



ject. Hence, not only the labor leaguers of our country, but the turbulent papists of Ireland, and even the Nihilists of Russia, found in him a heart of sympathy and a word of kindness, because of the sternness of the rule under which they writhe."

His aim was never evil, but always good. He wished the injury of no man. He sought the good of the master as well as the slave, of the South as well as the North. The frightful pictures which he drew of the slave, mangled and bleeding, hunted by bloodhounds, in the deepest moral and spiritual darkness, with which he harrowed up the spirit of his audiences, and the terrible words of denunciation which he poured out upon the heads of those who applied the lash or in any way contented the damnable outrage were intended to minister to the good of both parties. He hoped to benefit the slave, but he hoped also to awake the slumbering conscience of the master and of the nation, and to create a healthy public sentiment, which would bring liberty to both. For the master needed to be freed as well as the slave, the North as well as the South. "It is our duty," he said, on one occasion, "to educate this people in humanity and in deep reverence for the rights of the lowest and humblest individuals that makes up our numbers," and this was one of the things which he kept constantly before him. Directly he was working for the slave, but indirectly for the whole country, North and South, East and West, white and black. And now, without attempting to recount his invaluable services to the cause of temperance, labor reform, woman's rights, civil service reform, &c., let me briefly direct attention to a few of the prominent traits of his character, for our emulation. One of the first things that strikes us is his moral courage, his utter fearlessness, his absolute loyalty to his convictions of duty. This is one of the rarest of qualities. And never in the world's history was there a sublimer exhibition of it. He feared no man. What he believed he was ready to avow anywhere, under any circumstances, regardless of personal consequences. He never stopped for one moment to ask what others would think of it, or how it would be likely to affect him in person or reputation. He had the courage of his convictions; he had the spirit of a martyr. Never came into the world a braver, truer heart than his. In the face of infuriated mobs breathing out threatenings and slaughter, with curses upon their lips and murder in their eyes, clamoring for his life, ready to tear him in pieces, he stood undaunted. "Why do heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing—the kings of the earth set themselves and the rulers take counsel against the Lord and against his anointed. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh. He will have them in derision."

Those of you who read the *Herald* of last Monday will recall the description which Mr. Beecher gives of a great meeting held at his church. After Mr. Phillips had proceeded for something with his address, he said something which gave great offense, and produced a perfect tempest of excitement, during all of which, however, he stood perfectly calm and self-possessed. When the noise and tumult had subsided, he repeated what he had said with increased emphasis. Again the vast surging mass was lashed into fury. Again he stood and waited until quiet was restored, and again with still greater emphasis reiterated what he had said. They soon found out that he was not to be intimidated by any angry demonstrations on their part, and he was allowed to proceed. His calmness and self-possession, his seeming indifference to his own safety in the midst of the most perilous scenes, were something wonderful.

Another thing which impresses us about him was his great love of liberty, his fidelity to the right. He hated, he utterly detested with all his heart, soul, mind and strength, oppression and injustice in every shape and form. One of his favorite mottoes or sayings, and one which of late years he frequently wrote in autograph albums was "Peace if possible, but justice at any rate." So intensely did he feel on this subject, that he even went so far as to advocate the right of the slave to take the life of his pursuer. "You say that this is bloody doctrine, anarchical doctrine: it will prejudice people against the cause. I know it will. Heaven pardon those who make it necessary. Heaven pardon the judges, the merchants and the clergy who make it necessary for hunted men to turn when they are at bay and

fly at the necks of their pursuers. It is not our fault. I shrink from no question, however desperate, that has in it the kernel of possible safety for a human being hunted by twenty millions of slave-catchers in this Christian Republic of ours."

And again, in his great lecture on "Disunion," delivered in Music Hall, Boston, June 20, 1861, he declared that however great might be the blessings of the Union, if it could not be perpetuated without slavery, it ought to be broken to pieces. "If the Union created for us a fresh Golconda every month, if it made every citizen as wise as Solomon, as blameless as St. John, and as safe as an angel in the courts of heaven, to cling to it would still be a damnable crime, hateful to God, while its cement was the blood of the Negro—while it, and it alone, made the crime of slaveholding possible in the fifteen States."

