

Commoner Comment.

Extracts From W. J. Bryan's Paper.

The Nation Hours.

The nation bows in sorrow and in humiliation—in sorrow because its chief executive, its official head, is passing through the valley of the shadow of death—in humiliation because the president of our republic has fallen a victim to the cruel and cowardly methods employed in monarchies where helpless and hopeless subjects sometimes meet arbitrary power with violence.

In morals and in the contemplation of law all lives are of equal value—all are priceless—but when seventy-five millions of people select one of their number and invest him with the authority which attaches to the presidency, he becomes their representative, and a blow aimed at him is resented as an attack upon all.

Beneath the partisanship of the individual lies the patriotism of the citizen, sometimes dormant, it is true, but always active in hours of peril or misfortune. While the president's life hangs in the balance there are no party lines. The grief of personal friends and close political associates may be more poignant, but their sympathy is more sincere than that extended by political opponents. Although none but his family and his physicians are admitted to his room, all his countrymen are at his bedside in thought and sentiment, and their prayers ascend for his recovery. It was characteristic of his thoughtfulness that, even amid the excitement following the assault, he cautioned his companions not to exaggerate his condition to his invalid wife.

The latest dispatches give gratifying news of his improvement, but there is still deep solicitude lest unfavorable symptoms may yet appear.

And the humiliation! Are our public servants—those who are chosen by the people and who exercise for a limited time the authority bestowed by the people—are these to live in constant fear of assassination? Is there to be no difference between our constitutional government and those despotic governments which rest, not upon the consent of the governed, but upon brute force?

There is no place for anarchy in the United States; there is no room here for those who commit, counsel, or condone murder, no matter what political excuse may be urged in its defense. The line between peaceful agitation and violence is clear and distinct. We have freedom of speech and freedom of the press in this country, and they are essential to the maintenance of our liberties. If any one desires to criticize the methods of government or the conduct of an official he has a perfect right to do so, but his appeal must be to the intelligence and patriotism of his fellow citizens, not to force. Let no one imagine that he can improve social or political conditions by the shedding of blood.

Free governments may be overthrown but they cannot be reformed by those who violate the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

Under a government like ours every wrong can be remedied by law, and the laws are in the hands of the people themselves. Anarchy can be neither excused nor tolerated here. The man who proposes to right a public wrong by taking the life of a human being, makes himself an outlaw and cannot consistently appeal to the protection of the government which he repudiates. He invites a return to a state of barbarism in which each one must, at his own risk, defend his own rights and avenge his own wrongs.

The punishment administered to the would-be assassin and to his co-conspirators, if he has any, should be such as to warn all inclined to anarchy that while this is an asylum for those who love liberty, it is an inhospitable place for those who raise their hands against all forms of government.

While the laborers for the United States Steel corporation are fighting for the privilege of organization, it is announced that the president of that trust, who is said to draw an annual salary of \$1,000,000, has purchased a tract of ground for a residence, paying therefor the sum of \$860,000, and that when completed Mr. Schwab's home will have cost in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000. It would seem that if the revenue from the trust is sufficient to enable one of its officers, who, a few years ago was a poor man, to build a palatial home, that the trust is sufficiently prosperous to give its workmen the privilege of organizing for the purpose of protecting their bread and butter.

Jackson, in his celebrated message vetoing the extension of the bank charter, said that the humbler members of society were the victims of injustice whenever the government, by granting legislative favors and privileges, made the rich richer and the potent more powerful. If the men who eat their bread in the sweat of the face would act in concert at the polls, a speedy and inexpensive remedy would be found for every evil complained of.

Fusion in Nebraska resulted in wresting the state from the control of corrupt republican rings. Fusion promises to do the same thing in Pennsylvania. Good sense and good morals demand that no one condemn a move that results, or promises to result, in good to all the people.

