

the downtrodden masses of India.

The blood of our forefathers who fought to obtain our liberties, and of our fathers and brothers which was shed to perpetuate them, speaks to all the world in the universal language of patriotism and will give the spirit of Liberty more inspiration and cause it to bring forth greater deeds of patriotic valor than all the glowing words of every orator of the Revolution and rebellion, while the combined pulpit eloquence of the eighteen Christian centuries has but a tithe of power to elevate humanity, that has the one scene of the Savior's silent suffering in the garden or his triumphant death upon the cross.

Silence itself is wonderfully eloquent. Who has not felt the solemnity of the silent night when ceased is that chaotic hubbub wherein our souls run to confused suicidal dislocation and to waste? Who has not heard the voices of the past, the promises of the future which it brings? Who has not learned that "Out of silence cometh thy strength?"

When Nature seems to check her life current with unwonted calm as she does before the hurricane, when she stands with bated breath as if waiting the brooding of some great wrong, the silence is fearful. Such a silence fills the soul with dread prophetic visions of Nature's end; every sound is like the tread of spirit forms felt in the distance but never heard.

No words can strike such awe and terror to our hearts as does the silence when life is called from her citadel by the power which no finite being can define.

The din of battle is not so impressive as the awesome silence which precedes its opening. Waterloo's mighty roar is lost in the saying of John "There was silence in Heaven."

The world has many silent orators. Every artist at his easel, every sculptor in his atelier, every parent around the hearthstone, every scientist in his laboratory, every student in any department of

labor is an orator promulgating his thoughts and with his moral levers silently, powerfully elevating mankind.

The great truths which enable man to reach from earth to Heaven with a single grasp, have not burst upon the world's vision like a calcium light but are the results of long silent study; and if achievement is the architect of happiness then is Shakespeare right in saying "Silence is the perfectest herald of joy," for nothing has been accomplished, for nothing will bear upon it the seal of immortality but that which has been fashioned and formed by the power of silent thought.

All Nature is eloquent in silence. Every work of her hands teems with knowledge we can not understand. We ask who hangs the sky with its tapestry of clouds? How are the autumn leaves painted? Why a rose is a city peopled by thousands of orderly inhabitants? We wonder that the grains of sand upon which the city of Richmond stands are beautiful sea shells perfect in all their parts and painted with the delicate tints of the rainbow's hue or that that the coal that glows in our grates has the same elements as the diamond which glitters on the brow of royalty. We question the scientist and with all his years of study he can only answer "God's seal of silence is upon it."

Nature's humblest works bring to us thoughts which language cannot tell. "The pebble at our feet tells of an unexplored sphere, each little bird bespeaks a cherubim, and every common bush is afire with God." What eloquent discourse of purity, beauty, spirituality and immortality do the flowers breathe. The poets catch this idea and write,

"Ye are the Scriptures of the earth
Sweet flowers fair and frail;
A sermon speaks in every bud
That woes the summer's gale."

And again—

"There is a lesson in every flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb on which you tread,
Are written words which rightly read
Will lead you from Earth's fragrant sod