

'Thee.' So, nestling nearer to his God, he passed out into unconsciousness, skirted the dark shores of the sea of death for a time, and then passed on to be at rest. His great heart had ceased to beat.

"Our hearts are heavy with sorrow
A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
The loss of one they love;
But he has gone where the redeemed are keeping
A festival above.
"The mourners throng the ways, and from the steeple
The funeral bells toll slow;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro.
And saying as they meet, "Rejoice,"
Another long waited for is come.
The Saviour's heart is glad, a younger brother
Has reached the Father's home.'

THE WORLD HAS LOST A MAN.

"The cause of this universal mourning is to be found in the man himself. The inspired penman's picture of Jonathan, likening him unto the 'beauty of Israel,' could not be more appropriately employed than in chanting the lament over our fallen chieftain. It does no violence to human speech, nor is it fulsome eulogy to speak thus of him, for who that has seen his stately bearing, his grace and manliness of demeanor, his kindness of aspect, but gives assent from this description of him? Was it characteristic of our beloved President that men met him only to love him?

"They might indeed differ with him, but in the presence of such dignity of character and grace of manner none could fail to love the man. The people confided in him, believed in him. It was said of Lincoln that probably no man since the days of Washington was ever so deeply imbedded and enshrined in the hearts of the people, but it is true of McKinley in a larger sense. Industrial and social conditions are such that he was even more than his predecessors the friend of the whole people.

"A touching scene was enacted in this church on Sunday night. The services had closed. The worshipers were gone to their homes. Only a few lingered to discuss the sad event that brings us together to-day. Three men in working garb of a foreign race and unfamiliar tongue entered the room. They approached the altar, kneeling before it and before his picture. Their lips moved as if in prayer, while tears furrowed their cheeks. They may have been thinking of their own King Humbert, and of his untimely death. Their emotion was eloquent, eloquent beyond speech, and it bore testimony to their appreciation of manly friendship and honest worth.

"It is a glorious thing to be able to say in this presence, with our illustrious dead before us, that he never betrayed the confidence of his countrymen. Not for personal gain or pre-eminence would he mar the beauty of his soul. He kept it clean and white before God and man, and his hands were unsullied by bribes.

A MAN OF SINGLE AIM.

"His eyes looked right on, and his eyelids looked straight before him. He was sincere, plain and honest, just, benevolent and kind. He never disappointed those who believed in him, but measured up to every duty, and met every responsibility in life grandly and unflinchingly.

"Not only was our President brave, heroic and honest; he was as gallant a knight as ever rode the lists for his lady lover in the days when knighthood was in flower. It is but a few weeks since the nation looked on with tear dimmed eyes as it saw with what tender conjugal devotion he sat at the bedside of his beloved wife, when all feared that a fatal illness was upon her. No public clamor that he might show himself to the populace, no demand of social function was sufficient to draw the lover from the bedside of his wife. He watched and waited while we all prayed—and she lived.

"This sweet and tender story all the world knows, and the world knows that his whole life had run in this one groove of love. It was a strong arm that she leaned upon, and it never failed her.

Her smile was more to him than the plaudits of the multitude, and for her greeting his acknowledgments of them must wait. After receiving the fatal wound, his first thought was that the terrible news might be broken gently to her. May God in this deep hour of sorrow comfort her. May his grace be greater than her anguish. May the widows' God be her God.

"Another beauty in the character of our President, that was a chaplet of grace about his neck, was that he was a Christian. In the broadest, noblest sense of the word, that was true. His confidence in God was strong and unwavering. It held him steady in many a storm where others were driven before the wind and tossed. He believed in the Fatherhood of God and in His sovereignty. His faith in the Gospel of Christ was deep and abiding. He had no patience with any other theme of pulpit discourse. 'Christ and Him crucified' was, to his mind, the only panacea for the world's disorders. He believed it to be a supreme duty of the Christian minister to preach the word. He said: 'We do not look for great business men in the pulpit, but for great preachers.'

WANTED HIM TO BE A MINISTER.

