

mingling with his colors while he painted the figures which are immortal amongst the thousands celebrated in the country of religion and art; and it would now be easier far for my heart and for yours to pour out our feelings in tears. I think that all of them would be tears of gratitude; they would not be tears of sorrow. I could not be true to the massive manhood, the granitic character of PHILIP DANFORTH ARMOUR, if I did not realize that his command to us, spoken out of the unknown land, is this: "Let the Sunshine In." It ought to be for us an occasion of grateful rejoicing. It must be an hour in which a better courage and hope shall come into your and my sleepy and weary veins. It must be an hour in which we shall find ourselves face to face with the supreme facts which help to make this picture of this life, with all that he had to fight and all that he had to acquire, furnishing a testimony to the triumph of God's goodness and God's acting in and through humanity. As a little child he trusted God, at the last as at the first, and he was not afraid.

F. W. GUNSAULUS