His hopefulness and sublime faith in the ultimate triumph of right was also one of his prominent characteristics.

"Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne; Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

In the spirit of these grand words he lived and wrought. Even amid the darkest hours of that terrible conflict he never despaired. "Do not misunderstand me," he said on the anniversary of the surrender of Sims, "I know the anti-slavery cause will triumph. The mightiest intellects, the Websters and the Calhouns of the Whig and Democratic parties, they have no more effect upon the great mass of the public mind, in the long run, than the fly's weight had on the chariot wheel where he lighted." And again, in his address on "Public Opinion:" "They have put wickedness into the statute book, and its destruction is just as certain as if they had put gunpowder under the Capitol. That is my faith; that it is which turns my eyes from the ten thousand newspapers, from the forty thousand pulpits, from the millions of Whigs, from the millions of Democrats, from the might of sect, from the marble government, from the iron army, from the navy riding at anchor, from all that we are accustomed to deem great and potent, to the simplest child or woman, to the first murmured protest that is heard against bad laws. And what can be sublimer than this? You may build your Capitol of granite and pile it high as the Rocky mountains; if it is founded on or mixed up with iniquity, the pulse of a girl will in time beat it down." "Your Capitol, Daniel Webster, is marble, but the pulse of any humane man is beating against it. God will give us time and the pulses of men shall beat it down." He was also a man of the broadest humanity, of the widest philanthropy. He was a son of the grand old commonwealth of Massachusetts. He was an American citizen. He was a member of a proud and powerful race; but he was more than all this, more than a son of Massachusetts, more than a citizen of the United States, more than a member of a dominant race. He was a man, and that made him akin to all races and all classes and all conditions. He believed profoundly in the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. Hence his sympathies were never circumscribed by the narrow boundary lines of State or nationality, of creed or race. He took up into his great brotherly heart all human kind. He looked upon all men everywhere with the tender interest of an elder brother, and loved them as he loved his own soul. Hence he was ever wakeful to their interests, ever working for them. Whatever tended to push them forward was sure of his support. Whatever tended to impede their progress was sure to encounter his opposition. In no part of the wide world could an outrage be perpetrated upon the humblest member of society, which did not meet his prompt rebuke. The iron heel of despotism in Russia might strike down its victim, but instantly that clarion voice would be heard in Boston denouncing the infamous atrocity. And wherever a noble deed was done for freedom, and a manly blow struck for right, his would be the first voice to applaud. Indeed, he was indifferent to nothing which in any way affected any part of the human race. He was also conspicuous for his unselfishness. He seemed never to think of himself.

It was the burdens of others that he carried; it was the welfare of others which he kept constantly before him. His whole life, what was it but a grand, magnificent, glorious exhibition of unselfishness? See him bearing scorn and insult and contumely! See him hurrying from place to place; see him crowding every moment of his life with work. See him taking upon his shoulders responsibilities almost too heavy for him to bear. And for what? To make for himself a name? To advance his interest? To fill his coffers with sordid gain? No!—that he might lighten the burdens of others; that he might lift up a race down-trodden, oppressed, brutalized, to the "awful heights of manhood," to the enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. In thought of others he lost himself, and in losing himself rose sublime. There is something about this thing we call unselfishness that gives a glory and a beauty and sweetness to life which nothing else does.

And so it is with peculiar pride and pleasure that we look up into this grand face, this morning, to find no trace of selfishness there.

But one thing more occurs to me to say, and that is to direct attention to the general character of his life. It was pre-eminently a useful life. He left the world better than he found it, and behind him influences that will ever work for righteousness. He so lived that, on Sunday morning, two weeks ago, when the sad tidings of his death were announced, a deep sense of irreparable loss swept over the heart of the whole country, and was felt beyond the seas. On every side expressions of regret were heard. It is a grand thing to live such a life, to come into such close intimate relationship of helpfulness to others as to be missed when we are gone. This I believe to be one of the tests of a useful life, its going out leaves a void behind. Such a life we may all of us live. It is not necessary that we should fill the exalted position which this man filled, or occupy so conspicuous a place. The humblest, the most obscure, the most poorly endowed, may put this element of true greatness into his life. We may all live so as to be missed when we are gone.

