

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

of frequently expressing his great regard for our city, feeling, as he once said to me, when he was here, as if he was at home.

"What is to be said in the way of eulogy must be said by others. I do not feel equal to it, but some things all men know. He was a brave and faithful soldier in as righteous a war as was ever waged. As Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means he was necessarily influential while framing tariffs in assisting others toward the making of great fortunes; but whatever he did was done because he believed it to be for the general welfare; and no suspicion ever existed, not only of improper gain, but not even improper motive on his part.

TOO GOOD TO BE GREEDY.

"Like Lincoln and Garfield, he was too good an American to care to be rich. As a husband, he has left us a measure of duty in self-denial to which few of us can hope to attain. A professed believer in the Christian religion, he lived more nearly in obedience to its requirements, and was more fully imbued with the spirit of the Master than is often found in this practical and metallic age. Indeed, there need be no better test of his true Christian spirit than that his only reported allusion to his murderer was an entreaty in his behalf, and his last words assuredly were suggested by the words of our Lord on the Mount of Olives: 'God's will, not ours, be done.'

"Yes, we have lost three noble President's by the assassin's hands, and all the assassins were native-born Americans. The first was a scholar, and used a Latin quotation to justify his hate, born of the Civil War. The second was an educated man, and his act was due to what he supposed was an unequal distribution of the spoils of office.

"Of the real motive of the assassin of President McKinley we know too little yet to form a final judgment; but surely the alarming outbreak of bitter hatred appearing about in so many different parts of the country requires the earnest and serious consideration of all good citizens, for he must learn the true cause of them before he can be able to apply an effective remedy. It will,

however, always be true that, under the whole wide canopy of Heaven, there can be found no antidote to hate but love.

"Meanwhile, we may all rejoice that the Bench and Bar of Buffalo are reflecting credit upon the whole country by again securing reverence for the calm, orderly and resistless processes of the law.

"And after all, my friends, it is upon the processes of the law that you and I must, in the last resort, depend for the perpetuity and the greatness of the Government our dead President loved so devotedly, and which he believed, as you and I believe to be, in spite of all abatement, the best Government under which men have ever lived, and no other form of government could in a single generation have produced and conducted to the seat of the Chief Magistracy three such rulers as Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley.

"We grieve at having lost them, but we are proud having had them as our Presidents. Our hearts just now are full of sorrow at losing him we have met to mourn.

"And while the races of mankind endure

Let their great examples stand

Colossal seen of every land.

To keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure,

Till in all lands and through all human story

The path of duty be the way to glory."

ELOQUENT WORDS OF ARCHBISHOP RYAN.

"Honored by an invitation to speak on this sad and solemn occasion, I naturally regard it from the religious standpoint. Religion is an integral portion of our nature, as real as the intellectual or material portion of it, and cannot be ignored in individual or national character. It has had more influence on our race than any other power. I am gratified to state that the deceased President recognized its great claims; that, according to his convictions and the dictates of his conscience, he was a religious man. His forgiveness of his murderer and his profound submission to the Divine will, expressed in these words, 'This is

God's way. His will, not ours, be done,' shows clearly the power of religion over him.

"That he was fair to those who differed from his religious convictions I am persuaded. I know, on the best authority, that as Governor of Ohio he was kind, almost partial, to the Catholics of that State when it was unpopular to be such. I had occasion to visit him in the interest of the Catholic Indians, and I am satisfied that whatever concessions were made were made through his influence, and that full justice would have been done to them could he have followed the impulses of his heart, which public men cannot always do.

"But, ladies and gentlemen, there are thoughts that force themselves upon us to-night, greater and more important than the consideration of the personal religion of any individual, however exalted and lamented. These refer to the welfare of the country, which the deceased President loved, served and ruled. They are, I believe, thoughts of gravest moment, and appropriate to this occasion. 'Better is the house of mourning than the house of joy,' for the consideration of these questions.

CHIEF ERROR OF OUR AGE.

