

TRIBUTE TO DEAD DOCTORS

Homeopaths Pay Respect to the Memory of Physicians Gone.

DR. BIGGAR'S EULOGY ON THE DEPARTED

Words on the Worth of the Physician, His Place in Society and the Home—Some Announcements for Today.

At the First Congregational church, Nineteenth and Davenport streets, were held last evening the customary annual memorial services of the American Institute of Homeopathy. President A. R. Wright conducted them. They consisted of appropriate music by a quartette of the church choir and a fitting address by Dr. H. F. Biggar of Cleveland, O., the invocation being by the pastor of the church, Rev. Frank A. Warfield. Dr. O. S. Wood, the chairman of the local committee, was seated with Drs. Wright and Biggar in the pulpit.

The quartette was composed of Miss Laura Van Kurian, Mrs. A. R. Ely and Messrs. Wing Allen and Homer Moore, Mrs. Frances Ford accompanying at the organ. The musical part of the program consisted of the anthems, "God, to Whom We Look Up Blindly," by Chadwick, and "O God, Be Merciful," by Quorak, and a solo by Homer Moore from Goudou. "There is a Green Hill Far Away."

President Wright read the names of those of the institute who had passed away during the year, twenty-eight having been active members and never having been previously members, though not actually belonging to the institute at the time of their death. He introduced the sentiments of the occasion in the following brief explanation of it:

In introducing those memorial services I wish to say a word on the occasion which calls us together.

We meet tonight in a different capacity

from that of our annual day exercises, we come here to give that tribute of respect

we can to those who have died, to afford opportunities to exercise all of the enabling qualities of that which is true and beautiful and good.

"What are the other professions or vocations in comparison with the estimable value and importance of the very noble and heroic calling they could be?" They were consecrated to their work. They had faith in the law of cure; they gave daily evidence of their confidence in that law.

The men had engaged the boat from a boatman north of the Douglas street bridge to see the city from the river front. Everything went smoothly until the fast moving current was reached. Here the boat was whirled about, despite the efforts of the two men, who knew but little about handling a boat, and was nearly capsized. They made matters worse by their frantic efforts to control the craft. With a speed little less than fifteen miles an hour the boat and its helpless crew were borne down the stream. Straight for the stone pier of the Douglas street bridge the boat shot. Rowan seeing their danger stood in the bow of the boat with an oar to ward off the collision. As the boat neared the pier he held out his oar and it came in contact with the pier with such force as to throw him into the water. The boat, saved from destruction, sped on with its sole occupant, who was unable to do anything for his companion, who was frantically struggling in the current. Rowan hung on to his oar and was swept down stream after the boat. Half a mile below the pier a boatman put out from the shore and caught the runaway boat and rescued the man in the water. Rowan, aside from being thoroughly exhausted, suffered no damage.

They were benefactors. If he is a benevolent man, then he is a good man; more is he who by his learning and skill and experience not only a benefactor, but a savior to those who make rest to restore health and for the prolongation of life—if the first were once lost to them or if the other were merely menaced by the dreaded and blighting finger of disease?" It is a noble profession which makes good men bequeath at the approach of the foot-steps of a passerby?

Evidence of the Truth.

"You cannot find the spirit of a man with a scorpion," the minister said. "No more will the faith of a man stand in the cold, gray searchlight of science and reason. The thought of his hope he may not be able to put in tangible form, but it is there and revealing itself always. Deep down in the heart of every human being lies that hope for the life which is beyond. You may not be aware of its existence and many times you do not think of it, but the crises of life bring it to the surface. The laws of nature still teach the one great truth of Christ and the future life. We shall surely meet again. We cannot think that it shall not see our loved ones again. But all the grand phantasies and the makers of the world have come from us with that feeling. We shall meet again after they have been taken away from us. It is so hard to believe! And so hard to part from those we cherish!"

"I have stood beside the body of a bright, golden-haired little one under a white sheet in the home of desolate grief. I have looked upon the features of that little one and asked myself the question—and thought there was no answer—is this all? No, my dear friends, it is not all of life. We shall live again. 'Ye shall be with Me.' Let that promise console us while we wait."

MEETINGS ARE WELL ATTENDED.

Swedish Covenant Services on Sunday

Are Full of Interest.

The meetings held on Sunday at the Mission church, corner Twenty-third and Davison streets, in connection with the fourteenth annual convention of the Swedish Mission Covenant of America were unusually well attended and the keenest interest in all the services was displayed. In the morning Rev. C. A. Bjork, president of the covenant, gave the sermon.