Will any of us be missed? Have we so identified ourselves with the lives and interests about us, in the several spheres in which our lot is cast, as to be likely to excite on the part of anyone this feeling of regret, this sense of loss? Some will miss us, I know; but will it be because of any good that we have done, because of any relationship of helpfulness which we have sustained to them, because of any acts of kindness or deeds of love that will go undone because of our absence? If not, poor, indeed, is that life. It is not worth living. It is not such a life as we are contemplating. No; his departure is felt, profoundly felt, not one, or two, or a dozen; but millions of grateful hearts to-day mourn his loss.

Such were some of the leading characteristics of his remarkable life.

"His work is done; But while the races of mankind endure Let his great example stand Colossal, seen of every land."

"Great men have been among us, hands that penned And tongues that uttered wisdom—greater none."

"He was a man, take him for all in all, We shall not look upon his like again."

Ah, little did we think when we saw this prophet of God, this modern Elijah, smiting the Jordan with his mantle and moving toward Horeb, that the fiery chariot was so soon to receive him. But this was even so. He is gone; and standing on this consecrated spot, and still gazing up into that heaven into which he has passed, let us pray the prayer of Elisha—"Let thy mantle fall on us!"—Grant us a double portion of thy spirit, thy courage, thy love of liberty and justice; thy hopefulness, thy sublime faith in the ultimate triumph of right,—thy great loving, sympathetic heart; thy broad humanity and philanthropy, thy unselfishness, thy beautiful helpfulness. Thou art gone, but we shall not forget thee. Thou art gone, but thy grand record remains. Farewell, great spirit! Farewell, friend of the down-trodden and the oppressed everywhere! Farewell, great champion of liberty! Honored of man, beloved of God—farewell!

The young man's first razor—his father's boot.

Did you ever see an Indian Pawn-ces overcoat?

The eel is always in fashion in winter with his eel-skin coat.

Tell not your secrets in a corn-field: it has thousands of ears.

Recipe for making ca.sup—put a saucer of cream before a hungry puss.

Moths eat up \$25,000,000 worth of goods in the country every year, while elephants don't injure us a bit.

The biggest fool in the world is dead. Told his mother-in-law, she lied. Did it with her little skillet.

We have known many a man to sit around waiting for something to turn up until that something was his toes.

"Ninety and nine" folks in the hundred make a mistake when they cut off a dog's tail. They preserve the wrong end.

"What's the matter with the end bordig?" said Jones; "why, I've got a dabbled dasty cold. Cub ad tako sobe rub and gib."

During a thunder storm two dogs that howled dismally at night were struck by lightning and killed. Howling dogs should cut this out and paste it in their hats.

"What would you do if a girl kissed you?" asked one urchin of another. "What would I do? I'd kiss her back." "What would you do?" "I'd kiss her mouth," was the portentous reply.

"Is your master up?" asked an early visitor of a nobleman's valet. "Yes, sir," answered the valet with great innocence; "the butler and I carried him up about three o'clock."

Early one morning, a banker was found on his knees at his front door, trying to unlock it with a lead pencil, and saying, "Howze zis? Somebozzye been foolin' wize ze combination."

A VAST INCREASE.—In 1849, when gold was discovered in California, there was not between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean, or from Manitoba to Sonora, over 25,000 persons of Caucasian stock, and not 3,000, all told, speaking English as the tongue of their nativity. Now there are 3,000,000 persons in the same area; there are ten thousand miles of railroad and nearly twice that of telegraph lines; there is a property value of at least \$3,000,000,000, six prosperous states and nine territories, growing in wealth and population, now producing in the precious metals at least \$45,000,000 annually and also embracing the three largest wheat-growing states in the Union.