"It is well known that his godly mother had hoped for him that he would become a minister of the Gospel, and that she believed it to be the highest vocation in life. It was not, however, his mother's faith that made him a Christian. He had gained in early life a personal knowledge of Jesus, which guided him in the performance of greater duties and vaster responsibilities than have been the lot of any other American President. He said at one time, while bearing heavy burdens, that he had not discharged the daily duties of his life but for the fact that he had faith in God.

"William McKinley believed in prayer, in the beauty of it, in the potency of it. Its language was not unfamiliar to him, and his public addresses not infrequently evince the fact.

"It was perfectly consistent with his lifelong convictions and his personal experiences that he should say as the first critical moment after the assassination approached 'Thy Kingdom come;

'Thy will be done;' and that he should declare at the last, 'It is God's will; His will be done.' He lived grandly; it was fitting that he should die grandly. And now that the majesty of death has touched and claimed him, we find that in his supreme moment he was still a conqueror.

"My friends and countrymen, with what language shall I attempt to give expression to the deep horror of our souls as I speak of the cause of his death? When we consider the magnitude of the crime that has plunged the country and the world into unutterable grief, we are not surprised that one nationality after another has hastened to repudiate the dreadful act. This gentle spirit, who hated no one, to whom every man was a brother, was suddenly smitten by the cruel hand of an assassin, and that, too, while in the very act of extending a kind and generous greeting to one who approached him under the sacred guise of friendship.

THE CRIME A MYSTERY.

"Could the assailant have realized how awful was the act he was about to perform, how utterly heartless the deed, methinks he would have stayed his hand at the very threshold of it. In all the coming years men will seek in vain to fathom the enormity of that crime. Had this man who fell been a despot, a tyrant, an oppressor, an insane frenzy to rid the world of him might have sought excuse, but it was the people's friend who fell when William McKinley received the fatal wound.

"Himself a son of toil, his sympathies were with the toiler. No one who has seen the matchless grace and perfect ease with which he greeted such, can ever doubt that his heart was in his open hand. Every heart throbs for his countrymen. That his life should be sacrificed at such a time, just when there was abundant peace, when all the Americas were rejoicing together, is one of the inscrutable mysteries of Providence. Like many others it must be left for future revelations to explain.

"In the midst of our sorrow we have much to console us. He lived to see his nation greater than ever before. All sectional lines are blotted out. There is no South, no North, no East, no

West. Washington saw the beginning of our national life. Lincoln passed through the night of our history and saw the dawn. McKinley beheld his country in the splendor of its noon. Truly he died in the fulness of his fame. With Paul he could say, and with equal truthfulness, 'I am now ready to be offered.' The work assigned him had been well done. The nation was at peace. We had fairly entered upon an era of unparalleled prosperity. Our revenues were generous. Our standing among the nations was secure.

"Our President was safely enshrined in the affections of a united people. It was not at him that the fatal shot was fired, but at the very life of the Government. His offering was vicarious. It was blood poured upon the altar of human liberty. In view of these things we are not surprised to hear, from one who was present when this great soul passed away, that he never before saw a death so peaceful, or a dying man so crowned with grandeur.

LESSONS OF THE TRAGEDY.

"Let us turn now to a brief consideration of some of the lessons that we are to learn from this sad event.

"The first one that will occur to us all is the old, old lesson, that—'in the midst of life we are in death.' 'Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the evening.'

"Our President went forth in the fulness of his strength, in his manly beauty, and was suddenly smitten by the hand that brought death with it. None of us can tell what a day may bring forth. Let us, therefore, remember that 'no man liveth to himself, and none of us dieth to himself.' May each day's close see each day's duty done.

"Another great lesson that we should heed is the vanity of mere earthly greatness. In the presence of the Dread Messenger how small are all the trappings of wealth and distinctions of rank and power. I beseech you, seek Him, who said: 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.' There is but one Saviour for the sin-sick

and the weary. I entreat you, find Him as our brother found Him.