Mr. Grosvenor is missing a golden opportunity when he fails to impress upon the farmers that the high price of potatoes is due entirely to the Dingley law and the good graces of the administration. Can it be that Mr. Grosvenor is growing careless in his old age?

The Two Should Stand Together.

The toilers on the farm and in the factory have cause to believe that they are being cheated out of a part of their earnings.

One of the things that labor has reason to fear is the effect of private monopoly. The trusts have been growing rapidly during the last few years and all wage-earners are menaced by them. Some have suggested that the employes should join with the employers in controlling the industries and then divide the advantages of higher prices. Such a proposition is immoral as well as impolitic. The employes could no more justify aiding the trusts to extort from the consumers, even if they could share in the results, than an honest citizen could justify giving aid to a highwayman on promise of part of the plunder.

But such an agreement would be as unwise as wrong. If trust-made articles are sold at high prices, compared with other products, the demand will be reduced and labor thrown out of employment.

In a test of endurance the farmer can stand it longer than the man in the factory, but why should the laboring man in the city array himself against his best friend—the farmer?

The trust hurts the consumer first, and then the producer of the raw material, and last—and possibly most—the laborer. All three should combine to destroy the private monopolies now in existence and to prevent the creation of any new monopolies.

Next to the trust in its evil effect upon labor is what is known as government by injunction. According to our theory of government, the executive, legislative and judicial branches should be kept separate and distinct, but it is coming to be the custom for the judge to issue an order declaring an act to be unlawful and then assume the prerogatives of the executive and enforce the law, while as judge he sits without jury to condemn the person whom he is prosecuting. The main purpose of this judicial process is to deprive the accused of trial by jury, and while every citizen should resist this attack on the jury system the employes of great corporations are just now its special victim.

The wage-earners as a part, and as an important part, too, of society, are interested in all questions which affect our civilization, but they are at present experiencing the necessity of reform along the lines above suggested.

Will They Remember?

Mr. Davis, vice-president of the amalgamated association, in a recent speech, charged J. Pierpont Morgan with a fixed determination to destroy all labor organizations. He said:

"The steel men are picked as the first organization to be wiped out. That is why the opposition to us is so bitter, so uncompromising, so regardless of the possibility of arbitration. Next will come the poor old miners, if we are beaten. Then the carpenters and machinists, and after them one trade after another. If we are defeated we will all become slaves, and life will no longer be worth living."

That the trusts, if permitted to exist, will ultimately destroy the labor unions, is too plain a proposition to admit of dispute, but will the laboring men remember at the polls the lesson they are learning at the door of the factory? The wage-earners have it in their power to destroy every trust and, by so doing, to restore the era of industrial independence, but will they exert that power on election day? No one who understands history or human nature can doubt that private monopolies are a menace to employes, as well as to producers of raw material and to consumers. The time will come when the evils of the trust system will be recognized by all, but in the meantime many bitter lessons are being learned. "Experience is a dear teacher," but apparently the only one whose instruction is heeded.

The republican party is determined to retire greenbacks and substitute bank notes, to be issued by the banks for their own profit and controlled by them for their own advantage. We must resist this effort or place the democratic party in a position entirely antagonistic to the position of Jefferson, Jackson and all the democratic leaders down to the time when Cleveland betrayed the party into the hands of the Philistines of finance. The paper money issue is entirely separate and distinct from the silver question, and yet it is a significant fact that those who declare the silver question dead have nothing to say about the irreconcilable conflict between government paper money and national bank notes. The increased supply of gold does not affect, one way or the other, the question of paper money, but the influence of the money power is such that whenever it can bribe or terrify a man into the support of the gold standard it can silence his opposition to banks of issue.

Dodging the Trust Question.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat says that Vice President Roosevelt's Minnesota address was the "most interesting address which labor day called out anywhere in the country." Then the Globe-Democrat pointed out certain features of that address and omits to touch upon the most important part—that wherein the Vice President frankly admitted that it is "more and more evident that the trust problem must be grappled with by the federal government."

