



THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CHICAGO INVITES YOU TO BE  
PRESENT AT A SERVICE IN MEMORY OF

JAMES HENRY BREASTED

August 27, 1865 • December 2, 1935

TO BE HELD IN THE UNIVERSITY  
CHAPEL AT FOUR O'CLOCK ON THE  
AFTERNOON OF WEDNESDAY, APRIL  
THE FIRST, NINETEEN HUNDRED  
THIRTY-SIX

THE PRESIDENT WILL READ A FEW SENTENCES FROM  
THE WORKS AND LETTERS OF DR. BREASTED, AND  
MEMBERS OF THE CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,  
DIRECTED BY DR. FREDERICK STOCK, WILL PLAY  
A SELECTION OF HIS FAVORITE COMPOSITIONS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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SERVICE

IN MEMORY OF

JAMES HENRY BREASTED

AUGUST 27, 1865 . DECEMBER 2, 1935

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO CHAPEL

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1936

*(Reprint of program)*

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

SERVICE

IN MEMORY OF

JAMES HENRY BREASTED

AUGUST 27, 1865 . DECEMBER 2, 1935

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO CHAPEL  
FOUR O'CLOCK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1936

With music by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra  
under the direction of Frederick Stock



For the University

PRESIDENT ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

*Unfinished Symphony* - - - - - *Schubert*

"Prize Song" from *Die Meistersinger* - - *Wagner*

Reading from Dr. Breasted's Works and Letters

PRESIDENT ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

Second and Fourth Movements from the *Eroica* - *Beethoven*

Between 4:30 and 5:00 o'clock, beginning with the "Prize Song" and until the conclusion of the Second Movement of the *Eroica*, the service is being broadcast over the nationwide network of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

QUOTATIONS FROM THE WORKS AND LETTERS  
OF DR. BREASTED

*Read by*

PRESIDENT HUTCHINS

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I have seen the ruined capitals of the ancient East slumbering under their gloomy mounds at sunset, and many a time as the sun arose and dispelled the shadows, it has seemed as if the banished life that once ebbed and flowed through those now dismantled and rubbish-covered streets must start forth again, till with a regret so poignant that it was almost physical pain, I have realized the years that must elapse before these silent mounds can be made to speak again and reveal all the splendid pageant of their marvelous past. . . .

. . . . It is upon us that the past has laid the . . . . responsibility to carry on the unfinished process which we have historical reason to believe will ultimately rise to some supreme culmination of the unfolding life of man on earth.

For ages man has seen himself against a background of nature. . . . There is . . . . no reason why, under the light of modern science and its terrifying revelations, man should fear the tremendous idea that he is an outgrowth of a universe that holds him in its immutable grasp.

As the natural scientists have labored on, the physical origin of man from lower animals has become far clearer. But between the historians and the natural scientists there has been a "great gulf set," . . . on the one hand the paleontologist with his picture of the dawn-man enveloped in clouds of archaic savagery, and on the other hand the historian with his reconstruction of the career of civilized man in Europe. Between these two stand we orientalists endeavoring to bridge the gap.

. . . . In that gap . . . man's primitive advance passed from merely physical evolution to an evolution of his soul, a social and spiritual development which transcends the merely biological and divests evolution of its terrors. . . .

. . . . The researches of the Oriental Institute should . . . make more clear to . . . modern men that imposing vista of the human past which saw the emergence of the highest human values, and transformed our father Man from savagery in some remote cavern, where at most he could count five by the aid of his fingers, into a godlike creature who reached out to the stars on those Babylonian plains and made the first computations which have at length enabled us to plumb the vast deeps of the universe.

Who does not know the Pyramids of Cheops? . . . There was no hewn stone architecture anywhere on earth when the Pyramids of Gizeh arose. . . . Conceive, then, the dauntless courage of the man who told his surveyors to lay out the square base 755 feet on each side! . . . This is the first time in the history of man that we are . . . able to put our yardstick athwart a human mind and take the

measure of its courage in terms of cubic feet of masonry and colossal organizing achievement in engineering never again to be equaled. The great Pyramid of Gizeh is . . . . a document in the history of the human mind. . . .

Here . . . . was a man still under the tremendous impression of the physical world . . . . about him, but not yet aware of the world *within* him—a world of new and higher values, . . . . of inner impulses about to become the . . . . voice of conscience. . . . When five or six hundred years of desert storms had buffeted the Great Pyramid . . . . and its companions on the Sahara plateau, a thoughtful Egyptian looked up at [them] and sang of the colossal futility of merely physical survival of the body. . . .

We begin to hear remote voices . . . . proclaim the utter futility of material conquest. As if through the dust and tumult of an engrossing conflict, man for the first time caught something of the veiled splendor of the moral vision. . . . Thus the Egyptians were the discoverers of character.

Not projected from the outside into a world of unworthy men by some mystic process . . . . but springing out of man's own life . . . . the dawn of the age of conscience and character broke upon the world. . . . It is the greatest discovery in the whole course of evolution as far as it is known to us. . . . The long and rising trail . . . . from savagery to *character*, [reveals] an unconquerable buoyancy of the human soul that has somehow issued from the deeps and risen so high.

*Following are quotations from several of Dr. Breasted's letters to members of his family:*

. . . . The view over Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives always reminds me of Jesus standing here and weeping: "O Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chickens, and ye *would* not!" . . . .

Jesus knew well what He meant when He removed all limits from forgiveness by His "seventy times seven." "Love seeketh not its own," said His greatest follower. I am going down the shady side of the hill, but for the few years that remain, I would rather experience the reality of these . . . . truths . . . . than gain any number of empty victories in self-assertion or seeking my own. . . . .

A certain calm possession of one's spirit—not merely triumph over the irritating obstacles, a triumph within one's self—is an infinitely precious conquest.

I have had my seasons of such conquests, and been conscious of them long enough to feel that seemingly impregnable tranquillity of soul that soothes like a summer sunset. But it is never for long; for I have never really learned patience; and it is now too late. I still strive for it, but I am too old, and in such matters the old dog ceases to learn. . . . .

Herein lie the very substance and essence of living—the infinite compassion and forbearance arising as we realize that life is one long adjustment of our own imperfections with those of all the others around us. . . . .

. . . . I have moments of indignant protest and rebellion. . . . . But I look up at the driving autumn clouds and I am

filled with peace and with wonder and gratitude that I have been given a place in this marvelous universe, where I can at least pick up a few pebbles and pluck a flower here and there. If I suffer, it is only by virtue of those cunning laws without which the whole would be unthinkable. I am ready to bow my head and give thanks whatever happens . . . . it will probably be months before I can walk as I used to do. I cannot walk . . . . to my office . . . . but I am going to Egypt, if I go on a stretcher! . . . . One thing I know: my soul is filled with mercy for every creature, and I will trust that mercy and follow it as if it came from on high. Perhaps it does. . . .

*Note.—The last paragraph is quoted from a letter written on November 4, 1923. Dr. Breasted was suffering from an acute arthritic attack, from which he fully recovered.*

