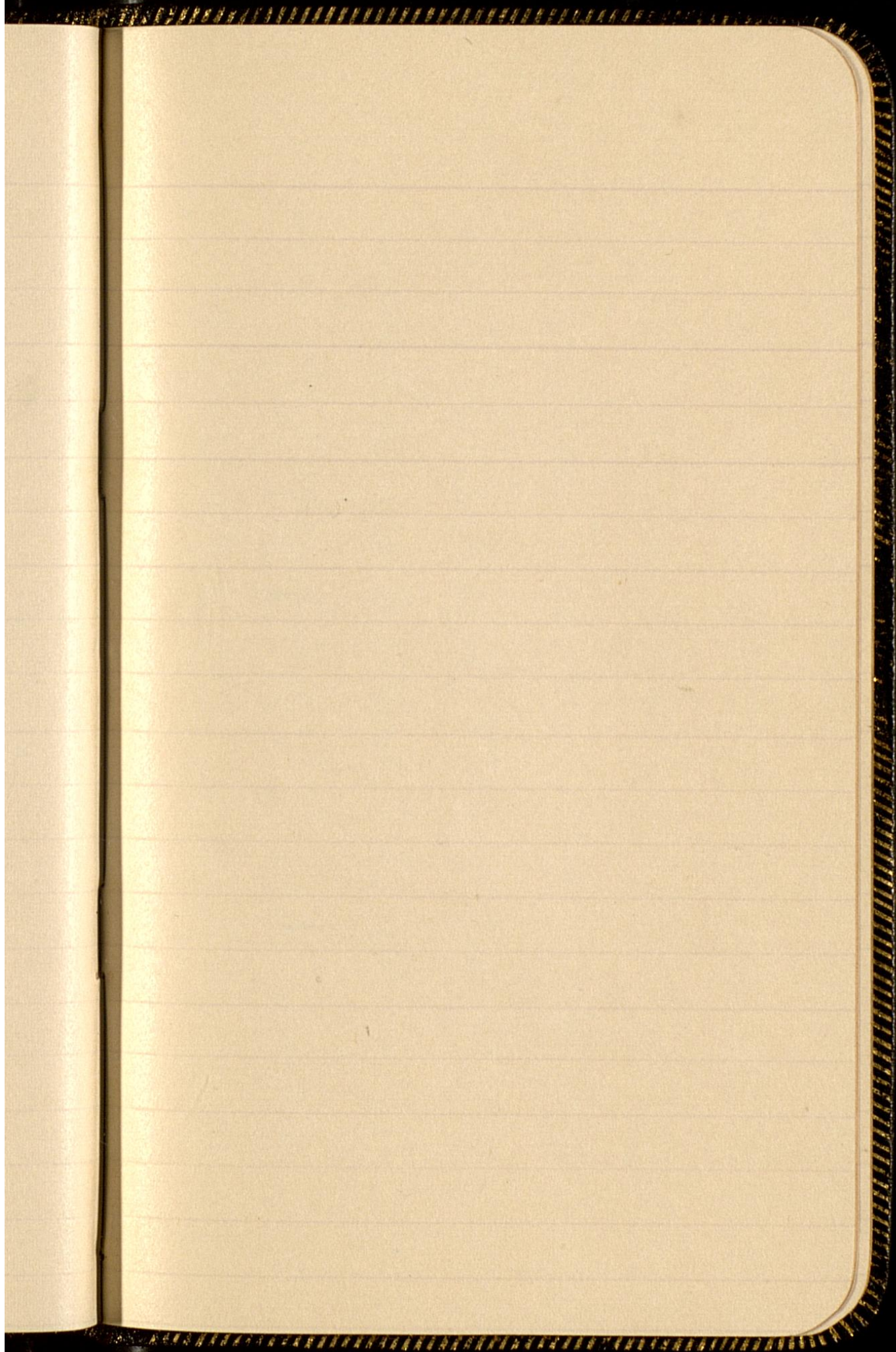


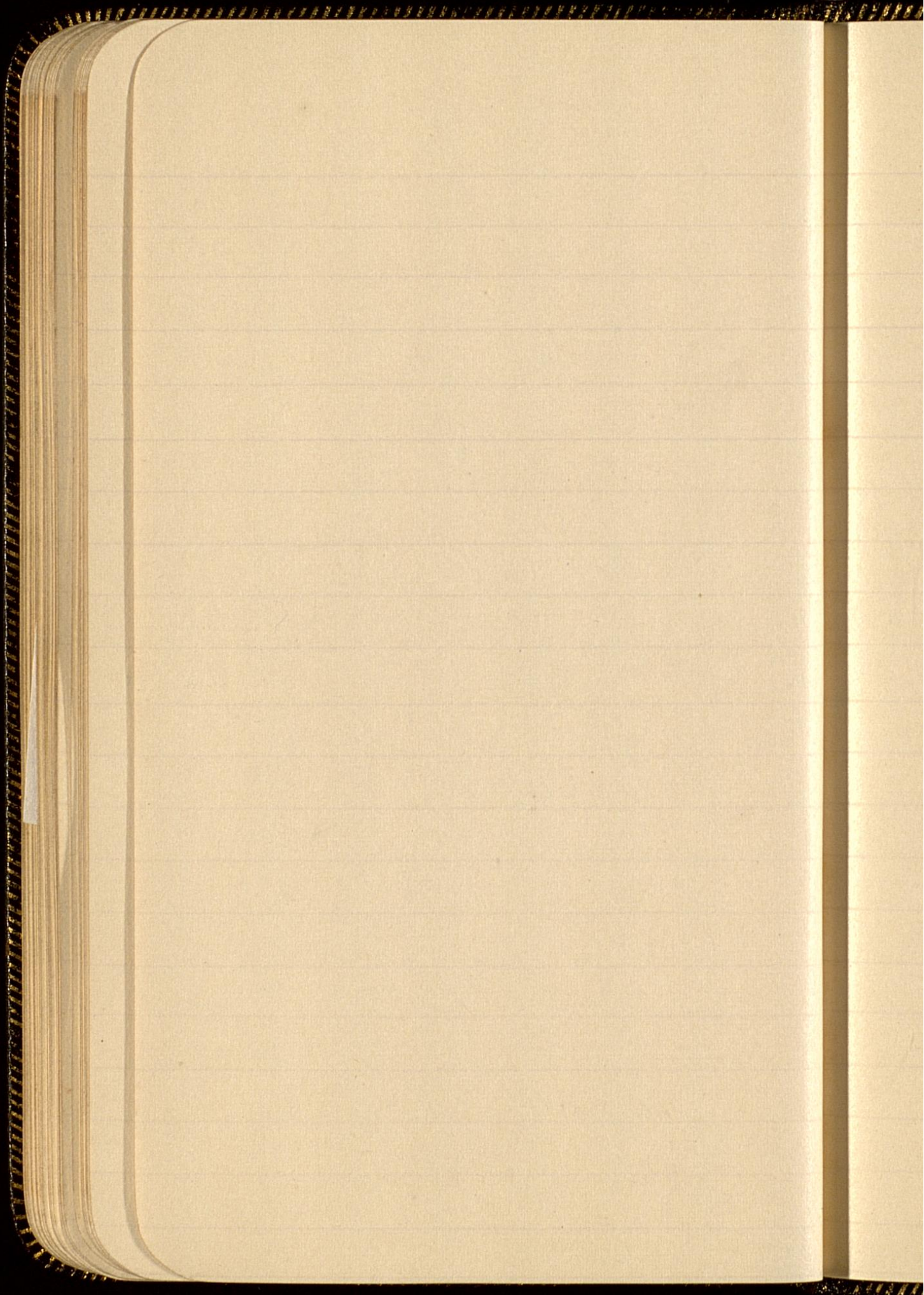


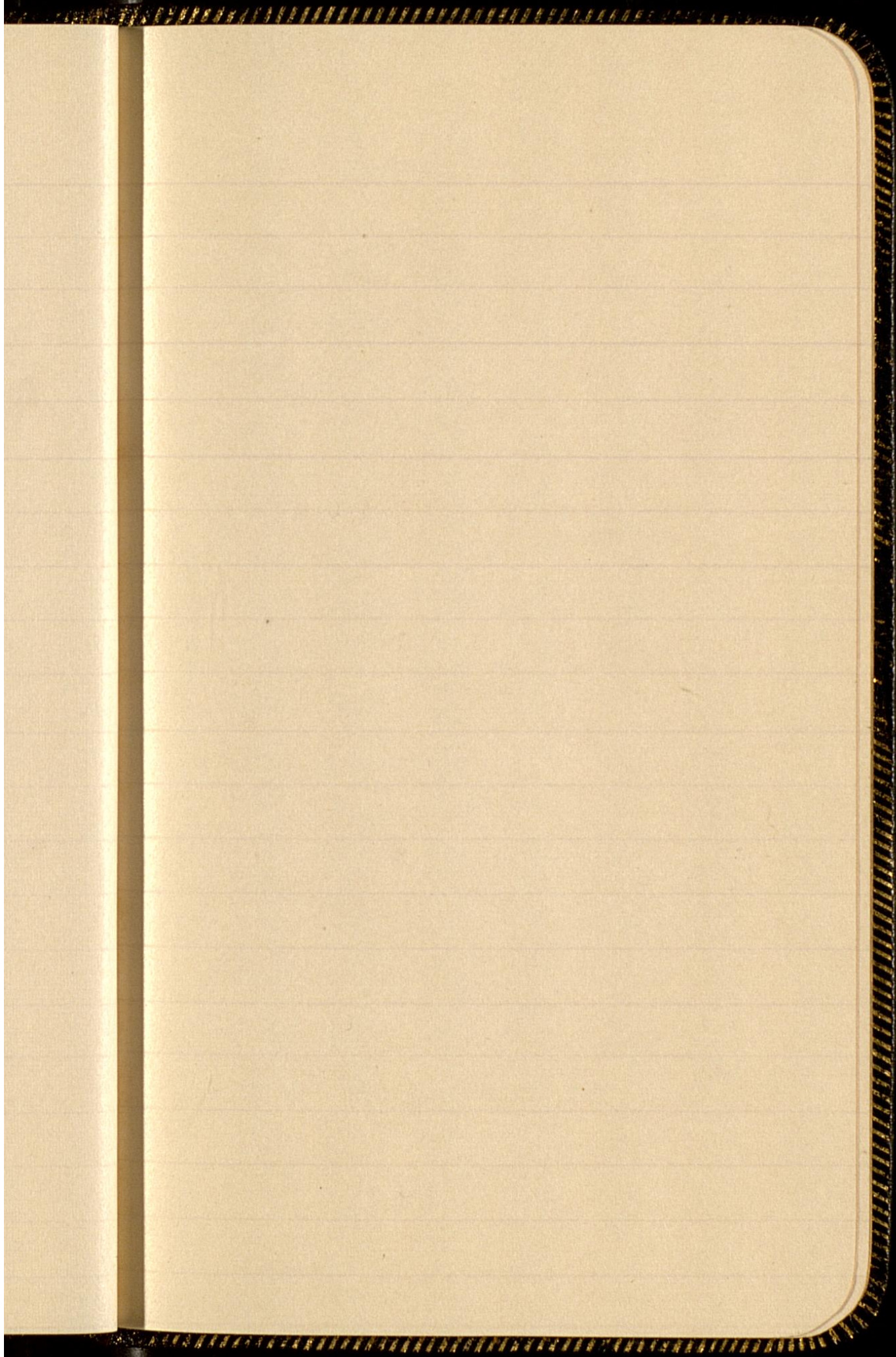


