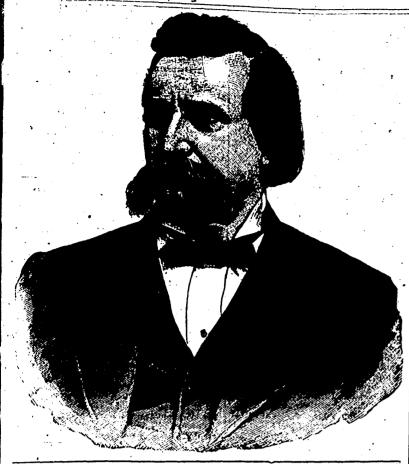
vel. VIII.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1884



MEMORY'S PEARLS.

Down deep in the ocean of time Those owned by the lords and earls.

A glance at their beauty and grace When we are most weary and sad. Will oft lend a charm to life's race, And keep the heart cheerful and glad

It may be the days of our childhood Have furnished the pearls we love best Hours that we spent in the wildwood The days that were happy and blest It may be a friend of our youth

Was a pearl we thought of great price. Adorned with the beauty of truth In whom we tound much good advice.

It may be the father, the mother, That was ever a pearl most rare; It may be a sister or brother Who helped as life's burden to beat

Then weave man beautiful chain Of the pearls most precious to all, ud close round my hearthe it lain Till the angel of Death shall fall.

Peculiar Words.

are a number of words in the eglish language each of which contains all of the five regular vowels, but it would mazle almost any one to think of more an one or two at short notice. The following may be given as examples: Educa tion, reputation, regulation, emulation, perturbation, mensuration repudiation. Bethere are several words, each ntaining all the vowels including the "y. course we may mention revolutionary locutionary, and unquestionably. The word invisibility may be noted as a pecu-liar word, for it contains the letter "i" five Mississippi and Tennessee are each pelled with only four different letters of alphabet, although one contains eleven tters and the other nine. Schnapps a ord of one syllable and eight letters containing but one vowel. There are no words in the English language of more than eight yellables, and of those containing that number may be mentioned incomprehen-

-The day of lawlessness is over in any hour of the day or night as those of New York. It has school-houses, two churches, two daily papers and five week-lies, well-organized fire and police de-partments, and efficient county and United States courts.

Civility is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality excites as quick a prejudice against him. It is a real ornament, the most beautiful dress that a man or woman can wear, and worth more as a means of winning favor than all of the iewels ever worn.

Sunshine is God's legitimate agent to give life and light. It enters into every-thing which is for the comfort or well-being of mankind; without it we would eke out a short, intolerable existence. As in the material world, so in the inner life. A man without sunshine in his nature is like & plant growing in the dark; it is weak, it is sickly, its very vitality is polsonous

Man is higher than his dwelling-place ne looks up and folds the wings of his soul, and when the 60 minutes we call 60 years have passed, he takes flight, kindling as he have passed the selection of his forthers of his forthers. rises, and the ashes of his feathers fall back to the earth, and the unveiled soul, freed from its covering of clay, and pure as a note of music, ascends on high

The house in which John Knox, inc scotch Reformer, lived and died is yet standing in that part of Edinburgh known as the old town. Extending over the entire front is this inscription in large Roman letters: "Lufe God abufa all and yi nychtbour as yi self."

Socrates was pronounced by the oracle of leiphos to be the wiscet man of Greece, which he would turn from himself ironically, saying, there could be nothing in him to verify the oracle, except this, that he was not wise, and knew it; and others were

Parted Lovers.

They were very fond of each other, and had been engaged; but they quarreled, and

were too proud to make it up.

He called a few days ago at her father's house to see the old gentleman, on business, of course. She was at the doer. Said he: "Ah, Miss Blank, I believe; i your father in ?

"No, sir," she replied; "pa is ont at present. Did you wish to see him personally?"
"Yes," was the bluff response, feeling that she was yielding, "on very particular personal business," and he turned proudly

o go away. "I beg your pardon," she called after him, is he struck the lower step, "but who shall

I say called?"
He never smiled again.

The following is a touching Arkansas obituary verse: "Grim Death has taken darling little Jerry, only son of Joseph and Sirena Howells; 7 days he wrastled with the dysentery, and then he perished is his little bowels.

By the use of a mixture of carbonate and borough. England, has been able to make a skating surface, which costs far less than the ordinary artificial ice floors, and can be readily repaired. When it is once laid it will remain serviceable for years.

