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**WORDS SPOKEN AT THE FUNERAL
OF MR. CARL MORTON.**

[By Rev. James G. McClure, at Waukegan, Illinois, on January 8, 1901.]

There are times when human sympathy is glad to have some voice try to express it, sacred though the sorrows of a home are, and private, though the family grief is, still, when friends gather for a funeral service, it is a relief to their loving hearts if some one of their number may speak for them their feelings of tenderness and regard.

I have felt ever since I entered this home today and saw the sorrow, stamped on the faces of these friends, that I should not be presuming, were I to add a few words out of my own heart to the words already read out of the scriptures.

All of us are here at this hour with the tenderest desire to comfort those who have experienced a great loss. A magnificently strong man has suddenly been cut down. It almost seems that one so robust, so active, so bright, as he must live. His iron muscles, his vigorous frame, his energetic spirit, his untiring industry, made us feel that he would be among the last to yield to death. He was advancing rapidly to a larger and larger career. Success had marked every step of his endeavors. In his native city he had seen his business efforts crowned with prosperity; small beginnings had grown into vast developments. Coming to this city to assume important responsibilities, he met them like a master; the future was opening before him with more and more assurance of success; the hopes cherished for him by his brothers, were on the very eve of fulfillment. These brothers were to see him taking his stand as a great leader in the business world, and they were to rejoice in the recognition and power that would surely be his.

But, almost in an instant, these loving hopes have been crushed. The man who seemed destined to carry every enterprise of his hands and heart to victory, has laid down his work—to take it up no more.

—Such a death startles us! "He cometh up like a flower and is cut down," the scripture says of man. But he was to us more than a "flower," he was a mighty oak. As this mighty oak has fallen, his death has been to us like unto the crashing of a great monarch of the forest, as it, without warning, comes prostrate to the ground.

It is a great joy to be full-framed and vigorous, to be capable of strain and endurance. Likewise, it is a joy to possess a sense of capacity for effort and then to see one's capacity answering to opportunity. It is a joy to others to watch the man who has such powers. So it was that Mr. Morton was regarded by very many with admiration, and his ability was often mentioned with praise.

But above the admiration and praise

of the multitude, he had another and greater treasure; that treasure was the peculiarly loving affection of his own family—father, brothers, wife and children gave him their devotion. He was the recipient of special endearment. The sweetest gift that life can bestow was bestowed upon him—the gift of trust and love. He was rich in the possession of the interest, sympathy, good wishes, and faithful affection of those who were nearest and dearest to him. Few men ever grew up in happier surroundings, had such a legacy of parental care, knew such associations with brothers and, later, became the head of such a beautiful home.

As all these thoughts flow in upon us, let me remind you of a story told in the scriptures, concerning a youngest brother. It is the story of Benjamin, the son of the father's right hand, the beloved of all the family. Joseph had become a lord in Egypt. He was the great ruler there, the ruler of the land where abundance was. Up in Palestine was famine. Jacob learns of the food up in Egypt's granaries and sends his older sons to the lord of the land for food. They came; the lord looks on them with love. He inquires for their father. He makes mention of their youngest brother. He seems to have a very tender interest in the father of that youngest brother. Then one day he tells these older brothers that Benjamin must come to him. They are dismayed by the announcement—the boy so loved by his father, the boy so protected and guarded, to come down into the land of Egypt, away from his father, to the great king! But the great king was firm in his desire. It almost broke the father's heart, and most broke the brother's hearts to have that boy go to the king. At last the boy went. The home seemed empty; how could it give him up? But when Benjamin came to Egypt the king gave him welcome, even wept upon him, sent for the father, brought him and all his sons to the land of abundance, and provided for their wants. Never did the father and his sons know so happy a joy as that which came to the giving of their Benjamin to the king.

May we not today take this story into our own lives and say that we trust the youngest brother of this family group was wanted by the King of the Harvest Land, that he might see and welcome him? It is very hard to give up this Benjamin: it seems as though the pride and gladness of the family life went with him. But, perhaps, this going away into the far country is God's beautiful method of telling our hearts that there is a great lord in the land of abundance who can supply and who will supply our every want. Perhaps, too, it is God's gracious method of sending a special message to a loving father, and to devoted brothers that He wishes

them all to come as fast as they can to him, for He cares for them and thinks of them and has in store for them every blessing.

Thanks be to God that we believe in the land where they hunger no more, neither thirst any more—and that we believe that He whose throne is the centre of that land, has an inexhaustible supply of love, forgiveness, comfort and life for all who turn their hearts and steps toward Him.

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**GREAT FORTUNES NOT A PERMANENT
RESULT OF INDUSTRIAL
COMBINATION.**

Those who wish to apprehend the full social consequences of the movement toward the concentration of control that has characterized the transportation and manufacturing industries, during the last two years, must take cognizance of the fact that it is far from being a movement toward the concentration of the ownership of the industrial properties which it affects. Certain lines of industry, long ago reached a stage of development in which the capital required properly to equip each separate enterprise, when conducted so as to supply satisfactorily the demand for which it was inaugurated, is in excess of that usually owned by a single individual. The system of partnership for awhile, provided means for surmounting this difficulty, but with the advent of the steam locomotive, which has proved a revolutionary force in so many directions, it became evident that something more was needed. The business corporation met this necessity. By the expedients of perpetual succession, limited liability of investors and, above all, by that of permitting the direction of the united capital of many, to be placed in the hands of the few with especial knowledge of the particular business undertaken, it established its right to a permanent place among the legal institutions which are best adapted to modern industrial methods. The business corporation, even in its earliest development, permitted persons with relatively small capital, to share in large industrial enterprises, and by so doing made possible the wonderful commercial development of the United States between 1840 and the close of the nineteenth century. The present movement is but a further step in the evolution of the institution that has performed this great service. The drawing together of the commercial world, another result of the steam locomotive, with its powerful brethren, the marine engine, the electric telegraph and the telephone, has caused industrial reorganization on a scale involving units, almost immeasurably larger than those of a few decades ago. To meet this demand larger corporations—i. e., combinations of greater capital