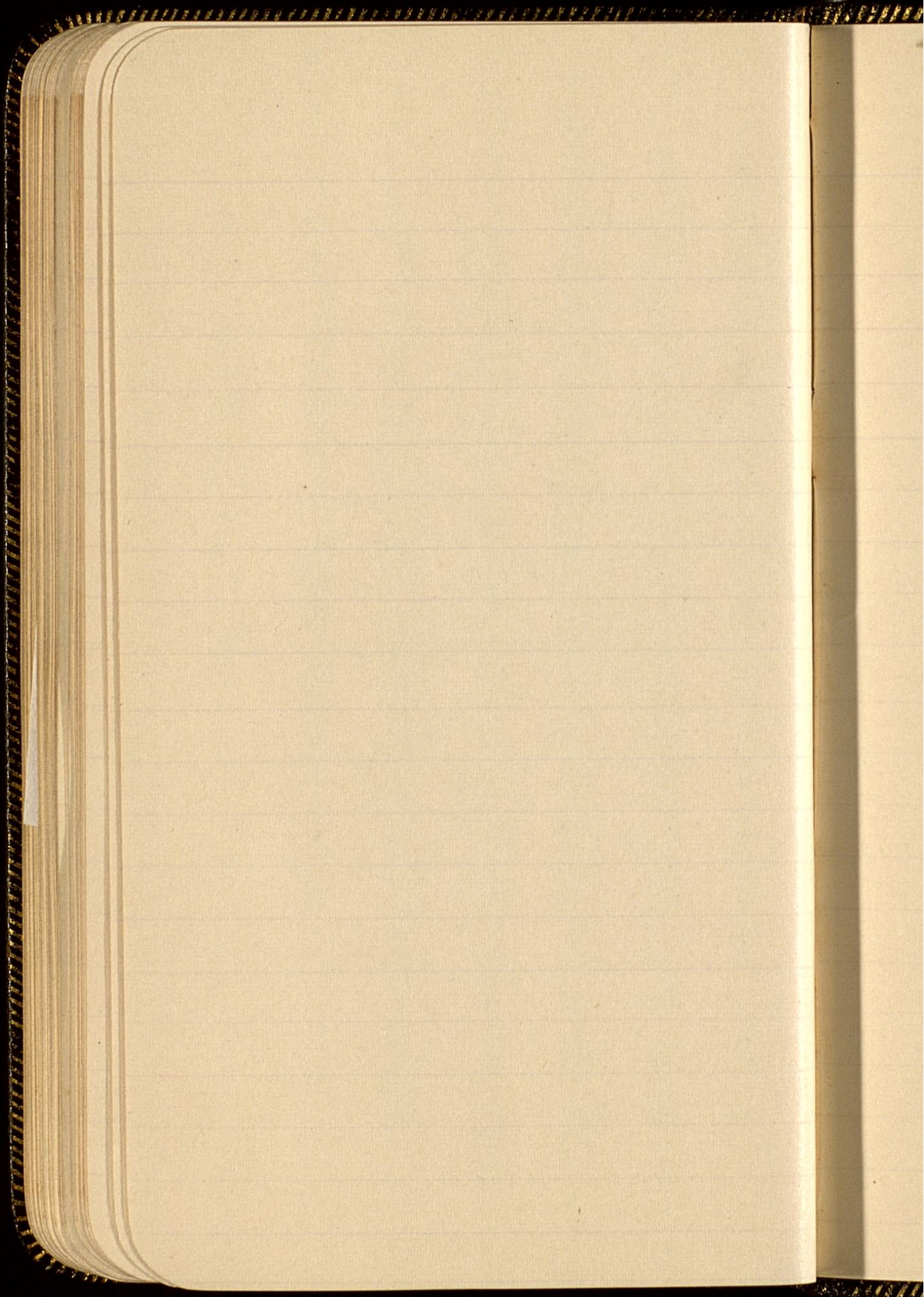


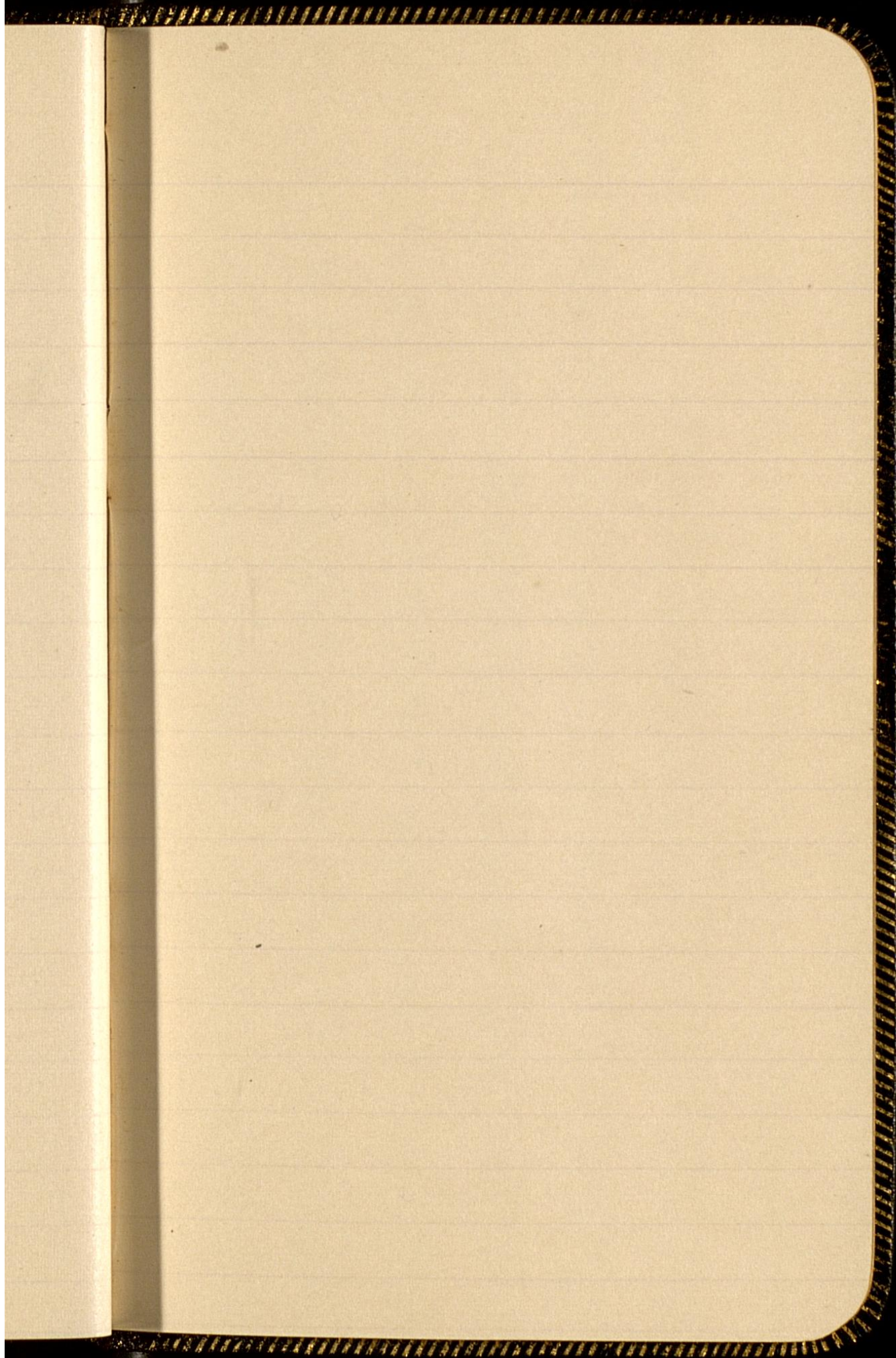


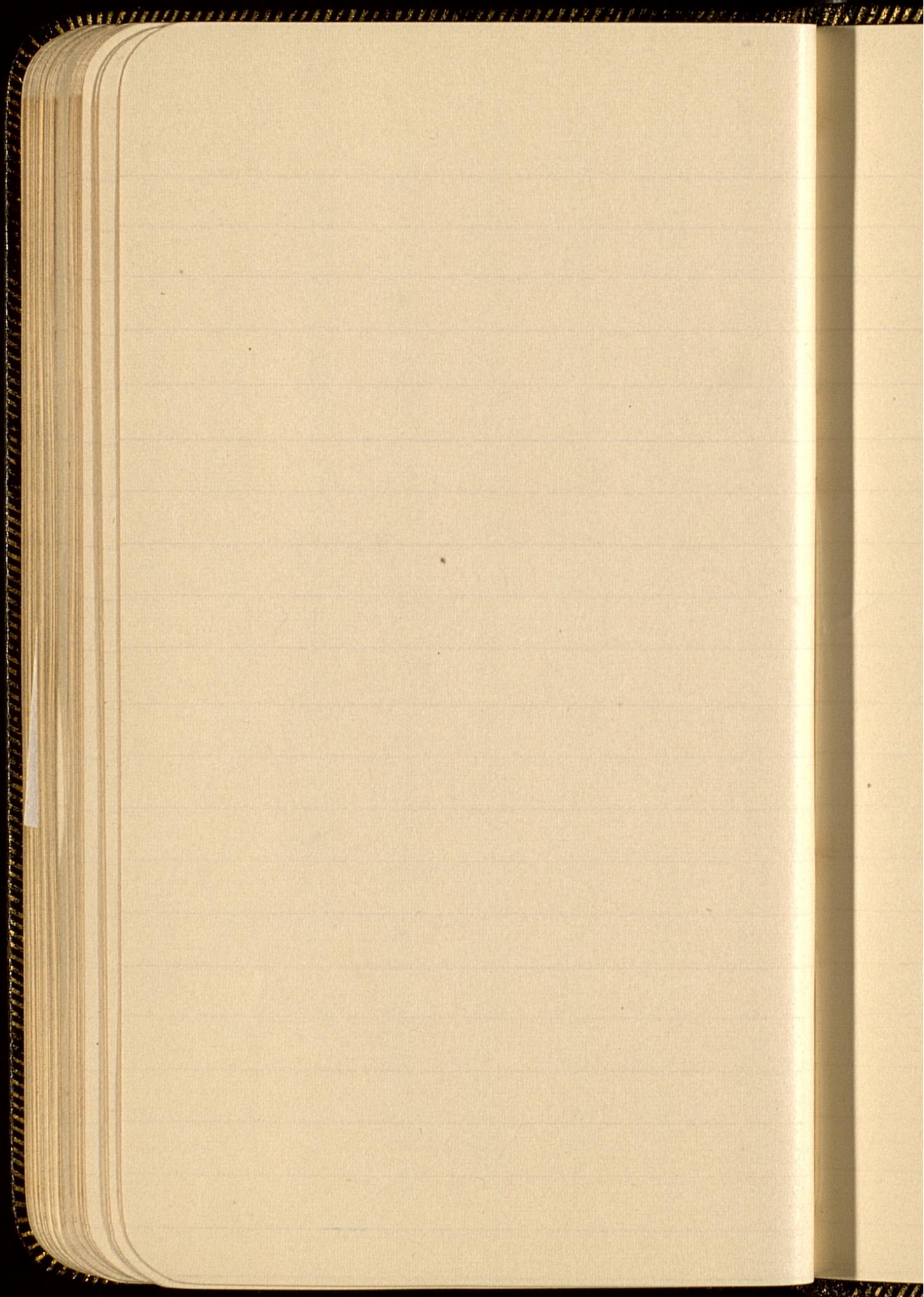


