

service of every humane cause. Not only did it inspire his life-long war with oppression, and evil, and meanness of every sort — it made him exceptionally generous and tolerant. Some may think that he erred on the side of mercy against justice. Perhaps so; but if we must err at all, that is a good side to err on. A sweet disposition may hold even an error in harmless solution, while there is a precision that is as sour as it is sound. But let it be remembered that often mercy is the synonym of justice. Another danger attendant upon such a spirit is credulity — too much readiness to believe the most and to believe the best. But this human nature of ours, which, discipline it as we may, will still be fallible, is full as likely to be wise at this extreme as at the other. Truth is better than fiction. Nevertheless, if the disparaging estimate of humanity is the true one, then fiction is better than fact. The doctrine of a trust in man, however qualified by painful experiences, is necessary as the inspiration to all noble effort, and for any content of mind, for the working machinery of life, and for every fibre of the social organism. Do you tell us that there is no substance in human virtue? — that all honesty is marketable, and all love a selfish mask? — that in this world there are no loyal friendships, no unpurchased benefits, no faithful hearts, no incorruptible souls? Is all that sentimental illusion? Then, I say, let us be cheated by that illusion, always shutting out minor truths, and deceiving us even to the grave.

Whatever may have been the mistakes of him who lies dead before us, there was no mistake in the main current of that principle which inspired his labors and characterized his life. And here, I repeat, is a lesson for us all. In trying to do the work of life, one may be discouraged by instances of conspicuous greatness, — at least greatness that

expresses intellectual power and achieves splendid success. It may seem to us that because we cannot do great things, we can do nothing that is of worth, and that it matters little what we do. But goodness is richer than greatness. It lifts us nearer to God than any intellectual elevation, and, moreover, it is accessible for the humblest life. I do not say that all duty, that all religion is expressed in love for man — though we have ample warrant for belief that all the law is fulfilled in this one word, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The love of God, however, is the spring of, and kindles and nourishes love to man. But how is the love of God to be manifested? It is to be manifested according to our abilities, within our sphere, whether broad or narrow, and every day I bless God that the great necessary work of the world is so faithfully carried on by humble men in narrow spaces and by faithful women in narrow circles, true to the impulse of the divine love within them, performing works of simple goodness. And so we are encouraged, not discouraged, when the greatness which the world confesses is the greatness of goodness, because that, unlike intellectual power, is a communicable power for the goodness of the community. Therefore, from the cup of our sorrow here to-day we may drink inspiration for our best endeavors, while we are thankful for the achievement that in this instance was so large and so effective.

To men of different power different kinds of work are assigned. Some are discoverers of truth; some are vehicles of inspiration; some are inventors of instruments; some are builders of states. But truly has it been said that the philanthropists, in the measure of their wisdom and their purity of zeal, are the real "fellow workmen of the Most High." Other agents explore God's works and illustrate this truth.

But this is of little value save as it diffuses his blessedness and confesses his help. Therefore, they who by earnest effort against evil, by indignant rebuke of wrong, by steadfast advocacy of truth, justice and freedom, work beneficently for man, most truly work for God and work with God. How faithfully, how effectively he, for whom we hold these solemnities to-day, wrought his work to those ends it is superfluous for me to show. He enlisted in that war from which there is no discharge. He contended against what he believed to be wrong — inspired not less by the goodness of his heart than by the strength of his mind. He struck for what he believed to be right until mind and heart gave way, and, marked by scars and honors, he lies dead upon the field.

Permit me still further to say — as unfolding, also, in this hour, its practical lesson for ourselves — that Mr. Greeley's work in life was eminently practical work; his goodness was no mere sentiment; for him it was an organic force. There are those, also, who regarded him as what they call a "visionary man." For my part, I am thankful for all such visions as rest upon such solid ground of usefulness and precipitate such concrete results. No man, it seems to me, was less given to mere idle speculation by speech or pen, or used more telling words to tangible effects. How wide, how manifold was the circle of interests which he touched! How close to men's homes and bosoms the convictions which he wrought! How many, many minds has he instructed with practical wisdom! How many lives had he stimulated to wholesome energy! How many young men gratefully acknowledge him as their teacher and guide! What various interests of arts and labor, of education and temperance, of domestic purity, and of freedom miss him, mourn for him to-day. Wielding with so much power the mightiest engine

of the times — placed in the editorial chair, which in our day, whether for good or evil, exercises an influence greater than any official seat or throne on earth — it is no light thing to say that, however strenuously, and some may think severely, he used it as the instrument of his own thoughts and purposes — he never debased it as a stimulant of impurity, or made it a vehicle of a single social wrong.

