

do not feel the subtleties of human life. It was not a callous heart that so often led him to brave the most violent and malicious hate; it was not a callous heart, it was a devoted soul. He so loved justice and truth and liberty and righteousness that all the terrors that the earth could hold were less than the condemnation of his own conscience for an act that was cowardly or mean.

John P. Altgeld, like many of the earth's great souls, was a solitary man. Life to him was serious and earnest—an endless tragedy. The earth was a great hospital of sick, wounded and suffering, and he a devoted surgeon, who had no right to waste one moment's time, and whose duty was to cure them all. While he loved his friends, he yet could work without them, he could live without them, he could bid them one by one good-by, when their courage failed to follow where he led; and he could go alone, out into the silent night, and, looking upward at the changeless stars, could find communion there.

Words spoken at the grave on Sunday, March 16,

BY W. J. BRYAN.

It is written that the things that are seen are temporal and the things that are unseen are eternal. This is our consolation to-day. This occasion—sad as it is—would be infinitely more sad if we were committing to the earth all that there was of our departed friend. But the better part of him whom we knew as Altgeld survives the grave. As the bird, escaping from its cage, enters a larger world, so the influence of the deceased is broadened rather than narrowed by his death.

The seemingly endless procession that passed by the bier and looked upon his features shows how many were touched by contact with his life, and each one whom he influenced bears that influence onward, so that the circles of his helpfulness will ever widen.

He has proved how great are the possibilities under our institutions. Born in another land, he has demonstrated what one can do unaided if he has ideals and a purpose.

His was not the prowess of the body—no one considered his physical strength. His was the prowess of mind and heart. He was clear in his reasoning and sane in his logic. Believing that truth was self-evident and irresistible, he tried to present the naked truth, and it was through this that he influenced the minds of

others. But his heart was his master. It was touched by the sufferings of his fellows, and he sympathized with the sorrowing wherever he found them. He tried to make the world better, and his efforts will bear fruit.

The waters that run murmuring down the mountain side and then help to form the river's majestic current at last make their contribution to the sea that washes every land, and they form a part of the ocean's mighty roar. So his words and thoughts have contributed and still contribute to that public opinion which molds human action and shapes the destiny of men. We pay our tribute of respect at his grave, but we are sustained and encouraged by the thought that that which attracted us to Mr Altgeld still lives and still inspires to worthy deeds.

BY CHARLES A. TOWNE.

Patient under measureless and undeserved calumny; self-contained amid the madness of faction, unselfish in an age of gain; charitable to ignorance and malice alike; firm in his reliance on the ultimate victory of justice in the affairs of men, in spite of every defeat, he was "e'en as just a man as e'er my conversation coped withal."

In every hamlet of the nation to-day, and in many a place beyond the seas, there are hearts that share the burden of sadness. Why is this? It is because John P. Altgeld is known to have been the earnest, sincere, able and incorruptible advocate of political liberty and social justice.

We have interred the mortal part of him, but the immortal element that moved him shall speak again and again to generations yet unborn and in every land where freedom shall have her altars.

BY JOSEPH W. ERRANT.

He stood by the river of life where the wreckage flows thickest and fastest. He climbed to the mountain top and measured the heights and depths of daily existence. He saw the light. His great heart overflowed. He determined to gain wealth, and thus be able to help the stricken millions. Power and position should be his, and with these he would raise the multitude. And a voice said: "Wealth and power and position shall pass away. These will not avail. Thou must give thyself." He understood the message and gave himself.

He spoke, and everywhere throughout the earth the bent, the toilworn and the oppressed awoke and listened. The downcast looked up with new hope and courage. The enslaved

straightened himself to the stature of a man.

The weak and the feeble of the earth leaned upon him. They called to him, and his great heart endeavored to respond to all.

He spoke, and everywhere throughout the earth tyranny trembled and the oppressor feared for his stolen power.

The prophet's voice is stilled. The prophets do not flatter nor do they make obeisance to power and position. They speak the truth as they see it, and they tell it to the people from the housetops and in the market place.

John P. Altgeld believed in establishing the reign of love and justice on this earth. He was not content to wait for its realization in some other and remoter place. He felt that only as we strive to realize goodness and justice here, are we justified in any hopes for the future. With him the Kingdom of God was to be here; and with his intense passion for the right he felt that man had it in his power to establish this Kingdom, if he only would.

And so he summoned men to come up to the full measure of their responsibilities, and to create through their own efforts social conditions which would be worthy of loving and intelligent human beings. With the prophets of old he stood and emphasized the responsibilities of the man and the nation.

We mourn. We mourn because it is hard to part from our dear friend, from the devoted champion of the people's cause. But we consider how the world has been enriched and ennobled by his life. If he could speak to us to-day he would say: "Mourn not for me. You must turn to the tasks which await you. Upon you now rests the responsibility. If you are my friends, if you are loyal to the ideals for which we battled, if you wish to remember me, then continue bravely and earnestly in the cause for which we stood. The struggle must go on. By you the banner must now be carried forward."

To-day we bury our dead. To the great elemental forces from which the body came we return that which remains. Here, in the midst of nature's children, shall he rest.

Open thy arms, O earth, receive the dead With gentle pressure and with loving welcome.

Embrace him tenderly, e'en as a mother Folds her soft vestments round the child she loves.

Fare thee well, dear friend, fare thee well. May thy memory hallow and inspire us. May it be to all of us an ever living presence, helping us to understand and live the higher life.