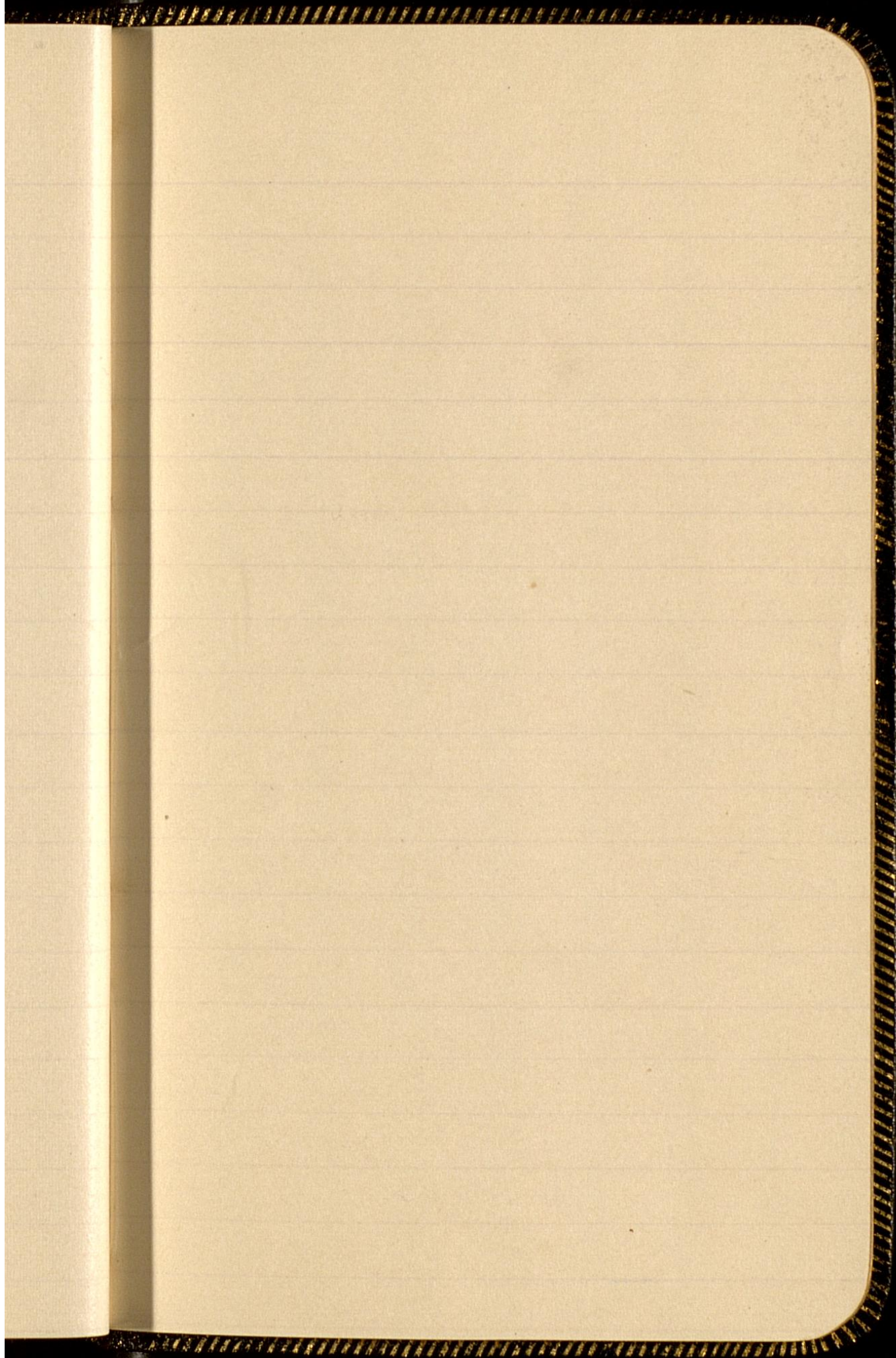


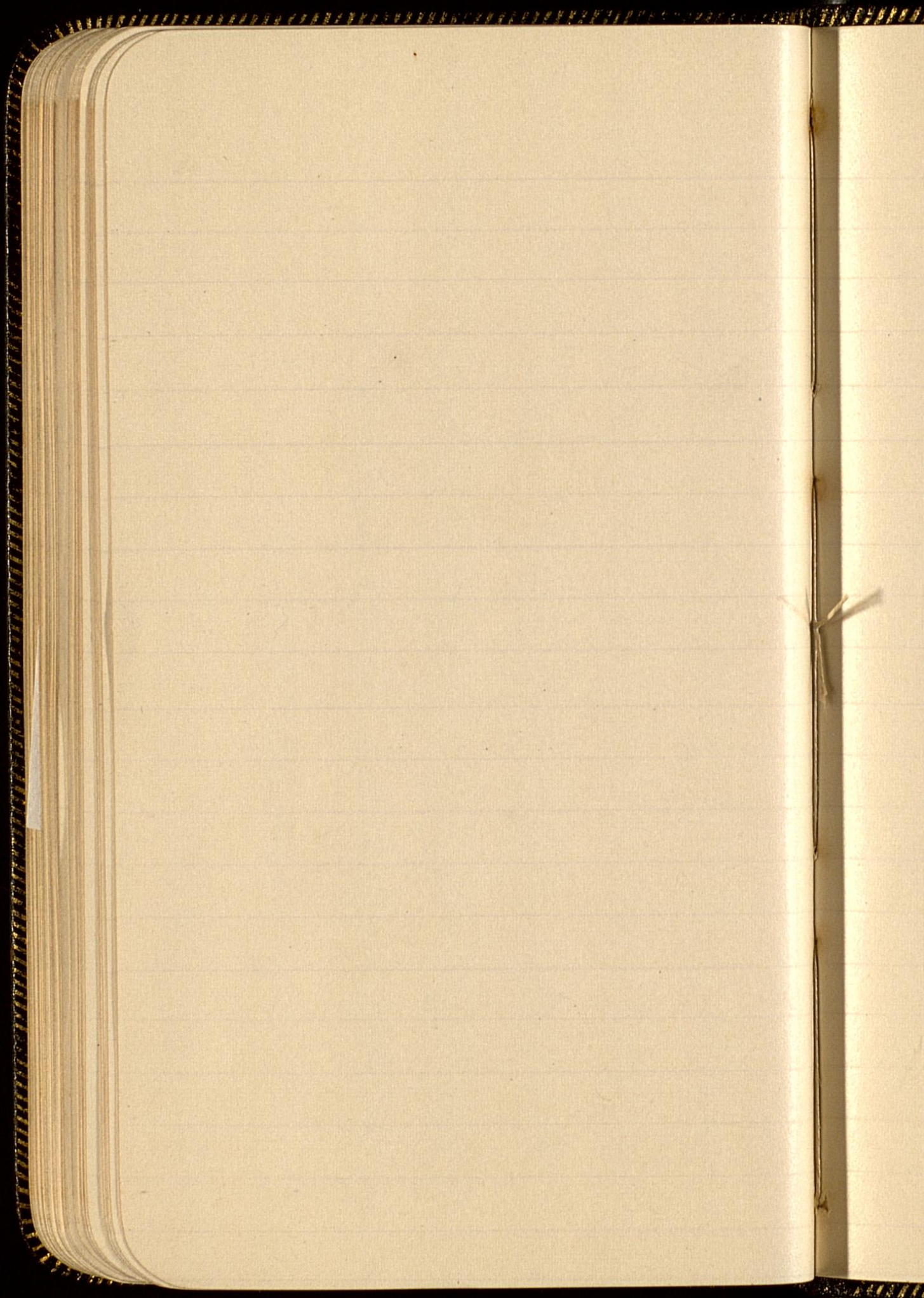


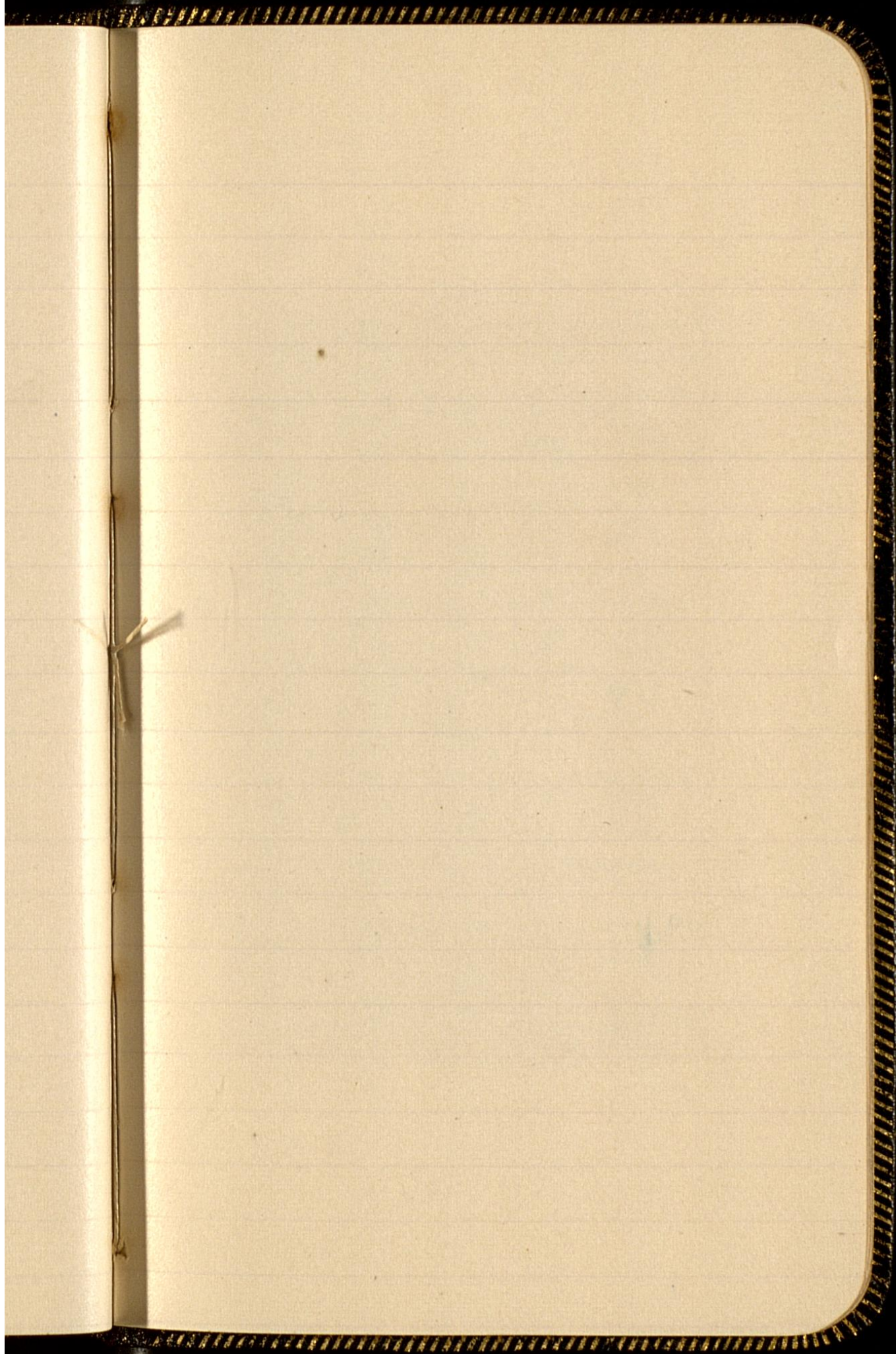