His work was wide and various — how wide and how various this spectacle here to-day bears witness. The associations represented here are of all opinions, all differences of pursuit. They are composed of men who disagreed with Mr. Greeley upon many points, yet who truthfully claim fellowship with him upon some one point, and spontaneously honor his memory. All these testify how closely his life was incorporated with the practical interests of men. At least they testify that while Horace Greeley had many antagonists, he had few, if any, enemies. May I not, without violating any of the proprieties of this occasion, express my satisfaction that while all political issues, as it were, lie sealed within those inclosing lids in demonstration of the truth that peace has victories more renowned than war, the highest representative of the nation joins with this national testimony in honor of the thinker, the worker, the patriot, and the man.

Let me refer to one more lesson of the hour, and I will relieve your patience. It is the lesson of Horace Greeley's life, it is the lesson of his death; would that in life and death it might be the lesson illustrated by us all — the lesson of the power, sufficiency of the Christian faith! Far be it from me to take advantage of this occasion, which has assembled men of different creeds and different forms of worship, to urge the point of Mr. Greeley's sympathy with those inter-

pretations of Christianity which usually find expression here. Only suffer me to say, however, that he found at least, whatever errors may be mixed with his view — he found in it strength to live and strength to die by. But it is a grander fact than this that upon the essential truth of Christianity, the truth which all believers trust in, Horace Greeley leaned his weary head and weary heart and died. Now, my friends, not because it is my office, not because it is a professional duty that I should speak so, do I say that the more I see, the longer I live, the more I believe in every fibre of my heart that in Christian faith alone is true peace and quiet in our life and in our death. The mere intellect may find satisfaction in speculation concerning God, or whether there be any God at all, or in scientific excursions through the universe. In the seeming remote prospects of our own dissolution we may raise curious queries about a future life; whether this still old form which lies before us is itself the compact substance, the finality of our being, or whether from this motionless frame there has not vanished something that thought, and knew, and spoke, and lived, and evidently is not here.

In the assumptions of our modern wisdom, knowing so many things, and as we think impartially, we may criticise the claims of the ancient Bible, and of the historical Christ; but when the forces of nature press upon the life-springs of our own being, and we want to know something of the power that bears us up and carries us along — when the lamp of our conscious being flickers in the advancing darkness of the grave, and the question rises straight before us — “Is this the end of all, or is there something more?” Oh! when our evil habits accuse us, and our false lives rebuke us; and we feel our moral weakness, and know we cannot

erect ourselves, then, indeed, does it come to us as a joy and as a victory — the truth that was uttered by Horace Greeley — “I know that my Redeemer liveth.”

Job was a great sufferer. Affliction after affliction came upon him with whirlwind blast and lightning stroke. He mourned and wept, and looked through a tumultuous struggle that came upon him; he ended with the peace of the grave, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest; but still, through and beyond all, he recognized this truth, that there was to him a Helper, a Vindicator, a Redeemer, and that was his strength and his victory. Our friend and brother had his hour of desolation and darkness. Affliction after affliction fell upon him, and he longed for rest. No doubt he breathed the spirit of the simple verse:

— “Life is the torrid day  
Burned by the wind and sun;  
And death the calm, cool, evening hour  
When the weary day is done.”

But he looked through and beyond this. Those were the transient shadows, and I thank God from my heart and from my soul, not only for myself, but for all, that, when all earthly good was crumbling like scaffolding, this dying man was so strong and triumphant as to utter from his soul this simple sentence that is written over me.

My friends, that was the victory of Horace Greeley's life, as well as the lesson of his death. It is the consolation of the hour. I dare not trust myself to speak to those smitten hearts. I dare not trust words to convey even one atom of human sympathy, for they would fail me before those who have thus repeatedly been smitten. There, there is your consolation! “I know that my Redeemer liveth.” And now, as we take the body of our friend and brother, and bear

it to its final rest, from these walls that have known him so often, but shall know him no more — now, as we bend over him with these tears that will not be restrained, God grant that this may be our consolation.

“Farewell, dear friend! farewell, honored associate! farewell, noble champion!” each may say, speaking for some great interest and affection of his life. Farewell! We know that our Redeemer liveth! and God grant that we may know it in that final hour, when, like him, there is nothing for us but to turn to God.



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