LOOT IS FORWARDED.

SEVERAL CAR-LOADS OF IT IS SENT FROM CHINA.

It Consists Chiefly of Bronzes, Porcelains and Carvings from the Palaces—It Will Be Installed on Exhibition at New York.

Part of the loot from China, several cars full, has been started for this country. It is in charge of H. G. Squires, secretary of the United States Legation in Peking. The dispatch from the capital of the Celestial Empire says: "Mr. Squires intends to present the collection, which consists largely of porcelain, bronzes, and carvings from the palaces, bought from missionaries and at auctions of military loot, to the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art."

What a disgrace to the American people that one of the representatives of our country should return loaded with loot from the temples and palaces of China. What can the Chinese think of us who have pretended to be their friends in the negotiations that have not yet been concluded.

The government of the United States should return this loot to the Chinese and tell them we much regret that we ever touched it. If Mr. Squires has purchased any of it from Chinese that of course, belongs to him, but the purchaser of stolen goods is in all civilized countries regarded as a worse criminal than the thief himself.

Minister Conger said there was no looting by the missionaries and yet we have carloads bought from them at auction accumulated right under his nose at the legation. There has been similar reports that Conger and his family were not free from this looting mania which if true, makes the whole matter the more disgraceful.

The evidence is gradually being gathered that the Boxer uprising was perfectly justified by the provocation that the people of China had received from the missionaries and others. If the San Francisco Star is correctly informed Bishop David H. Moore of Frankfort, Ind., who has been sent as a representative of the Methodist church, especially commissioned to visit China to investigate the causes of the Boxer uprising, in a letter fore-shadowing his report, writes: "Great wrongs the Chinese have committed, but with a tenth part of the provocation we would have done a thousand times more and greater." The full report of the bishop should make interesting reading to those who believe in the "matchless diplomacy" of the administration.

TO BE A WORLD POWER MEANS FREE TRADE.

The proud boasts of the imperialists that the United States is now a world power and not hemmed in by the confines of one continent will, if true, also exact other reorganization of policies. The protectionists will find that the fabric of the tariff they have weaved with so much care and trouble cannot exist under the flag of a world power. The imperial policy of political and commercial expansion may fill their souls with joy, but it will not fill their pockets unless they are willing to abate to a great extent the protection they have granted to favored interests and monopolies. A world power must allow its own markets to be invaded by other nations or they will close their doors, for the protection of their special pets and commercial expansion is at once put a stop to. There is only one way to force trade with foreigners and that is to take possession of the desired country, as we have Porto Rico and the Philippines, give them free trade with us and a prohibitive tariff against others.

Are the imperialists, who are also the protectionists, ready and willing to go this far? If not they must resign the world power business and resume the Chinese wall that they have erected to keep out foreign products. Of course in spite of tariffs there will be some trade, if Europe wants breadstuffs, is famishing for it and they can buy it here cheaper and better than from some other country that has a surplus and the tariff against each country is the same, the wheat or flour will be purchased to feed their people.

A world power must be willing to trade on favorable terms with all nations or enter on the other alternative of forcing trade by the power of armies and navies.

As trade today is entirely a matter of dollars and cents the trusts and beneficiaries of the protective tariff having the home market, want the foreign market also, and they will be quite willing to see the balance of us fight and obtain it for them.

It is for the people to say if they shall have their way or if the tariff wall shall be lowered, even if the trusts are hurt and a fair trade with other nations inaugurated. The alternative of fighting they surely will not indulge in, for they would have to do both fighting and paying.

TWO SAMPLES OF PROSPERITY.