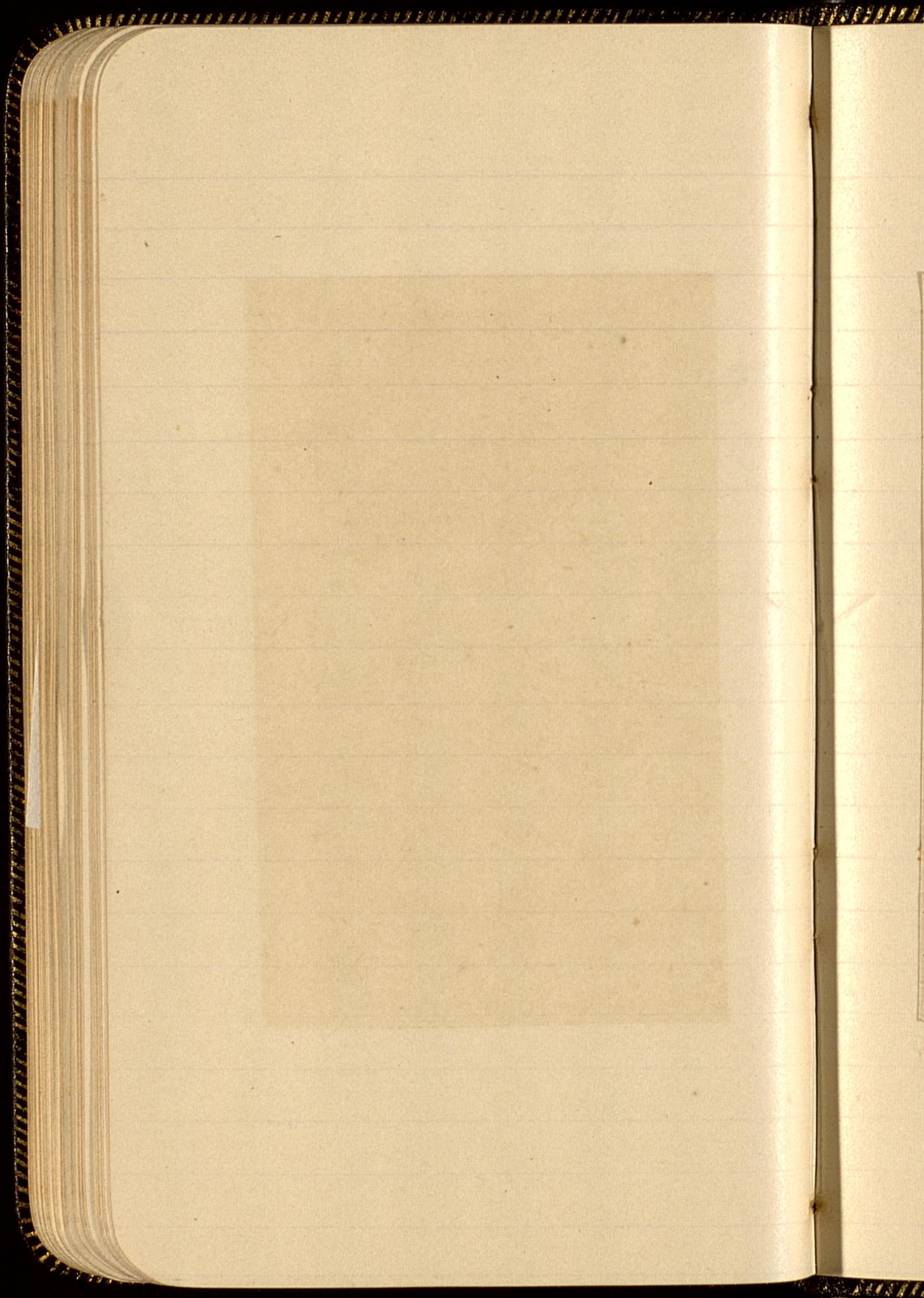












SOMETIME.

Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set
The things which our weak judgment here had
spurned,

The things o'er which we grieve with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some one we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach the face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you will shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God gives His friend;
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart:
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, though patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say: "God knew the best."