"But our last words must be spoken. Little more than four years ago we bade him good-bye as he went to assume the great responsibilities to which the nation had called him. His last words as he left us were: 'Nothing could give me greater pleasure than this farewell greeting—this evidence of your friendship and sympathy, your good will, and, I am sure, the prayers of all the people with whom I have lived so long and whose confidence and esteem are dearer to me than any other earthly honors. To all of us the future is as a sealed book; but if I can, by official act or administration or utterance, in any degree add to the prosperity and unity of our beloved country, and the advancement and well being of our splendid citizenship, I will devote the best and most unselfish efforts of my life to that end. With this thought uppermost in my mind, I reluctantly take leave of my friends and neighbors, cherishing in my heart the sweetest memories and thoughts of my old home—my home now—and, I trust, my home hereafter, so long as I live.'

SLEEPS IN THE CITY HE LOVED.

"We hoped with him that, when his work was done, freed from the burdens of his great office, crowned with the affections of a happy people, he might be permitted to close his earthly life in the home he had loved.

"He has, indeed, returned to us, but how? Borne to the strains of 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' and placed where he first began life's struggle, that the people might look and weep at so sad a home coming.

"But it was a triumphal march. How vast the procession! The nation rose and stood with uncovered head. The people of the land are chief mourners. The nations of the earth weep with them. But oh, what a victory! I do not ask you in the heat of public address, but in the calm moments of mature reflection, what other man ever had such high honors bestowed upon him, and by so many people? What pageant had equalled this that

we look upon to-day? We gave him to the nation but a little more than four years ago. He went out with the light of the morning upon his brow, but with his task set and the purpose to complete. We take him back a mighty conqueror!

“The churchyard, where his children rest,
The quiet spot that suits him best,
There shall his grave be made,
And there his bones be laid.
And there his countrymen shall come,
With memory proud, with pity dumb,
And strangers, far and near,
For many and many a year,
For many and many an age,
While history on her ample page
The virtues shall enroll
Of that paternal soul.”

LAI D TO REST.

It was exactly four minutes after four when the funeral car bore the remains of the dead President through the gateway of his last resting place. Twenty minutes after that time the brief services at the vault were over, the members of the family and the distinguished men of the nation who had come so far to do him honor had passed through the gates on their homeward way. One hour and forty minutes after the hearse had entered the cemetery the place was clear and the dead President was resting alone under the watchful care of the men of the regular army.

A sentry's measured tread resounded from the cement walk before the vault, another kept vigil on the grassy slope above, and at the head and at the foot of the casket stood armed men. Before the door, which was not closed tight, was pitched the tent of the guard, and there it will remain until the doors are closed to-morrow. Sentries will then guard the vault every hour of the day and night until the body has been borne to its final resting place.

For nearly an hour before the head of the funeral procession arrived at the gate of the cemetery the strains of the dirges

played by the bands came over the hilltops to the watchers by the vault, telling them that the procession was on its way. Finally, at 3.30 o'clock, the detachment of mounted police heading the parade came slowly around the corner of Lincoln street and passed up West Third street to the cemetery gates. Behind them came the Grand Army band of Canton, the solemn notes of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," welling out as it came up the driveway.

THE GRAND ARMY POSTS.

A moment after entering the cemetery the music was changed to Chopin's Funeral Interlude, and it was to the sound of this that the band passed out and on to Kentucky avenue at the south side of the enclosure. Behind the band came the Grand Army posts, fully 500 of the veterans marching by.

As they passed along the flower strewn path many of them were weeping bitterly, and they stooped by dozens to gather the blossoms which lay at their feet, and carried them away as mementoes. The sweet pea blossoms that were scattered along the road were the offering of the school children of Nashville, Tenn., and no tribute of love that was seen during the funeral exercises more amply fulfilled its mission or more completely carried its message of affection.

After the veterans came, in well set ranks, with rifles at "arms port," the men of the Sixth Ohio Infantry, of the National Guard, the Engineer Corps of the National Guard from Cleveland, and the comrades of the late President in the ranks of the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers during the Civil War.

Then came a long line of carriages bearing the members of the family and the distinguished visitors. From the first carriage that stopped at the foot of the walk leading up to the vault, President Roosevelt and Commander Cowles of the navy alighted. Without waiting for those in the second carriage, which contained Secretaries Root and Gage and Attorney-General Knox, the President walked slowly toward the vault and took a position on the south side of the walk close to the door. As Secretary Root came up the walk he assumed a similar position on the north side of the walk,

and the other members of the Cabinet ranged themselves by the side of the President and Secretary of War.

