

tion which met at Chicago nominated for president Grover Cleveland, who soon after his election called Mr. Bayard to be secretary of state. In that position he held firmly that under his oath of office he must do his duty as a patriot and not as a mere partisan. Not for his best political and personal friends did he ever perform any official act or cause to be made any appointment to office, except that he clearly saw it to be in accordance with the best interests of the republic.

At home and abroad, in all places, and at all times, Thomas Francis Bayard was an outspoken lover of his country. He had the high moral courage to tell the truth. He was brave for the right. He never faltered before those who advocated the wrong. He was passionless in the staid and decorous discussion of great public policies as justice itself. He never talked to the galleries. In private and social life Mr. Bayard was a charming host and a most entertaining and attractive guest. His manners were easy and natural. He was a gentle man.

But as ambassador to the Court of St. James where President Cleveland com-

missioned him in 1893, Mr. Bayard did for the United States and all the English-speaking people of the globe a most illustrious service. Succeeding Lowell, Phelps and Lincoln, no mediocre man could have accomplished diplomatically and internationally so much good for his government.

Returning from London, Mr. Bayard, as early as January of the current year, suffered a severe attack of influenza from which he never fully recovered. In a letter to Mr. Morton, dated February 28, 1898, he says:

"For the last two months the clouds of sorrow have gathered around me, and two sisters, very dear to me, and over whose childhood and girlhood and mature womanhood I had watched more like a father than a brother, have been called back to the Great Being who sent them forth.

"I have wondered why I and not they should have been left a little longer, in this strange state we call life."

This quotation shows the tender and affectionate solicitude which he cherished for his family and at the same time indicates a despondent trend of

thought which is further accentuated by the next sentence in which he says:

"But added to these natural griefs I have been depressed by what is called influenza and is certainly a most debilitating disorder—and, let me confess it, Time; Time, the insatiate, has been whispering over my shoulder that I must remember him, his hourglass and his scythe."

Further along Mr. Bayard writes: "In this letter I am placing a rather personal paper which I think you will care to keep. It is a reproduction in fac simile of a portion of a sermon preached at St. Paul's, just before I came away from London, by Archdeacon Sinclair.

"I had it struck off for my children and grandchildren because of its bearing upon my official career abroad."

And so much did it appeal to the judgment and heart that it has been reproduced for THE CONSERVATIVE as the ending of an attempt to tell how strong and pure and patriotic a man was gathered to his fathers when Thomas F. Bayard breathed his last.

#### The Chapter House.

#### St Paul's Cathedral, E.C.

Preaching at St Paul's Cathedral on Sunday afternoon, March 14<sup>th</sup>, 1897, from St. Matt. XX. 6, "Why stand ye here all the day idle," on the subject of the "Dignity of Labour", the Archdeacon of London said:—

I <sup>observed</sup> said just now that there is a great deal of far higher work than that which can be measured by physical or tangible results. I spoke of the works of action and endurance, of trial and patience, of wisdom and thought, of enterprise and philanthropy, of spreading truth and civilization. We have with us this afternoon on the last Sunday of his official sojourn ~~with us~~ in England, one whom during the past four years we have learned to love and honour in the highest degree as a very genuine, sincere, and able contributor to this kind of permanent result. The two greatest branches of the Anglo-Saxon race live on the Eastern and Western