Last fall when the hired spell-binders of Hanna were carrying out the Hanna instructions to claim that the greatest prosperity in the history of the country had been brought about by the administration of President McKinley, there was one Beifield of Chicago, who was especially loud on prosperity and short on veracity. The exposure of this hired orator is brought about by the inquiry of the Chicago tax commission which is trying to make these prosperity howlers pay their share of taxes which from the context they seem very

loath to do. The Chicago News thus tells the story: "Both reviewers and assessors laughed today over an interview with S. J. Klein, representing Joseph Beifield & Co., who tried to get a reduction of the firm's assessment on the ground that it was losing money every day. The two boards sat in joint session. When Mr. Klein sat in the witness chair to plead the cause of hard times for the manufacturing firm he represents, a smile spread over the face of Assessor Gray, who innocently asked: 'How about those prosperity speeches made by Mr. Beifield in Central Music hall last fall during the campaign, in which he asserted that last year was the greatest year of prosperity he had ever had in his business?' Mr. Klein was taken off his guard, for he had finished saying the firm had lost money all of last year and that it was losing more this year. The reference to his partner's public statements to the contrary staggered him. 'Well,' he stammered, 'you mustn't take a man's political arguments too seriously.'"

THE PHILIPPINE TROUBLES—TWO VIEWS OF THEM.

Congressman Hull has returned from the Philippines after spending two or three months there. He was interviewed on the condition of affairs and among other things he said: "Of course the present conditions of brigandage make it exceedingly unsafe for people to settle in the islands, away from the protection of the military posts. But the people, or the great majority, desire peace and safety, and are doing all they can to help the troops attain this end."

"We shall have to govern them with firmness, as well as with kindness. I think 40,000 soldiers should be kept there for some years to come."

Now Hull is a Republican and would thus hardly make things appear worse than they are. On the same day another view of the situation is published that has evidently passed the hands of the censor who has felt all along that the American people are not able to bear the truth so he or someone else advises us of the situation in much more glowing colors: "Manila, Aug. 23.—Civil Governor Taft returned here today from the north. He is pleased with the condition of the parts of the country visited. During his trip he established civil government at La Union, Ilocos (south and north), Abra, Cagayan, Isabela, Zambales and Bocot. He intends shortly to amalgamate the provincial governments, abolishing the cumbersome governmental machinery of the smaller provinces."

Now both of these accounts of the situation in the Philippines cannot be true, and we are constrained to believe that Congressman Hull's is the most truthful account. Over a year ago we were assured from the same source that now sends the Manila dispatch that the rebellion was over. We now know that since that time scores of engagements have taken place, hundreds of Filipinos have been killed—the dispatch published on September 1 reports fifty—and a number of our soldiers killed and wounded. This bolstering up the Philippine policy by prevaricating dispatches may lull those who want to believe it is so that peace and civil government are established facts, but it cannot deceive those who can add two and two together.

The best possible proof that the revolution is slumbering, if not open, all over the islands, is that nearly 70,000 soldiers and a large fleet are still necessary to keep order in the principal towns and villages on the edge of the ocean and that the interior of the islands are run by the Filipinos to suit themselves.

Nearly \$100,000,000 a year to pay for an enterprise and no return for this immense outlay is paying rather dearly for the whistle that the administration bought for us.

The Boston Advertiser does not seem to grasp the reciprocity issue when it says: "Of course, if the treaties should be adopted the house of representatives would be asked to authorize the specific tariff changes which might affect revenues sufficiently to come under the head of the constitutional restrictions on revenue legislation."

The Constitution requires that all revenue bills shall originate in the house of representatives and the president and the senate cannot usurp that provision. The attempt made in the Dingley bill to violate the Constitution by allowing the executive and the senate to do what is expressly provided can only be done by the house of representatives was an effort to evade a wise provision placed in the Constitution for the purpose of keeping the power of taxation in the hands of the representatives of the people. The Constitution cannot be amended by the protectionists in this way.

What a streak of virtue struck the republicans of Nebraska at their state convention when they demanded of the republican governor that he revoke the pardon he had granted the defaulting state treasurer. This shows the advantage of having political parties about equally balanced, as it compels even the most ultra partisans to make a show of honesty. This action in Nebraska was also a rebuke of President McKinley for his too free use of the pardoning power to bank wreckers.