With bared heads the President and members of the Cabinet, who were followed by the officers of the army and navy, stood on either side of the walk, the lines reaching just to the edge of the roadway. Within a minute after the formation of the lines the funeral car came up the walk. The casket was gently lifted from the hearse and borne to the door of the vault, where it was rested upon the catafalque. It was carried by the same men of the army and navy who had carried it ever since it left Buffalo. Before them as it came up the the path walked Colonel Bingham, who had been aide to President McKinley.

At its head on the right walked Lieutenant Hamlin of the army, and in a corresponding position on the left Lieutenant Eberle of the navy. Just as the bearers lowered it to the catafalque, Abner McKinley and Mrs. Barber alighted from their carriage, and stood at the foot of the line of officers. They remained here for a few seconds and then passed up to the foot of the casket, where they remained during the brief services.

BURIAL SERVICE.

There was a moment's pause as Colonel Bingham looked to see that all was in readiness. He then looked toward Bishop Joyce, of Minneapolis, who read the burial service of the Methodist Church, slowly, but in a voice that could be heard distinctly by all who were grouped around the vault. Instantly from eight bugles rang out the notes of the soldier's last call—"Taps." It was beautifully done, and the last notes of the bugles died away so softly that all who heard it remained listening for a few seconds to hear if it was really ended.

When the last note had floated away Secretary Wilson was in tears, Secretary Hitchcock was also weeping, and the President was gazing grimly at the walk. It was the last moment for the men who had been so closely associated with the President for so long, and the thought seemed greater than most of them could bear.

It was all ended at last, and Captain Biddle, of Company C, of the Fourteenth Infantry, who will command the guard which is to be placed around the vault, stepped up to a line of five soldiers, which he had posted just north of the doorway, and who, throughout the ceremony, had stood at present arms as rigid as though carved out of iron. One of them passed quickly into the vault, taking station at the head of the casket, another placed himself at the foot, and three men stood in the doorway, two on the lower step and the third on the floor of the vault, directly behind them. There they remained until after the passage of the funeral procession.

A graceful tribute from the pen of Maud McDougal follows:

"No need to ask the way from the McKinley home to Westlawn Cemetery to-day. The veriest stranger could have found it. It led between two black banks of people, fringed with the blue and khaki of the National Guard of Ohio. The sorrowful journey was only once broken, and then at the church where he held his faith.

LISTENED WITH BARED HEADS.

"And the people without, the people who had loved him, crowded close, some of them inside the church, more on the steps and far out into the street, listening with bared heads and bated breath to the beliefs on which had been built so fine a life and so noble a death. Then once more the march of death was taken up to music, which now wailed of the woe of the people bereft, and again told in almost triumphant solemnity of a rest well earned.

"Familiar hymn tunes acquired a new, if sombre, sweetness as they marked the rise and fall of the steps of those who accompanied the city's hero but a little way on his journey. And the booming of the 'Dead March,' and the haunting sweetness of Chopin's Funeral March will ring in Canton's ears for many a day to come. To the sorrowing multitudes who knew that he was theirs for but a few minutes longer at best, the final passing of William McKinley from their lives, but not from their hearts, seemed to accomplish itself between the beats of a pulse.

"To the few who were admitted to the cemetery and had

stood for perhaps one hour, perhaps two, tense with expectation, it seemed an age from the time that the majestic distant notes of the great 'Dead March' were first heard to the moment when the shrill, sweet notes of 'Flee As a Bird' heralded the approach of the funeral party. It was the second division of the procession, however, in which interest centred. It was for it that all the other divisions were organized. And it, in its turn, was organized purely as an escort to a black-draped hearse, and to do honor to the still figure that lay under the flag for which it had offered its life to defend, its brain and best energy to glorify and in the services of which it had met death gloriously and ungrudgingly.

"The formation of the procession was as follows: Troop A, in all the bravery of its glittering uniform, swept up the circle and ranged itself under the trees to the right. After it, in pitiable contrast, came the 'President's Regiment,' or what was left of it, the regiment he fought with and endured with and won honor with through the Civil War.

NO POMP OR PAGEANTRY.

