

his magnificent physique; but his brain fibre was the product of long years of severest mental discipline. It was his custom from young manhood to grasp present day problems; to weigh them, ponder them, master them. These problems have grown more subtle, more difficult of mastery, and in trying to keep himself abreast of his age Mr. Hayward's brain was kept at its utmost tension. He was a student, a hard worker. He never dawdled. With Lord Derby he could say: "Whether I be happy or unhappy is not my chief concern; what most concerns me is to find my work in life, to recognize it and to do it." He dignified toil. His life was an apotheosis of the plodder.

But come closer to this man and learn *the value of honesty.*

I know the opinion prevails in some circles that if a man would be successful in business or in politics he must not have too nice notions of right and wrong; that he must play fast and loose with morals, juggle with conscience, make compromise with sin. In some circles it is the thing to sneer at Puritanism and laud the "smart" man whose shrewdness laughs at the decalogue. How our friend's life refutes such teachings? What was it one year ago in the brilliant campaign that reduced so greatly the large majority of the two years previous and almost made our friend the chief executive of this state? What was it a little later that elected Monroe Leland Hayward to the senate of the United States? This one thing, so conceded by all, Mr. Hayward's downright honesty. He had lived an upright life. "He locked his lips too tight to tell a lie. He washed his hands too clean to take a bribe." He had a clean record. There was nothing he needed to conceal.

And more than once God has taught this nation this self-same lesson—aye, written it large so that the wayfaring man may see it. Look back there some forty years ago. Our country is in turmoil, her very existence threatened. Envy, jealousy, hatred, party greed, sectional bitterness, and over it all the black, ominous cloud of coming war across which the lightnings began to gleam in dread portent. Is democracy doomed? Can the Union be preserved? Has God abdicated His throne? Is there anywhere a hand that can guide in safety over these swirling waters our ship of state? And now God stretches out His hand to write. A party then hardly known lays hold upon one whose fame but yesterday was limited to his own state and makes him its standard bearer. And now they ring out their rallying cry, at once a protest and a challenge, "Honest Old Abe," and on a wave of popular enthusiasm Abraham Lincoln is lifted to the presidential chair because the conviction had fastened itself upon the popular heart that here was a man, raised up from among the

common people, who could be implicitly trusted.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," words that God seems to have chiseled in the noble face of our friend, now lying in repose before us. How many public men during the past few years have fallen into obscurity because of their connection with some disreputable transaction. How many men of wealth, of great intellectual power, of social standing never may hold any public office because their names bear the taint of dishonorable dealing. The feeling has taken root and is growing in the heart of the nation, in spite of wickedness in high places, that men of doubtful character shall not represent us before the nations of the earth, that to clean hands and pure hearts shall be committed our great public trusts. Already, other things being equal, the man of blameless life wins the prize that noble ambition covets. The man today who would hold high office in our nation would do well to meditate upon Jethro's advice to Moses: "Provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness and place such to be rulers over you."

But let us draw still closer to this man and learn *the value of genuineness.*

Our friend was honest in action not simply because "honesty is the best policy." His outward life but conformed itself to an inner principle. He could express himself in no other way. True character has no need of cloaking itself with pretence. Inclination and duty yoke themselves together. Moral integrity characterized Mr. Hayward's conduct because his character was transparently genuine. How he hated shams! How he scorned the hypocrite! How powerless were friend or foe to whip him into any line of action! How he fretted against restraint! And how impolitic he oftentimes was in speech judged by selfish standards!

He was a man of strong convictions. He saw clearly, he believed firmly, he fought consistently and as the brave fight. He never could have been a leader in guerilla warfare. In ambush or in trench he was not at his best. But in an open field where carnal weapons or opposing principles clashed there at the forefront would you find him, the bravest of the brave. You might differ with him widely on matters of vital moment; but he always compels your reluctant confession: "He himself believes what he professes."

He was a born orator. Thought came to him, run in the oratorical mold. He could best marshal in ordered ranks every faculty of his being when on his feet and before an expectant audience. And never was he grander than when in the glow of a public address, under the inspiration of a cause which his heart had espoused, he unmasked and scourged some traitor to that cause. How his eyes flashed! How his words

stung! Infamy seemed branded on the craven's brow. No wonder the trickster hated him and the "ring" feared him.

It was this quality in him that made him such a staunch friend, and that won for him such warm love. Years ago he became almost passionately attached to the soldier of the republic, and to the day of his death any man was dear to him who wore the G. A. R. button upon his breast.

Recall that scene in our legislative hall last winter. The long struggle is over; the last ballot is announced and Mr. Hayward is called to the platform for a speech. Briefly, tactfully he recalls the struggle just ended, forecasts with a prophet's ken the great struggles to come, and then turns, with a voice that chokes, to thank the men who had so loyally supported him, the "Old Guard," as he significantly calls them, promising to do for them anything that may honorably be done by their senator. It was the heart of the man who then spoke, as tender a heart as ever beat in a woman's breast. I am not surprised that strong men stood there with tears running down their faces as they witnessed the scene.

And, withal, our friend was an *unselfish man.*

There are those who, like the sun-glass, catch the rays of fortune and force their warmth upon a selfish altar beneath. There are others who receive these same rays and like the prism send out their beauty upon others. Mr. Hayward was of the latter class. He could not shut himself up to narrow, selfish interests. His sympathies were broad. He was public spirited. He gave of himself and of his means to those who made appeal to him. The poor have lost in him a friend; the city one of its most liberal citizens.

For years I have gone in and out of this home where we today are gathered because of a friend's privilege freely accorded. I shall not abuse that privilege by lifting the veil love throws over the place where its chief treasures are gathered. Enough for me to say that a most sweet and gracious presence has abided here, and that in many respects this has been an ideal home. A tender husband, an indulgent father, a loyal friend, an enterprising citizen, a clean politician, a true patriot has lived his almost three score years among us and today is not, for God has taken him. Yes, a true patriot. One day, when a great crisis was upon our commonwealth, and Mr. Hayward had done his very best to avert from us what seemed to him a pending ruin, walking the floor, as his custom was when deeply wrought upon, he turned to a loved one and said, with tears in his eyes: "I think I know a little of what John Knox felt when he went alone before God and cried 'O God, give me Scotland or I die!' for, from my heart I can say, 'O God! give me Ne-