How quickly Senator Hanna would settle the steel strike if he or President McKinley were candidates this year, but with Brother Foraker on the anxious seat, to whom the strike is a constant terror, one can fancy Hanna laughing in his sleeve at the Foraker nervousness.

DR. MANCHESTER'S SERMON

Delivered at the McKinley Funeral in Canton.

A SWEET AND TENDER STORY.

McKinley's Devotion to His Invalid Wife—How the Dead Statesman Became a Christian—The World's Grief Over Our Nation's Loss.

The following is the full text of the sermon of Dr. C. E. Manchester at the McKinley funeral in Canton Thursday: "Our President is dead. The silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, the pitcher is broken at the fountain, the wheel broken at the cistern, the mourners go about the streets. 'One voice is heard—a wall of sorrow from all the land, for the beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places. How are the mighty fallen! I am distressed for thee, my brother. Very pleasant hast thou been unto me.' Our President is dead. We can hardly believe it. We had hoped and prayed, and it seemed that our hopes were to be realized and our prayers answered, when the emotion of joy was changed to one of grave apprehension. Still we waited, for we said, 'It may be that God will be gracious and merciful unto us.' It seemed to us that it must be his will to spare the life of one so well beloved and so much needed. Thus, alternating between hope and fear, the weary hours passed on. Then came the tidings of a defeated science, of the failure of love and prayer to hold its object to the earth. We seemed to hear the faintly muttered words: 'Good-bye all, good-bye.'"

Let us turn now to a brief consideration of some of the lessons that we are to learn from this sad event. The first one that will occur to us is the old lesson that "in the midst of life we are in death." "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the evening." "He fleeth as it were a shadow and never continueth in one stay." "Fret not thyself in his manly beauty, and was suddenly smitten by the hand that brought death with it. None of us can tell what a day may bring forth. Let us, therefore, remember that 'No man liveth to himself, and none of us dieth to himself.' May each day's close see each day's duty done. Another great lesson that we should heed is the vanity of mere earthly greatness. In the presence of the great messenger, how small are all the trappings of wealth and distinction of rank and power. I beseech you, seek him who said: 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he shall die, shall nevertheless live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' There is but one Savior for the sick and the weary. I treat you, find him, as our brother found him. But our last lesson, and the greater pleasure than this farewell greeting—this evidence of your friendship and sympathy, your good will, and, I am sure, the prayers of all the people with whom I have lived so long, and whose confidence and esteem are dearer to me than any other earthly honors. To all of us the future is as a sealed book, but if I can, by official act or administration or utterance, do anything for the prosperity and unity of our beloved country and the advancement and well-being of our splendid citizenship, I will devote the best and most unselfish efforts of my life to that end. With this thought uppermost in my mind, I reluctantly take leave of my friends and neighbors, cherishing in my heart the sweetest memories and thoughts of my old home—my home now—and, and placed where he hereafter, so long as I live." We hoped with him that when his work was done, freed from the burdens of his great office, crowned with the affections of a happy people, he might be permitted to close his earthly life in the home he had loved.



REV. DR. C. E. MANCHESTER. It's God's way. His will be done." And then, "Nearer, my God, to thee."

Passes On to Be at Rest. So, nesting nearer to his God, he passed out into unconsciousness, skirted the dark shores of the sea of death for a time, and then passed on to be at rest. His great heart had ceased to beat. Our hearts are heavy with sorrow.

"A voice is heard on earth of kinfolk weeping. The lovers of one they love; But he has gone where the redeemed are keeping. A festival above."

"The mourners throng the ways and from the steeple. The funeral bells toll slow; But on the golden streets the holy people. Are passing to and fro."

"And saying as they meet, 'Rejoice, another. Long waited for is come. The lover's heart is glad, a younger brother. Has reached the Father's home.'"