A young man in St. John, N. B., who is bound over to keep the peace toward personal enemy, got his two sureties to d effjoyed it immensely.

CURE FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.—Wet half a towel, apply it to the back of the neck, pressing it upward toward the base of the brain, and fasten the dry half of the towel over so as to prevent the too rapid exhala-tion. The effect is prompt and charming, cooling the brain and inducing calmer sweeter sleep than any narcotic. Warm water may be used, though most persons will prefer it cold. To those suffering from over excitement of the brain, whether the result of brainwork this simple remedy is an especial boon

"Don't waste your time clipping at the branches," said a woodman to his son, "but lay your ax at the root of the tree." And the young man went out and laid his ax at the the foot of the tree like a good and dutiful boy, and then went fishing. Truly there is nothing so beautiful as filial obe

The sting of the bee is said to be a hollow tube. The male bee is inoffensive, not being provided with this weapon or pointe: therefore when one of these insects alights upon a bare footed boy the soliloquy of Hamlet immediately forces itself upon that boy's mind as he anxiously awaits the results. "Tube bee or not tube bee? That's the question."

THE FIRST POUND OF COFFEE-The first pound of coffee ever raised in the United States has been grown by a Florida woman. She obtained the plants from the Agricultural Department at Washingtor It has now been demonstrated that both ten and coffee can be produced in Uncle Sam's dominions. People of a practical turn may, however, be disposed to inquire the cost before rushing headlong into the cultivation of these mild stimulants.

"I deal," remarks the merchant; "I cut," "I deal," remarks the merchant; "I cut," adds the carpenter; "I turnip spades," says the gardener; "I pass," observes the railroad superintendent; "I lead hearts," adds the beau; "I follow suit," chirps the tailor with his little bill; "I trumpet," chimes the cornet player; "You cur," shouts the butcher, as the dog ran off with a two pound steak. Thus many classes seem to be made a game of

The preaching that draws more attention to itself than to the truth is always bad. The pernicious sensationalism is that which makes a congregation think more of the speaker's peculiarities of atyle and eccentricities of manner than of the religion he sets forth. When a congregation praise the preacher more than they praise God, they have been poisoned instead of fed on the Bread of Life.

was not wise, and knew it; and others were not wise, and knew it not.—[Lord Bacon.]

It is a peculiar fact, which we should not lose sight of, that the most useful animals cat only vegetable food. The powerful elephant and patient camel, the horse, the or, the donkey, the reindeer, all obtain their muscular power from nature's simplest production—the vegetable kingdom.

—"The Kiss In the Dark" was played as a farce by amateurs in Mount Sterling, no, our mission here this morning is not one of sadness; it is not to bewail our loss; it is not to speak of the dead, but of the living; not of that which the horizon, the galhering darkness, the reindeer, all obtain their muscular power from nature's simplest production—the vegetable kingdom.

—"The Kiss In the Dark" was played to the gift of such a noble life. No, our mission here this morning is not one of sadness; it is not to bewail our loss; it is not to speak of the dead, but of the living; not of that which of the horizon, the galhering darkness, the lowering elements, all portended but of that which still lives—which is brought the proad earth's aching through the broad earth's aching t

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

A SERMON DELIVERED SUNDAY, FEB. 24, .1884, AT THE FIFTEENTH STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C., BY REV. FRANK J. GRIMKE.

2 SAM'L., 3:38.

"And the King said unto his servants, Know ye not that there is a prince, and great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Of the history of these words you are

all aware. They were uttered, you will remember, by King David in reference as gone, but as still present. God grant to Abner, who came to an untimely that that majestic presence, that mighty death by the hand of Joab. It is not intellect, that great heart, that entire of Abner, however, that we are to speak self-forgetfulness, that sublime consethis morning, interesting as it might be cration to the right may never fade from to spend a half hour in recalling his illustrious career and the salient points of his character, but of one who was far greater, and in whose history we are far more interested. I need not say I refer to Mr. Wendell Phillips, who departed this life on the morning of the 2d of this month. His sudden and unexpected demise was a great shock. For though he was confined to his house for a week or more very little was known as to the serious nature of his illness, so that when the sad tidings came flashing over the wires that he was no more, it was like the sudden and unexpected coming of a great catastrophe. But now that we have had time to recover from the shock, and to collect our thoughts, a sense of the greatness of our loss begins to steal over us. On every side, from press and pulpit, from rich and poor, high and low, educated and uneducated, from all sections of our common country, North and South, East and West, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the lakes to the Gulf, and from beyond the seas -come warm and tender words of love and gratitude, of respect and admira-