"One of the greatest errors of our age and country is disregard in State and Church of principles and doctrines. It matters little, it is said, what men believe and teach, provided they do not act in disobedience of law. We relegate principles and doctrines to the region of theory, and take cognizance only of actions. Occasionally the public is awakened to a sense of the fallacy of this position. A few years ago the body of a young man was found. He had committed suicide and left a note stating that he was induced to do so by the defense of suicide in a lecture of Robert Ingersoll. Here were found cause and effect. The wretched man who has slain the President of the United States assures us that he was influenced to do so by the speeches and writings of a woman Anarchist—another instance of cause and effect.

" 'Wars between men may cease,' says Edmund Burke,

'wars between principles shall never cease.' By conquest or compromise wars between men cease; but principles are in eternal antagonism. It is illogical and suicidal to ignore principles and doctrines as they will inevitably act themselves out into actions for good or evil. Men say we want only the morality of Christianity, but without its dogmas, as if these dogmas did not create and cannot alone perpetuate that morality. Again they say, 'We care not what the Anarchist writes or speaks, provided he does not kill.' As if the writing and speaking addressed to young and fiery hearts may not lead to murder.

WHERE IS THE REMEDY?

"But it may be asked, Where is the remedy? You cannot legislate the world into morality. You cannot, in a free country, prevent free speech and the liberty of the press. You may say it is not the liberty of speech or press I would prevent, but its license. But who is to be judge between liberty and license? Ah, gentlemen, the truth is, we need a power that shall go deeper than can the legislator and his law, that goes right straight to the very core of conscience. We need more religion. Conscience is the great arbiter to decide what is liberty and what is license. And we need religion that is not merely sentimental, but doctrinal; not merely of God in His mercy, but of God in His justice also; not merely of heaven and its joys, but of hell and its just punishments.

"Because this is a land of liberty, and there are fewer restraining influences from without, we need the more from within. I am alarmed for the future of this Republic if disregard and contempt for religious doctrines should increase. No nation has ever continued to live without religion and its restraints. Uncivilized nations are conquered from without, but civilized ones from within, by the force of their own passions.

"Egypt, Greece and Rome lived because of truths, mixed, it is true, with falsehoods, which their religions possessed. There was much of conservative truth in the religion of the pagans. They believed in God and Providence, and future reward and

punishment for the observance or violation of law, human and divine. Our modern unbelievers would sweep all these truths away, and with them they would sweep away this glorious young Republic.

"If we are to perpetuate this splendid Republic, we must perpetuate Christianity to protect it. On this most solemn occasion, and standing in spirit by the newly made grave of our murdered President, and in the name of the Founder of Christianity, whom we all love, I ask you to keep the deposit of Christianity and hand it down as the richest heritage you can leave to your posterity and your beloved country."

When informed of the death of President McKinley, Hon. John Wanamaker, who was a member of President Harrison's Cabinet, made the following statement :

MILLIONS OF HEARTS IN AGONY.

"The passing on of William McKinley is an awful mystery. There are millions of hearts that are overwhelmed with agony. As against the miserable creature called a man who destroyed this noble life there are thousands and thousands of men in the United States, noble and true, who would unhesitatingly and gladly have given their lives if his could have been spared, so full was it of gifts and graces, of growth and of genuine goodness.

"Almost like a flash in the sky he passed on without spot or decay or the withering of powers to the eternal and enduring. He lived and died nobly. 'Good-bye,' he said 'good-bye to all. It is God's way.' Always a sage and a soldier, and now a saint."

The Right Rev. Ozi W. Whitaker, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Diocese of Pennsylvania, gave the following estimate of the life and character of the late President :

"There can be but one opinion as to the character of the late President McKinley. It was of the highest type of Christian manhood. I knew him personally, having met him on every occasion on which he visited Philadelphia as President, and I have been impressed, as everyone who came in contact with him must have been, with his qualities as a man, a statesman and a Christian.

"The address he delivered at Buffalo the day before he received his death wound was the latest illustration of the far-seeing, broad-minded statesmanship for which he was noted. From the time he was shot till his death the spirit of fortitude and magnanimity he displayed touched all hearts. His death was the death of a sincere Christian. It is certain that he will always be remembered with peculiar affection by the American people, and I believe he will hold in their minds and hearts as high a place as any President who preceded him."