"No arrogance of black and gold and red here, no pride of prancing hoofs—only thirty men, poor, many of them, and stricken in years; men who had called McKinley 'Major' when they did not call him comrade, faltering in broken line, stopping one after another to pick up as precious souvenirs the flowers that the school children of Nashville had sent to strew the last stage of the President's journey, which lay between the wide gates of the cemetery and the narrow gates of the receiving vault.

"Then came another contrast, bewilderingly different in its nature, as President Roosevelt, the members of the Cabinet, Ministers from other lands and the officiating clergymen were driven up and alighted, a sorrow-stricken group, waiting to receive the mighty dead. It was an impressive sight as the hearse drew up. The whole side of the slope under which the receiving vault is built was buried in a mass of bloom, sent to show the sympathy of the whole world—of far Australia, of Canada, of Brazil and Chile, of Continental Europe and Central America—with a nation's loss.

"The twelve stalwart bearers, representing all branches of both army and navy, who had all through the sad journey lifted their loved burden lovingly and borne it tenderly, took the weight on their broad shoulders for almost the last time, and the admirals and commanding officers of both branches of the service lined themselves upon either side of the flag-draped, flower-covered casket.

"In long double lines from the entrance to the vault to the edge of the driveway these dignitaries ranged, their heads reverently bared, in order of their rank, from Roosevelt and Gage down to the military and naval men. At their head, the black entrance to the vault yawning behind him, the flag-draped bier within showing but dimly, stood venerable Bishop Joyce waiting.

BUGLERS SOUNDED "TAPS."

"Bearing their loved burden high above all these honored heads, while a squad of buglers from the Canton G. A. R. band sounded taps, the soldiers and sailors advanced slowly to lay it at the churchman's feet. Solemnly the words of the Methodist service rang out that all might hear:

"I heard a voice from heaven say, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

"And for the last time the boys in blue lifted the weight of a nation's woe to their stalwart shoulders and, the good Bishop leading them in, bore it from the light of day to the gray gloom of the tomb. With streaming eyes, they who had been the President's family, official and unofficial, watched it pass into the shadow. With heavy hearts they acquiesced in the posting of the guard, three men at the entrance to the tomb and one at the head, one at the foot of the bier, which seemed to shut them who loved and shared his life out from him as effectually as it did the veriest stranger.

"Then, since on the isolation of death even they must not intrude, they turned sadly away. Following them came Senators and Representatives, the great majority of the people's representatives at Washington, each, as he passed the guarded doorway,

reverently uncovering. After them walked the federal employes of four great cities. It must have been nearly 7 o'clock when the last of these filed past the door of the open tomb, when the last head was bared, and the last tear-dimmed eyes that sought out the vague shape of the bier in the shadow behind the impassive guard."

CHAPTER XX.

Magnificent Tributes to Mr. McKinley—Eloquent Eulogies from Celebrities—Grief and Indignation—The President's Virtues and Character Extolled.

HON. WAYNE MACVEAGH, who was Attorney-General in President Garfield's Cabinet, said at a great memorial meeting in Philadelphia:

"I am quite incapable of making you any formal address to-night. Others will discharge that duty, and I am here simply as one of you, to stand side by side with you in this expression of our share in the universal sorrow which binds the nation together North and South and East and West as a united people, mourning for their chosen leader, who has been so suddenly and so cruelly taken from them.

"It has happened to me to know intimately and well each of our martyred Presidents. It is thirty-six years since, in obedience to the request of President Lincoln, I reached Washington in the dim gray of an April morning to find that he was dead. It is just twenty years ago to-night since I sat by President Garfield as he died. It is only twelve days ago that all the joy of reaching home was changed into unutterable grief and pain by learning that President McKinley had been shot; and now he also is hidden from us in the grave.

"It was eminently fitting that this great and noble city should array herself in the habiliments of mourning and give this solemn and impressive celebration of the feelings of her citizens at the appalling calamity which has befallen us. With the Mayor in the chair, surrounded by this vast concourse of her representative citizens of all parties and denominations and of every walk in life, with solemn music, and with the presence of the reverend clergy, Philadelphia attests her grief in a manner worthy of her and worthy of the affection felt for her by the beloved President whose loss she mourns; for he was in the habit