Dr. F. H. Biggar of Cleveland was the first of the orators, his part being to speak in memory of the session of the American Institute of Homoeopathy, which he did in most fitting manner to a hushed and attentive audience in the following words:

For the dead I would not bind.

My soul to grieve—death cannot loose divine,

For it is not as if the rose had climbed

The garden wall and blossomed on the other side.

Then a season for sorrow, but for praise and rejoicing. Dear not his King of Terrors. "We have learned even by the lifeless forms of our dead to smile through our tears—instead of the gloomy wreaps we wreathe the dove boll with sweet flowers, whose faire faces are expressions of honest love."

Death and decay are essential; they are blessings; they are evolutions of nature. Do we not see it every season in the leaf, the bud, the blossom and the fruit? And when the parent's love serves its part of our nature to persuade our overtasked him who has distanced us in the race of life. Let no effort be made to lame the angel who thus inflicted the suffering.

Wear and worn, they are now at rest—in sleep.

Homoeopathy has lost faithful and able representatives whom the Great Reaper has garnished—shocks full of grain, full of ripe golden ears.

A man's true wealth is the good he does

for others—not wealth he has—it is the

strength of the bonds which link us

together in common brotherhood. However, we must confess that there is a tinge if not a large measure of sadness on this occasion, "for life would be very pleasant but for its pleasures."

They were men for whom one is better

for knowing. Like the pious, devoted and sainted Captain Lowder, of whom it is said that one of the last words for which he died was, "So was with these whom I personally knew of these departed Seniors. These men fill graves, but there are graves between the sky and the earth, above ground, which cannot be filled."

They were great, for the greatest are those

who have given the most for the indeed great to be great when old. They were not hoarders of money, but riches to them was in good deeds. They preferred to have their reward in the gratitude of their patients. Their lives were symmetrical in length, equal in breadth, equal in height.

Fitted physically and constitutionally for their great work, not given to excesses,

their physical systems could endure the heavy work of the physician—selected early to defend the dispossessed, denied the universities, all of which stimulated the perseverance of strong and healthy natures and robust their energies and characters. They were respected even by their strongest opponents, always crediting in what they thought was true and right. Their stern and severe in right respect.

They were brave, earnest, valiant and conscientious workers in their profession and conscientious workers in their chosen calling they were ever zealous. They were among the early pioneers who braved the multitude of the unknowns, for their convenience went in with them, with their traps and their traps. They were heroes, they fought for the battle nobly and achieved the victory grandly.

Ernest and Vigilant Workers.

They were earnest and vigilant workers of unusual culture and reading. Mind and heart were blended to an unusual degree in the makeup of these heroes. Endowed with intellects that fitted them as few men are fitted who were giants among men in ability; and from the depths of their minds were also the arrow strikes of men and incapable of a thought that was petty or ignoble; they lived for those who loved them and in so living they gave their own personality of charm that caused them to be loved of men as few are loved, though they had not all the talents of the legitimate school of life; but they had more than attained those years by their deeds of usefulness. They believed that man is most happy whose soul is attuned in harmony with all that is noble and pure and good in life and longed for the time when in every new practitioner they should find a brother, a counselor, a scholar and a gentleman.

They were heroes, for they did the right thing at the right time and they well knew that the life of their hearer gave light to their heads.

They had no only talent, but purpose; not only the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

They were born for higher things than to be the slaves of their bodies. They had a mission to perform and they did it well. The spirit of the very noble and heroic soul had for those who have dedicated their lives to the common cause of humanity. We welcome those in the audience from this city who by their presence and songs of praise express their interest and sympathy with the services of this occasion. We sometimes find our deepest tenderness thoughts better expressed in the language of another and think you will appreciate a portion of the following words written by Ian MacLaren on the death of his friend, William McClure, a doctor of the old school: "Surely no funeral is like unto that of a doctor for pathos and poignancy. None can stir the heart like a call to duty, to forth opportunities to exercise all of the enabling qualities of that which is true and beautiful and good. "What are the other professions or vocations in comparison with the estimable value and importance of the very noble and heroic calling they could be?" They were consecrated to their work. They had faith in the law of cure; they gave daily evidence of their confidence in that law.

The highest calling of the physician is of the most exalted and have finished their earthly work. It seems quite appropriate that at this annual convocation we should give a partial expression of the sentiment of respect and brotherly love and feel for those who have dedicated their lives to the common cause of humanity. We welcome those in the audience who by their presence and songs of praise express their interest and sympathy with the services of this occasion.

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