FROM A WELL KNOWN BISHOP.

Bishop Whitaker issued the following letter to the clergy of his diocese, instructing them to hold a memorial service for the late President :

"To the Clergy of the Diocese of Pennsylvania. Dear brethren : In accordance with the proclamation of the President of the United States, I recommend that the several congregations of the diocese hold a memorial service to our late beloved President in their respective churches, on Thursday, September 19, at 11 o'clock A. M. A form of service will be sent to you later. The hymns suggested seem most appropriate, but you may substitute others in your discretion."

Through the courtesy of the "Boston Globe" we present to the reader a number of touching tributes to Mr. McKinley from the pens of our most gifted authors. They appeared in the Memorial Edition of this journal and occupy the remainder of the chapter :

EVEN AS A CHILD.

EVEN as a child to whom sad neighbors speak,
 In a symbol, saying that his father "sleeps"—
 Who feels their meaning, even as his cheek
 Feels the first teardrop as it stings and leaps—
 Who keenly knows his loss, and yet denies
 Its awful import—grieves unreconciled,
 Moans, drowns, rouses, with new-drowning eyes—
 Even as a child.

Even as a child; with empty, aimless hand
 Clasped sudden to the heart all hope deserts—
 With tears that blur all lights on sea or land—
 The lip that quivers and the throat that hurts—
 Even so, the nation that has known his love
 Is orphaned now; and, whelmed in anguish wild,
 Knows but its sorrow and the ache thereof,
 Even as a child. JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

A NATION IN SORROW.

NATION bright with the sunrise glow—
 Full of the century's throbbing—

Why do you bow your head so low?
 Why do we hear you sobbing?

Death has climbed to my highest place,
 And tears of a people are no disgrace;
 Sorrow is better told than kept;
 And grief is holy, for God has wept.

Nation with banner of oldest birth,
 Stars to the high stars sweeping,
 Why have you not a flag on earth
 But to the half-mast creeping?
 Many a brave man had to die
 To hold those colors against the sky;
 Agonies such as this reveal
 That every banner to Heaven must kneel.

Nation with tasks that might appal
 Planets of weak endeavor,
 Why did the best man of you all
 Sail from your shores forever?
 Not forever, and not from sight,
 But nearer to God's sweet, kindly light;
 Through the mists to a stormy sea,
 Where all the heroes of ages be.

Nation with weapons fierce and grim,
 Sharpen with rage your sadness;
 Tear the murderer limb from limb—
 Torture him into madness!

No! I have Heaven too much in awe
 The law to avenge with lack of law;
 Take we the soul from its tainted clod,
 And lay it down at the feet of God.

Nation whose love for home ne'er dies,
 Cruel the clouds that hover!
 What do you say when a woman cries,
 "Give me my husband lover?"
 Sad heart, carry the grievous wrong,
 In Faith's own arms; it will not be long,
 Here, and in lands you never knew,
 He more than ever will comfort you.

Nation of many tribes and lands—
 Strength of the world's best nations,
 Say! would a million murderous hands
 Crumble your deep foundations?
 Never! No poison e'er can blight
 The flowers and fruitage of Truth and Right;
 Never! the land that the tryant fears
 Shall live in splendor a thousand years.

WILL CARLETON.

THE DARKENED SKIES.

THE air was filled with music, every heart
 Throbbled its thanksgiving for the season's wealth.
 With splendors piled appeared the magic mart
 Whose arches gave their echoes for thy health.

Thy train made entrance on the brilliant scene
 Like the fair galley of a victor crowned;
 While Nature smiled, propitious and serene,
 Thine and the Nation's heart the death blow found.

Dark grow the skies, the sounds of joy are hushed.
 Reason can scarce attest the sudden change;
 When did the flower o' hope, so fully flushed,
 So swiftly fail, with portent sad and strange?

Thine was the glory of successful rule,
 Thine, in thy manly youth, the warrior's wreath.
 For what of thy good service might a fool
 Aim at thy breast, unarmed, the stroke of death?
 The garlands hung on thy triumphal way
 Shall now be heaped thy mournful bier above,
 Yet with best conquest ends the noble day,
 Resigning life, but keeping faith and love.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

MOURNED BY EVERY AMERICAN.