Somehow a feeling comes over u

that a something has gone out from us which leaves us the poorer; a beauty, a strength of character, a sublime hope falness which never despaired, a purpose which never faltered, a courage which was never daunted, a love for truth and justice for God and humanity, before which all tyranny and oppression, injustice and wrong, cowed and skulked away. The falling out of such a gether long ago, and the recollection man is not, however, an accident—the is very pleasant indeed. He was a fine, Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. manly little fellow, and I was proud of After all the loss is only apparent. We him as a playmate then. Wendell commonwealth of Massachusetts swellshall shall see the beauty of that manly Phillips, J. Lothrop Motley, and I used ing in his breast; in that hall which face and form no more. We shall list to play together in the garret of the marvelous voice. Nor yet shall we ever again see the indignant flash or the strut about in any fantastic costumes ineffable tenderness of those wonderful they could find in the corners of the old the portraits of Hancock and Adams, eyes. But we have that which is of allic, and shout scraps of poetry and more value than all these. We have dialogues at each other. It was a fine his example, his grand life, the noble sight to see them, for both were noble record which he has left behind, his looking little fellows, you know, and words and deeds, the grand elements of even then Wendell's voice was a very character, which entwined with his pleasant one to listen to, and his gestures princely soul. And we have, too, that were as graceful as could be." public sentiment which he helped to mould; that moral atmosphere in which we live and move and have our being, which he did so much to purify and Boston, and then Harvard College, from ennoble. These subtle, mysterious, invisible forces are still with us and they of twenty. He then entered the Law bear upon them the impress of his great soul. He is gone, it is true; but Eliot, only to

"Join the choir invisible

Of the immortal ones, who live again In minds made better by their pres nce : live

In pulses stirred to generosity, In deeds of daring rectitude, in score Of miserable aims that end with self,

In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,

And with their wild persistence urge man's search

To vaster issues." Let us not, therefore, as we stand over his new made grave this morning, to be the foremost voice that was to be with all the memories of the past crowding upon us, look sad and heavy at was even so. God had ordained it, and heart. Let not the tear drops start. Let us rather rejoice; let us rather lift high came upon him and the voice of up our hearts in thanksgiving to God God was heard in his soul, "Go tell for the gift of such a noble life. No, Pharoah to let my people go."

in Philadelphia and Chicago, in Washman, who for forty years has been the foremost champion of liberty the world and the oppressed everywhere. Death dwells, but it cannot touch the man It cannot affect the record which he has left, the life which he has lived, the deeds which he has wrought. They remain. And so we are here not to think of him as dead, but as living; not our vision. Who was this man? Whence came he? What has he done? What are the great elements of his character?

With the facts of his history you are

already familiar. He was born in Boston November 29, 1811, just 10 months and 23 days after the birth of his illustrious friend and co-laborer, Charles Sumner. Mr-Garrison was then only a little over seven years of age. Mr. Whittier only a little over three. So that all four of these great leaders in the anti-slavery movement came into the world very near the same time, and in the same grand old commonwealth of Massachusetts. Mr. Phillips, like Mr. Sumner, came from one of the old aristocratic families of the State. His father was the first mayor of Boston, and among his ancestors I find one John Phillips, possessing, a great fortune and taking a very active interest in the cause of education, endowing a professorship at Dartmouth, contributing to Princeton college, giving to Phillips Academy at Andover \$31,000, besides founding and endowing Phillips Academy at Exeter with \$134,000.

Of the childhood of Mr. Phillips very little has been preserved to us, except that even then he showed a genius for oratory. One of the pleasantest little glimpses into that period of his life may be found in a brief article published in the Boston Transcript of February 5, by Mr. Thomas Appleton. "I remember" he says, "how we used to play totheir favorite pastime used to be to

eight and nine years old. In due time he entered the famous Latin school in which he graduated in 1831, at the age to the brutal outrage that that was perpetrated upon Mr. Garrison in the streets of Boston, not even Mr. Phillips himself, could have forescen that his was raised in behalf of the slave. But it in due time the baptism of fire from on

emancipation.

I will not equivocate. I will not excuse. I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard."

