

Elder Brother, that He came 'to bring life and immortality to light,' and because He lives we shall live also. We thank Thee that death is victory, that 'to die is gain.' Have mercy upon us in this dispensation of Thy Providence. We believe in Thee—we trust Thee—our God of Love, 'the same yesterday, to-day and forever'.

"We thank Thee for the unsullied life of Thy servant, our martyred President, whom Thou hast taken to his coronation, and we pray for the final triumph of all the divine principles of pure character and free government for which he stood while he lived and which were baptized by his blood in his death.

PRAYER FOR NEW PRESIDENT.

"Hear our prayer for blessings of consolation upon all those who were associated with him in the administration of the affairs of the Government. Especially vouchsafe Thy presence to Thy servant, who has been suddenly called to assume the holy responsibilities of Chief Magistrate. O, God, bless our dear nation, and guide the Ship of State through stormy seas. Help Thy people to be brave to fight the battles of the Lord, and wise to solve all problems of freedom.

"Graciously hear us for comfortable blessings to rest upon the family circle of our departed friend. Tenderly sustain thine handmaiden upon whom the blow of this sorrow most heavily falls. Accompany her, O, God, as Thou hast promised, through this dark valley and shadow, and may she fear no evil, because thou art with her.

"All these things we ask in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord, who has taught us when we pray to say:

"Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever. Amen.

"May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God

the Father, and Communion of the Holy Spirit be with us all, evermore. Amen."

As Dr. Locke began the Lord's Prayer the mourners joined with him, and all bowed low their heads as he pronounced the benediction. For a moment there was a hush. The services were finished, but no one moved. President Roosevelt stood immovable at the head of the casket, the Cabinet members in a line at the side. Then a man who seemed suddenly to have grown old slowly rose from his seat beside Governor Odell and slowly, very slowly, walked alone past the line of Cabinet officers and to the side of the new President. His hands clasped behind his back, his head bent down on his great chest, Senator Hanna stood and gazed on the face of the man he loved.

SADLY LEFT THE ROOM.

It seemed to the mourners that he stood looking down at his dear friend's face for fully five minutes—in reality it was nearly two minutes—before he turned and slowly, sadly retraced his steps across the room. His eyes were suffused with tears and on his face was a drawn, haggard look that was almost startling in its intensity. His were the last eyes to look on the face of the martyred President in the house where he had died.

As Senator Hanna sat down the casket was closed, and the soldiers and sailors advanced from the points where they had been stationed, and lifting it gently but firmly on their broad shoulders they slowly began their solemn march to the hearse which stood waiting outside. Close behind the casket followed President Roosevelt, with Secretary Root on his left and the other members of the Cabinet following. Slowly they made their way into the hall, out the front door, down the steps and down the walk to the hearse, while a band posted across the street softly played "Nearer, My God to Thee." Lifting their precious burden into the funeral carriage they closed the doors.

The hearse was driven across the street, and one after another the carriages came to the curb. In the first carriage President Roosevelt, Secretary Root, Postmaster-General Smith and Attor-

ney-General Knox took seats and started out on their long drive to the City Hall. In the second carriage sat Secretaries Wilson, Hitchcock and Long and Secretary Cortelyou, that marvelous man who bore up so well during all these trying days. General Brooke sat alone in the third carriage, and Dr. and Mrs. Locke occupied the fourth.

Then came the hearse, drawn by four black horses. Walking beside the hearse were the active bearers, the soldiers and marines and a detail from the Grand Army of the Republic followed close behind. Next came a company of marines from Camp Haywood at the Pan-American Exposition. Then the Sixty-fifth Regiment band, a company of the Fourteenth Regiment stationed at Fort Porter, a company each from the Sixty-fifth and Seventy-fourth Regiments, and a detail of sailors and marines from the Michigan.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
Man has no armor against fate.
Death lays his every hand on kings;
Sceptre and crown must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made.

MIGHTY CONCOURSE OF MOURNERS.

Even nature mourned for the poor clay that but a few hours before was ruler of a mighty people, while Church and man paid obsequious tribute of grief to the slain chieftain. Sable clouds darkened the skies and mourning winds lamented in the tree tops, and when the pomp of state unfolded banner at his bier, and sounded requiem with trumpet and drum, the heavens were riven and a deluge fell.

It could not drown the reverent sorrow of the mighty concourses gathered for these solemn rites. Thousands upon thousands pressed and surged into a seemingly endless stream, and stepped with gentle footfall and hushed breath past the crape-garbed catafalque, where the waxen frame of greatness reposed in the supreme indifference of death. At night the doors were closed, and in the dread silence of its chamber, where time and flickering gas jets threw fearful shadows round, for servants of

the Republic kept guard and vigil over the dust of the Commander-in-Chief.

