

his little children as they played with him and the happy wife and mother, in that last ten days under the blithe and winsome air of California; and yet Love's holiest and sweetest hopes for our own loved ones always demand another realm for their realization. Somewhere, dear sorrowing ones—sometime, the best he intimated will be realized. We can be sure that God is love on the other side of the tomb and on this side as well. The widow and the orphan are in the hands of that same wise affection and divine care which will protect and guide and ultimately ally with God the soul of the father, the husband and the friend.

Nothing but the eye of infinite love can penetrate into the mystery and charm of human brotherhood. I must not enter into the holy of holies at whose shrine I caught a glimpse on the morning of Saturday last when I discovered that love is, indeed, stronger than death, and that we have no words in any human vocabulary to describe the meaning of brotherhood such as I saw when the light of eternity played upon that brotherhood which had, apparently, been broken in the death of the younger of these two beloved boys. Human words can scarcely be spoken here, especially by one who has been accustomed to mention these two boys with his own children's names when silent and secret prayer has closed the weary day. To the same God to whom so often they have been commended in the hour of their anxiety or their joy, I again commend this brotherhood; but I would not be true to myself if I did not gratefully remember the grace which has been given to him who survives, and the nobility of character which he has already manifested as he has seen his companion and boyhood friend pass into silence.

We cannot shut out from this circle of sorrowing ones those whose shrinking necessities will come upon shuffling feet to some of us, to tell us of the generosity of a young man of fortune to whose ears the cry of the unfortunate and the plea of the poor were resistless eloquence. The multitude of letters made since the hour when his death brought tidings of disaster to the homes of the helpless whom he succored would prove his fairest eulogy. We never know how much a man, so unpretentious of the goodness to which he aspired, has accomplished until death cuts the current of his unheralded beneficence. His last promise to a friend in Chicago was a ray of light for the hearts of those who labor at Armour Institute. Said he, "I am busy now in helping to get hold of the business that runs the Institute; some day soon I will try to give it as much attention as father did and as much as the business gets from me." We come to-day, therefore, to offer our tribute also; and I, to whom Armour Institute has been as dear as a child, bow with you before God, conscious of a loss which I pray God will use to the eternal gain of our friend who has entered the unseen and to us who are yet to labor and to wait.