The cause of this universal mourning is to be found in the man himself. The inspired penman's picture of Jonathan, likening him unto the "Beauty of Israel," could not be more appropriately employed than in chanting the lament of our fallen chief. It does no violence to human speech, nor is it fulsome eulogy to speak thus of him, for who that has seen his stately bearing, his grace and manliness of demeanor, his kindness of aspect but gives assent to this description of him?

Loved by All Who Knew Him. It was characteristic of our beloved President that men met him only to love him. They might, indeed, differ with him, but in the presence of such dignity of character and grace of manner none could fail to love the man. The people confided in him, believed in him. It was a man of Lincoln that probably no man since the days of Washington was ever so deeply embedded and enshrined in the hearts of the people, but it is true of McKinley in a larger sense. Industries and social conditions are such that he was, even more than his predecessors, the friend of the whole people. A touching scene was enacted in this church last Sunday night. The services had closed. The worshippers were gone to their homes. Only a few lingered to discuss the sad event that brings us together today. Three men of a foreign race and unfamiliar tongue, and clad in working garb, entered the room. They approached the altar, kneeling before it and before the dead man's picture. Their lips moved as if in prayer, while tears furrowed their cheeks. They may have been thinking of their own King Humbert and of his untimely death. Their emotion was eloquent, eloquent beyond speech, and it bore testimony to their appreciation of manly friendship and of honest worth.

Soul Clean and Hands Unsoiled. It is a glorious thing to be able to say in this presence, with our illustrious dead before us that he never betrayed the confidence of his countrymen. Not for personal gain or pre-eminence would he mar the beauty of his soul. He kept it clean and white before God and man, and his hands were unsoiled by bribes. "His eyes looked right on, and his eyelids looked straight before him." He was sincere, plain and honest, just, benevolent and kind. He never disappointed those who believed in him, but measured up to every duty and met every responsibility in life grandly and unflinchingly. Not only was our President brave, heroic and honest; he was as gallant a knight as ever rode the lists for his lady love in the days when knighthood was in flower. It is but a few weeks since the nation looked on with tear-dimmed eyes

as it saw with what tender conjugal devotion he sat at the bedside of his beloved wife, when all feared that a fatal illness was upon her. No public clamor that he might show himself to be a poltroon, no demand of a social function was sufficient to draw the lover from the bedside of his wife. He watched and waited while we all prayed—and she lived.

Tender Story of His Love. This sweet and tender story all the world knows, and the world knows that his whole life had run in this one groove of love. It was a strong arm that she leaned upon and it never failed her. Her smile was more to him than the plaudits of the multitude and for her greeting his acknowledgments of them must wait. After receiving the fatal wound his first thought was that the terrible news might be broken gently to her. May God in this deep hour of sorrow comfort her. May his grace be greater than her anguish. May the widow's God be her God. Another beauty in the character of our President, that was a chaplet of grace about his neck, was that he was a Christian. In the broadest, noblest sense of the word that was true. His confidence in God was strong and unwavering. He held him steady in many a storm where others were driven before the wind and tossed. He believed in the fatherhood of God and in his sovereignty. His faith in the gospel of Christ was deep and abiding. He had no patience with any other theme of pulpit discourse. "Christ and him crucified" was to his mind the only panacea for the world's disorders. He believed it to be the supreme duty of the Christian minister to preach the word. He said: "We do not look for great business-men in the pulpit, but for great preachers."

Ever a True Christian.

It is well known that his godly mother had hoped for him that he would become a minister of the gospel, and that she believed it to be the highest vocation in life. It was not, however, his mother's faith that made him a Christian. He had gained in early life a personal knowledge of Jesus which guided him in the performance of greater duties and vaster than have been the lot of any other American President. He said, "I am a man, while bearing heavy burdens, that he could not discharge the daily duties of his life but for the fact that he had faith in God. William McKinley believed in prayer, in the beauty of the soul, the potency of it. Its language was not unfamiliar to him, and his public addresses not infrequently evince the fact. It was perfectly consistent with his life-long convictions and his personal experience that he should say as the first critical moment after the assassination approached, 'Thy Kingdom come; thy will be done,' and that he should declare at the last, 'It is God's way; his will be done.' He lived grandly; it was fitting that he should die grandly. And now that the majesty of death has touched and calmed him we find that in his supreme moment he was still a conqueror."