Then followed, the next year, 1832, the organization of the New Englandafterwards, the Massachusetts Anti-slavery society; then the organization of the great American Anti-slavery society, of Philadelphia; then the visit of Geo. Thompson, with its wonderful effects; then the dragging of Garrison through the streets of Boston by the "broadcloth mob;" then the murder of Love? joy at Alton; then the great meeting in Faneuil Hall and the infamous speech of the attorney-general of the State, and then, that marvelous voice, now silent manhood, with the voice of God ringslave clanking in his ear, and the bloody and murderous hand of mob violence about the neck of free speech and the liberty of the press-he came forth, and laid himself with all that he had upon

the altar of liberty and his country. Sublime spectacle! there he stands young and beautiful, with the blood of the Puritans flowing in his veins,-with the pride of a citizen of the grand old ten no more to the clarion notes of that Motley House. And I remember that Revolution, and upon whose walls hung well-dressed, intelligent audience, the representatives of wealth and culture and position, but in league with despotism and tyranny! See the blood rushing to his face,-the indignant flash of those eyes, and hear that voice tremulous with emotion and swelling until This was when he was between it fills every corner and crevice of that vast audience room, as he thunders forth those awful words of withering rebuke and denunciation:-

"Sir, when I heard the gentleman lay down principles which placed the mur school, where he remained for two derers of Alton side by side with Otis vears, and in the following year, 1834, and Hancoc, with Quincy and Adams he has gone in the language of George was admitted to the Suffolk Bar. What I thought those pictured lips (pointing were his plans of life at this time, his to the portraits on the wall) would have hopes and aspirations, we are not in-American—the slanderer of the dead. formed. But the eyes of all were upon The gentleman said that he should sink him; his rare gifts, his commanding into insignificance if he dared to gainsay talents, his wonderful oratorical accom- the principles of those resolutions. Sir, plishments made him a marked man, for the sentiments he has uttered, on soil and gave promise of a brilliant future. consecrated by the prayers of the Puri-How absolutely veiled, however, was tans and the blood of patriots the earth the exact nature of that future! Prior should have yawned and swallowed him

Such were the circumstances under which this greatest of American orators, this fiercest champion of liberty, this friend of the down-trodden and the oppressed everywhere, came to the front. His grand words went out into all the carth, sending a thrill of joy through the ranks of freedom everywhere. For, as Lowell has expressed it-

When a deed is done for freedom

lies buried over there in you cemetery, the lowering elements, all portended city set upon a hill which could not be come from however unworthy an ob-