Simplicity that had in it something of majesty marked the ceremonies of the day. Huge banks of gray cloud hung low in the sky and a dismal wind crooned in the thick foliage of the gardens when the assemblage began to gather before the Milburn house, and those with cards of authorization passed within. Ranked along the opposite curb were Company I, of the Fourteenth Regular Infantry, a corps of marines in command of young Captain Leonard, who lost his arm in China, and a body of sailors from the battleship Indiana and the old frigate Michigan. In front of these stood the Sixty-fifth Regiment band, and at the intersection of the two streets a platoon of mounted policemen, the officers in helmets and uniforms, tricked out with full dress, white and gold.

LYING IN STATE.

On a creped platform between the two windows of the spacious library, which looks out on the lawn, rested the casket. It was of massive mahogany with an outer covering of unrelieved crepe, and with double doors of glass and wood interlaid. The upper half of the casket was open, revealing the face and shoulders of the dead President, and across the lower half lay an American flag upon which rested a hugh wreath of purple violets, red roses and white chrysanthemums. Between the windows a mirror reached almost from floor to ceiling, reflecting the solemn pantomime-like, sinister mockery of destiny. On its marble shelf at the bottom were two wreaths of roses and white chrysanthemums, with pendant purple ribbons.

Throughout the services a soldier and sailor stood like statues at either window, and at front and rear doors were a sergeant of infantry and a private. Thus far were the formalities of state regarded in that hall of the illustrious dead.

But in every soul gathered there stirred an emotion more vital and human than any panoply of power could give. It was for the woman and the wife, the fragile leaflet, buffeted and wounded by the storms of circumstance, who had known the

moulding tenement lying there as more than chief and ruler, as lover, friend and husband, in whom the exigent ceremonies of statecraft had never touched except to loftier and grander values, the tender humanities of the home.

Every eye mutely asked for her. Every heart throbbed quicker for her poignant anguish, but no one save a few cherished friends and guardians saw her. Until the verbal services began she sat in a room above with her sister, Mrs. Barber; the latter's daughter, Dr. Rixby and Mrs. Garrett A. Hobart, widow of the former Vice President.

They brought her to the head of the stairs, and there she sat, while the clergyman brokenly framed his devout phrases. Like a statue she sat, her delicate face clothed in spectral pallor, her eyes staring blankly into space, her thin hands folded placidly in her lap.

The striking lines here inserted are from the pen of the gifted poetess, Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

"In the midst of sunny waters, lo! the mighty Ship of State,
Staggers, bruised and torn and wounded by a derelict of fate,
One that drifted from its moorings, in the anchorage of hate,
On the deck our noble Pilot, in the glory of his prime,
Lies in woe-impelling silence, dead before his hour or time,
Victim of a mind self-centred, a godless fool of crime.
One of earth's dissension-breeders, one of Hate's unreasoning tools,
In the annals of the ages, when the world's hot anger cools,
He who sought for Crime's distinction shall be known as Chief of Fools.
In the annals of the ages, he who had no thought of fame
(Keeping on the path of duty, caring not for praise or blame),
Close beside the deathless Lincoln, writ in light, will shine his name.
Youth proclaimed him as a hero; Time, a statesman; Love, a man
Death has crowned him as a martyr, so from goal to goal he ran,
Knowing all the sum of glory that a human life may span.
He was chosen by the people; not an accident of birth
Made him ruler of a nation, but his own intrinsic worth.
Fools may govern over kingdoms—not republics of the earth.
He has raised the lover's standard, by his loyalty and faith.
He has shown how virile manhood may keep free from scandal's breath.
He has gazed, with trust unshaken, in the awful eyes of death.
In the mighty march of progress he has sought to do his best
Let his enemies be silent, as we lay him down to rest,
And may God assuage the anguish of one suffering woman's breast.

CHAPTER XVI.

Great Outpouring of People to Honor the Martyred President—Tokens of Grief—New President and Members of the Cabinet at the Bier—Memorable Scene.

SUCH a spontaneous outpouring of men and women desirous of paying their respects to a man whom they had loved and admired as that which took place in Buffalo never before occurred in this country. As early as five o'clock in the morning crowds began to gather at the points of vantage around the City Hall. They stood there all day, constantly increasing in numbers, and regardless of the wind and rain, which drenched them to the skin, in order that they might have a last look at the face of the dead President.

No fewer than one hundred and fifty thousand persons were massed at one time behind the lines of police which held them in check. For hours, in double lines, two abreast, they filed past the coffin containing Mr. McKinley's body. Though they went through the City Hall at the rate of from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and eighty a minute, the stream never slackened. Late in the afternoon there were two lines, each nearly, if not quite, a mile long, in which were standing men and women who waited patiently for hours, many of them wet through and nearly all of them without food, in order to see the President's face.

When Mrs. McKinley consented to permit her husband's body to lie in state in the City Hall, she would not permit it to be taken from the Milburn house until the committee in charge of the arrangements had promised to return it to her at six o'clock. She could not bear to have it out of her sight. The promise was made, but when it was seen what a vast outpouring blocked the streets, she was persuaded to forego it. It was planned originally to close the doors of the City Hall at five