

ADDRESS OF REV. FRANKLIN WILSON.

At the last meeting of this Board of Managers of the House of Refuge, our honored President was with us. To-day he is not here. He has gone to his reward, and we meet to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory. Well may this chapel be draped in mourning, for in his death, the House of Refuge has lost one of its firmest, warmest and most liberal friends. It was once my privilege to visit St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and to gaze with delight and admiration upon its magnificence, its vast proportions, its lofty and graceful arches, its beautiful marble monuments to Howard the philanthropist, Nelson the warrior, Reynolds the artist, Johnson the scholar, and many others of England's illustrious dead. But among them all, nothing more impresses the traveller, than a simple Latin inscription upon the Corinthian choir-screen, to the architect of this mighty structure: "Beneath lie the remains of Christopher Wren, builder of this church and city, who lived more than ninety years, not for himself, but for the public good. *Reader! do you seek his monument? Look AROUND YOU!*"

So may it be truthfully said on this spot, of George Brown. Among all the structures which give Baltimore its name of "Monumental City," there is not one to which we would point the stranger with more honest pride than to this; a monument of the wisdom, the virtue, the God-like charity of those by whose efforts it was founded;—a monument which in that better day, now rapidly dawning on our world—that day when Peace shall wave her golden scepter over all lands and Love shall bind the whole human family together in one great brotherhood; shall win far more reverence and honor than the noblest columns which commemorate only the fame of the soldier—victims on the battle field. And not only so, but each one of the thousands of boys and girls rescued by this Institution from lives of vice, misery and shame, transformed into virtuous and useful citizens, will be a *living monument*, infinitely more precious than brass or marble, stamped with immortality, and "destined to outlive empires and the stars."

Now while I would be far—very far from undervaluing the faithful, self-denying and arduous labors of his co-adjutors in founding and carrying on this Institution—some of whom have been its most devoted and hard-working friends from