He was the Head of the Nation, he fell in its service, the base hand that took his life struck dead the hostility in every feeling heart that harbored it, and he passes to the peace of the grave mourned not by such as were his friends, only, but by all who bear the American name.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN).

A FIXED STAR IN OUR FIRMAMENT.

As the name of William McKinley becomes fixed in the firmament of our nation's history it appears to us at once, and seems destined to remain to us, a name to charm by. Can we say now, so soon, in what his greatness consists, and what is to prove at last the broadest measure of his permanent fame? With certainty, certainly not; yet there is a solace in the effort to do so, that at least explains, if it does not amply justify, so early an endeavor.

A living statesman of one of the dynastic governments of Europe is currently quoted as saying that the fame of our late President will be that he was the greatest commercial statesman of his time. If this be so, and it seems very near the truth, what, then, is the greatness, and what are the limitations of "commercial" statesmanship? Is it nearly or quite the highest degree, or is it nearly or quite the lowest? Other statesmen have delivered their peoples from the perfidy of tyrants, from the oppression of nobles, from debasing iniquities of ancient customs, from bigots, fanatics and robber hordes; was their statesmanship, therefore, larger than a commercial statesmanship may be?

Or is it not true that for our crowning question we ask concerning such rulers, "What—after they had dragged down the despot, hurled back the invader, obliterated the pit of degradation—what was their wisdom and power to uplift and push forward those industries of peace which prosper the main mass of men, and give them opportunity and incentive for the arts, the sciences, the virtues; how much did their statesmanship do to fill the sail, to oil the wheel, to light the mine, to speed the plow and the loom?"

GREAT COMMERCIAL QUESTIONS.

It is only when we contemplate the world-wide reach of great commercial questions, the bewildering intricacies of conflicting interests and theories, the far-reaching disastrousness of their misunderstanding, and the vast beneficence of their correct solution, that we are prepared to confess the greatness of a mind and soul that confronts and answers them with supreme mastery.

The hoary Eastern question is and has always been a problem of commercial statesmanship. Such is four-fifths of every foreign policy of Europe. It was a blunder of commercial statesmanship that lost to Great Britain her American colonies, and it is on commercial statesmanship that her modern greatness is largely founded. A potential factor in the long decay of Spain has been her lack of commercial statesmanship, and commercial statesmanship is to-day the consuming study of every worthy sovereign and of every cabinet in the civilized world.

If it ever seems necessary to write that he whose loss leaves our nation widowed wrought no mighty changes in our general legislation, achieved no vast reform in our institutions, and righted no great wrongs between conflicting elements of the population, the word must go with it that his public life was without a stain of dishonor, that he was a model of private virtue, duty and affection, a true and ardent lover of mankind, and that in the mighty functions of commercial statesmanship he was easily first among contemporary statesmen and rulers, the greatest of his time.

GEORGE W. CABLE.

AT THE EXPOSITION.

THE devil's best tools
 Are the fingers of fools.
 All pious, good people,
 Who live in a steeple,
 Over spire and gilt vane
 Whirling round, round again
 Like joy behind sorrow or ease after pain.
 But the worst, most accursed,
 Is prim and sedate
 He stands up straight,
 So lowly elate,
 But creeps through the gate
 Into rooms of the great,
 And cowers in the chamber of State.
 Let him learn, if he can
 The first lesson of Man,
 The last, for he must,
 He shall learn, and discern
 The fire of live coals in our urn.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

A PATRIOT OF THE NOBLEST TYPE.

William McKinley, like some who went before him, dies a martyr to republican institutions. It was for those institutions that our fathers fought and died in two great wars. And the President of this Republic represents those institutions more than any other man.

The nation had been gradually making up its mind about William McKinley. But now that he has gone from our midst, we realize suddenly that he possessed many of those qualities, the value of which is inestimable in his situation.