Lessons from the Sad Event.

Let us turn now to a brief consideration of some of the lessons that we are to learn from this sad event. The first one that will occur to us is the old lesson that "in the midst of life we are in death." "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the evening." "He fleeth as it were a shadow and never continueth in one stay." "Fret not thyself in his manly beauty, and was suddenly smitten by the hand that brought death with it. None of us can tell what a day may bring forth. Let us, therefore, remember that 'No man liveth to himself, and none of us dieth to himself.' May each day's close see each day's duty done. Another great lesson that we should heed is the vanity of mere earthly greatness. In the presence of the great messenger, how small are all the trappings of wealth and distinction of rank and power. I beseech you, seek him who said: 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he shall die, shall nevertheless live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' There is but one Savior for the sick and the weary. I treat you, find him, as our brother found him. But our last lesson, and the greater pleasure than this farewell greeting—this evidence of your friendship and sympathy, your good will, and, I am sure, the prayers of all the people with whom I have lived so long, and whose confidence and esteem are dearer to me than any other earthly honors. To all of us the future is as a sealed book, but if I can, by official act or administration or utterance, do anything for the prosperity and unity of our beloved country and the advancement and well-being of our splendid citizenship, I will devote the best and most unselfish efforts of my life to that end. With this thought uppermost in my mind, I reluctantly take leave of my friends and neighbors, cherishing in my heart the sweetest memories and thoughts of my old home—my home now—and, and placed where he hereafter, so long as I live." We hoped with him that when his work was done, freed from the burdens of his great office, crowned with the affections of a happy people, he might be permitted to close his earthly life in the home he had loved.

Sadness of the Home-Coming. He has, indeed, returned to us, but how? Borne to the strains of 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' and placed where he first began life's struggle, that the people might look and weep over so sad a home-coming. But it was a triumphal march. How vast the procession. The nation rose and stood with uncovered head. The people of the land are chief mourners. The nations of the earth weep with them. But, O, what a victory. I do not ask you in the heat of public address, but in the calm moments of mature reflection, what other man ever had such high honors bestowed upon him, and by so many people? What pageant has equaled this that we look upon tonight? We gave him to the nation only a little more than four years ago. He went out with the light of the morning upon his brow, but with his task set, and the purpose to complete it. We take him back a mighty conqueror.

"The church yard where his children rest, The quiet spot that suits him best; There shall his grave be made, And there his bones be laid. And there his countrymen shall come, With memory proud with pity dumb. 'His eyes looked right on, and his eyelids looked straight before him.' He was sincere, plain and honest, just, benevolent and kind. He never disappointed those who believed in him, but measured up to every duty and met every responsibility in life grandly and unflinchingly. Not only was our President brave, heroic and honest; he was as gallant a knight as ever rode the lists for his lady love in the days when knighthood was in flower. It is but a few weeks since the nation looked on with tear-dimmed eyes

Some of the Abuses of Reading. What are the abuses of reading? These: 1. Hurried reading without concentration. 2. Reading for mere entertainment without reflection. 3. Reading when we ought to be doing some other thing.

Governor Loves Fine Horses. Governor Geer of Oregon is a lover of fine horses. He has given a great deal of time to this and is now said to be the best judge of horses in the state.

LITTLE CLASSICS. Believe me, upon the margin of celestial streams alone those simples grow which cure the heartache.—Longfellow. Those are really highest who are nearest to heaven; and those are lowest who are the farthest from it.—Sir John Lubbock. Economy may be styled the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the mother of liberty.—Dr. Samuel Smiles.