

are the graves of Henry George and his wife and daughter. A new grave awaited the coming of the body of Tom L. Johnson. Before the coffin was lowered Mr. Cooley made a prayer, and he and Mr. Bigelow delivered brief addresses. When these were over the friends dispersed and the burial was completed.

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Address of Herbert S. Bigelow at the Open Grave of Tom L. Johnson.

Herbert S. Bigelow's address at the open grave of his personal and political friend, delivered extemporaneously and with undisguised, almost unrestrained feeling, was as follows:

When, in yonder city by the lake, we saw the bared heads and eager faces of the mighty throngs through whose streets we bore the body of our friend, there came the thought that there, where he did his work, his body should be left. There is but one spot of earth that has prior claim. It is here where his father and his mother lie, and where rests the friend who was the inspiration of his life.

We speak not of his public service; that is a part of the history of his country, than which no nobler chapter ever has been written or ever will be. We speak not of his private life and character; that is a story of infinite sweetness and tenderness treasured by many hearts. But because we believe that he would wish it so, we bear a last witness to the truth for which he lived and died.

He was an honest man, a man of great primal honesty. Therefore he loved justice. But with that marvelous mind of his he readily understood that justice is impossible while men are denied equality of access to the resources of the earth. Moreover, he believed that the wise way to secure this basic justice was the way pointed out by Henry George.

"I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Those words are true of any man in whose soul are born the grand tomorrows and whose valiant spirit strives with noble sacrifice to bring that better day. How we feel today the uplifting power of this life! From here we shall hear the voices calling, calling to the people in the slums below, calling them to break the grip of monopoly, to leave the morass of poverty, to come up to the highlands of hope, to God's open fields of freedom and fraternity.

There is one word we would write above this grave. That word is "Victory." His victory was no man's defeat. His was the victory of splendid endowments consecrated to the tireless service of his fellow men. "Defeat"—this is a word that was never on his lips, never in his heart. However much we craved for him honors that the world could give, we know now that there is no honor, no victory of an hour, that could add to his eternal glory.

He knew that every truth is born in a manger; that it is nursed in poverty; that it is unrecognized at first save by the few wise men; that by the mob it may be despised and rejected; nay, even crucified, dead and buried, as the world may think. But he knew also that if it is God's truth it will have its resurrection from the grave and be written yet into the hearts and laws of men.

In honor to his memory we must believe—we

dare not doubt—that from these two graves a new republic shall arise—a republic founded upon the truths of Henry George and inspired by the example of Tom Loftin Johnson, his beloved disciple and his friend.

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Address of Harris R. Cooley at the Open Grave of Tom L. Johnson.

The Rev. Harris R. Cooley's address at the open grave of his personal and political friend and parishioner, delivered extemporaneously and with intense feeling manifestly suppressed, was as follows:

In our bereavement we again enter the tender fellowship of the common sorrow of the human family. We are children crying in the night, and we cannot understand the mysteries of death, nor the mysteries of life. In the presence of so great a grief, the deepest things which are in our hearts cannot be spoken. . . .

The renewed life of nature is all about us, the birds have returned, the grass is growing on the hillsides, the flowers are blossoming in the valley, the leaves are coming on the trees, as though God were saying to us by a thousand voices, "My children, you were made to live and not to die." Beyond every winter of storm and tempest and death, is the springtime of life and growth and peace. We place flowers on the casket of our dead, not only as tokens of our love, but as messengers of our hope. Jesus gives his word of comfort, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." He came to teach us how to live abundantly and bravely this common human life. According to his words, the higher life comes to men by ministry and service to the poor, the stranger, the sick and the imprisoned.

In the midst of a brilliant business career, there came to Mr. Johnson, through Henry George's teaching, a vision of the possibility of this earth becoming a place of opportunity, freedom and comfort for all; a vision of the kingdom of God coming into this world with a chance for a full human life for every child of man. And he "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." The great Apostle in chains stood before King Agrippa explaining the motives of his misunderstood life. He tells the King that he has simply obeyed the vision which came to him. The glory and pomp of the King has long since been forgotten and he is known in history only because there once stood in his presence a despised prisoner who was not disobedient to his heavenly vision. This obedience to his vision, this devotion to the common good, is the only explanation of Tom L. Johnson's life and work.

He himself was more than the sum of all the things he did. For nearly thirty years I have known him in his home, in business, in public life. One of his chief characteristics was cheerfulness. His smile was not superficial, but was the genuine expression of the glad, happy soul of one who had a hopeful attitude to life. He believed in men. The surface distinctions of wealth and dress meant so little to him. Some of his friends were in humble walks. He met them not with any feeling of condescension, but as his fellowmen with whom he was glad to