NO. 47 still a power in Boston and New York, lina had nullified the act of the general the length and breadth of the country. government and declared its intention Hc now gave himself entirely to the ington and San Francisco, in London to resist with force of arms any en- Breat work of freeing the slave. 'It was and Paris, in all the continents,—the croachment upon its rights. In 1821 his thought by day and his meditation . Benjamin Lundy began the publica- by night. He was instant in season tion of the "Genius of Universal and out of season; he allowed no opover, the friend of the down-trodden Emancipation," at Mount Pleasant, portunity to pass; he spared neither Ohio, afterwards transferred to Jones- time nor labor. So completely did he has no power over such a man. It may boro, Tenn., and finally to Baltimore, enter into the condition of those for shatter the physical frame in which he in 1824, having as its object the whom he was laboring that he was in gradual emancipation of the slave. In bonds as those that were bound. Ev-1829 he was joined by Mr. Garrison, ery stroke that fell upon their backs who, abandoning the idea of gradual fell upon his; every agony that wrung engancipation, announced in its first their hearts, he felt; and into his ears issue the doctrine which afterwards entered every sigh and groan that came became the rallying cry of the abolition up from every lowly slave cabin of the movement-immediate, unconditional South. The more he thought of the matter, the greater the crime grew; Shortly after this followed his ar- the deeper became his convictions, the raignment of the owners of the ship the more intense his feelings, until he "Francis," for carrying a cargo of seemed almost beside himself, in a slaves from Baltimore to Louisiana, kind of frenzy. Never was a soul more in which he denounced the act as "do- sublimely wrought upon, more intensely mestic piracy," and declared his in in earnest, more absolutely eaten up tention "to cover with thick infamy" with zeal. He meant death to the slave all who were implicated in it, which power. Like the elder Cato, "Delenda resulted in his arrest and imprison est Carthago," was ever upon his lips, ment; the effect of which was to bring and he never slumbered nor slept until the subject of slavery still more he saw her proud temples laid low and promptly before the country. On the the smoke of her' desolation rising to 1st of January, 1831, appeared the first heaven. "Into the jaws of death, into number of the Liberator with these the gates of hell, with cannon to right memorable words, "I am in earnest. of him and cannon to left of him, vollying and thundering," he moved on. Like some John the Baptist, crying out of the wilderness, or some Isaiah or Jeremiah, full of dreadful forebodings, he went from place to place holding up the infamous atrocities of the slave system and pouring out the vials of his mighty wath upon all of its sympathizers. The North, cringing and cowardly, to borrow a phrase from Parker, he cauterized with actual lightning; the church, cold, and half apologetic, he lashed with all the fury of his incensed rightcousness; the constitution, with its lying declarations, he denounced as "the sum of villanies, a league with death and a covenant with in death. Thus, in the prime of young hell." Men called him fanatic, infidel, traitor, but he cared not. "They ing in his soul, with the chains of the call me infidel and trailor," he said, "and so I am, to a State that sells its citizens on the auction block, and drives them with the lash to unrequired toil. I am traitor to a church that defends this infamous system from the Bible." His opposition, you will perceive, was not to Christianity, nor yet to the Bible, but to an apostate and recreant church, which attempted to throw the weight of its great influence against liberty and on the side of oppression. During all of that fierce and terrible conflict. that had so often resounded with the notes buke that kept continually flowing from his eloquent lips, never was he animated for a moment by a spirit of bitterness or maliciousness. "Men blame us," he says, in his great speech on Public Opinion, "for the bitterness of our language and the personality of our attacks. It results from our position. The great mass of the people can never be made to stay and argue a long question. They must be made to feel it through the hides of their idols. When you have launched your spear into the rhinoceros hide of a Webster or a Benton, every Whig and Democrat feels it., It is on this principle that every reform must take for its text the mistakes of great men. God gives us great scoundrels for texts to anti-slavery sermons. See to it when nasure has provided you a monster like Webster that you exhibit him-himself a whole menageriethroughout the whole country." Terrible as were his denuficiations, merciless as were his attacks, yet he was at heart as tender as a woman, and as gentle as a child. To quote the language of another, No man possessed a kindlier nature. Of those who were his bitterest enemies, he had no unkind word to utter in private, no manifestation of unkindly feeling, but he knew how to wield the lash, and understood its effectiveness in bringing laggards and cowards to stand to their posts, or march to the music. If men shrank from the scorn of the tyrant, he knew how to make them dread a keener scorn, a sharper sting from freedom's lash, and he applied it as a stern father to an erring child. If there was a defect in his character in this respect, it was on the other side. He was so tender in his nature, that he could not resist the wail of distress or the cry for help, let it

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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 He wished the injury of no man. He sought the good of the master as well as the slave, of the South The frightful as well as the North. 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 conten-anced 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. 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 conse-quences. 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 He that sitteth in the anointed.

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 sometime with his address, he said something which gave great offense, and produced a perfect tempest of excitement, during all of which, however, he stood per-When feetly calm and self-possessed. the noise and tumult had subsided, he repeated what he had said with in-creased emphasis. Again the vast creased 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 2) 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

shall laugh. He will have

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

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 broken to pieces. created for us a fresh Golconda every month, if it made every citizen as wise as Solomon, as blameless as St. John. and us 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, keep ing 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 mightlest 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 philan, thropy. 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 dominent 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 als spicuous for his unsefishness. He was also conseemed 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 un-selfishness? 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 game? 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

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-eninently 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

zone. 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 h s 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, flery 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! Hon-

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

ored of man, beloved of God-farewell!

Did you ever. see an . Indian Pawn-ces overcoat? The eel is always in fasaton in I winter with his eel-skin coat.

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

Recipe for making calsup—put a saucer of cream before a hungry puss. Moths cat up \$25,000,000 worth of goods in the country every year, while elephants don't injury 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 batter with se this bordigo" said Jones; "why, I've got a dabbed dasty cold. Cub ad take 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?"
ked one urchin of another. "What would

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 visi-tor of a nobleman's valet. "Yes, sir," an-swered the valet with great innocence; "the buttler 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' wizh ze combination."

A VAST INCREASE.—In 1849, when gold A VAST INCREASE.—In 1899, when good was discovered in California, there was not between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean, or from Manitoba to Sonors, over 25,000 persons of Caucasian stock, and not 3,000, all told, speaking English as the tongue of their nativity. Now there are

OW, six prosperous states and nine terri-tories, growing in wealth and population, now producing in the precious metals at least \$45,000,000 annually and also embracmen to turn when they are at bay and ness to life which nothing clse does. in the Union.