He was first of all a patriot of the noblest type. For he had the good of his country nearest his heart. He never sought to exalt himself at the expense of his country. Rather he sought to efface himself in his submission to the desires of the people. He was willing to hear and heed the opinions of the humblest

citizen. It was sometimes said of him that he was dominated. He was dominated, but by no man. He was dominated by the voice of his countrymen. William McKinley will live in history as a President of great dignity, moderation and wisdom; as a God-fearing man, whose life was an example to his fellow-citizens. And the best that can be said of him is that he was an American.

It is well to remember that a government of the people has just as much right to protect itself from its enemies as has a monarchy.

WINSTON CHURCHILL.

A MAN OF GENEROUS NATURE.

While I feel my inadequacy to the task, I am highly honored in being selected with others to express sorrow at the cruel deed that has brought desolation to a home and grief to a nation.

In doing so it may not be uninteresting to detail a few incidents that will exhibit the social and kindly side of Mr. McKinley's generous nature. Some years ago I visited Canton, O., in my professional capacity. During my engagement I was invited to meet the then Congressman McKinley at the house of one of his relatives. He entered the room with his invalid wife leaning on his arm, and I often noticed during the evening his attentive and affectionate solicitude for his companion. His manner was most cordial and friendly.

Our next meeting was in Cleveland, where we dined together in company with Mr. Robert Lincoln and Mr. Mark Hanna. That night the entire party came to the theatre to see the comedy of the "Rivals," acted by the star cast.

After the performance, the Congressman came behind the curtain and was introduced to the company. He expressed his enjoyment of the play, remarking how strange it was that such talent was not oftener brought together. "Possibly," he said, "it might be dangerous to give the public too much of a good thing." Our next meeting was after he became President, my wife and I lunched with his family at the executive mansion. General and Mrs. Miles were also of the company. The President

seemed interested in the history of the stage, and enjoyed reminiscences of it or anecdotes of actors with great relish.

Passing through Washington on my way to Florida, I called to pay my respects. This was just at the time when strained relations were tightening their grip upon America and Spain. The President spoke of these, but expressed a hope that serious trouble might be avoided. I told him that I traveled much, and that I gleaned from the expressions of wise and thoughtful men that the country did not want war. He replied, "I am glad to hear it." This was before the destruction of the "Maine." I have met him several times since, and to me his views seemed broad and liberal.

I was never more shocked that when the terrible news of the assassination was brought to me; our household was in a fever of excitement, our very domestics in tears; and now, that the worst has come, a home made desolate and a nation plunged in sorrow, we can only hope that time may soften the blow, and that wise legislation may place a barrier that will forever prevent the reoccurrence of such an act.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

A LIFE'S STORY.

TWO together and only two—
One a soldier and one a maid;
Ev'ry sky is heavenly blue,
And all the dim forebodings fade.

Two together and only two—
One a husband and one a wife,
Ready to walk the wide world through,
Heart and hand on the road of life.

Two together and only two—
Fronting Fortune and braving fears—

Two together and only two
Above two little graves in tears.

Two together and only two—
He a Nation's chosen chief
She a wife to follow through
The massive gates that lead to grief.

Two together and only two—
One to watch, with all love's wealth,
One to walk 'mid wilds of rue
To seek the pleasant paths of health.

Two together and only two—
See the clouds and pains depart
From the Land's first lady, who
Is still first lady of his heart,

Two together and only two—
Cannons boom and cities cheer,
Skies are bright and friends are true;
Who shall say that death is near?

Two together and only two—
Joy seems sure forever more,
Yet the hand that millions drew
Of hearts has opened Death's dark door.

Two together and only two—
While amid his own he stands,
Death now breaks the circle through
And grasps him with his vise-like hands.

Two together and only two—
Never death such loving parts,
Loyal wife and husband true,
For Love hath wed your hands and hearts.

Two together and only two—
Peoples pray that you may meet
Where the dark skies change to blue,
And all that's bitter turns to sweet.

JOHN BURNS.

HIS PLACE IN THE NATIONAL HEART.

Who has yet invented the smokeless powder of grief? The first emotions consequent on a great public catastrophe are like the blur of an old-fashioned battle; it is only when the atmosphere clears that we begin to see anything plainly.

The nation is undergoing something like what the surgeons