

# JOHN PETER ALTGELD

## *Memorial*

AT THE AUDITORIUM

SUNDAY, APRIL 20, 1902

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GEORGE A. SCHILLING, CHAIRMAN

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### *Programme*

ORGANIST, . . . . . A. ALFRED HOLMES

CHORUS—"At the Altar of Truth," . . . . . *Mohr*

German Singing Societies of Chicago  
PROF. OTTO W. RICHTER, . Conductor

Address, . . . . . WILLIAM P. BLACK

Address, . . . . . BISHOP JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING

Address, . . . . . CLARENCE S. DARROW

SOLO—"Within This Sacred Dwelling," . . . . . *Mozart*

MR. OLOF VALLEY  
MISS ENGBERG, Accompanist

Address, . . . . . JOHN J. LENTZ

CHORUS—"The Bard in Silence Sleeps," . . . . . *Silcher*

German Singing Societies of Chicago  
PROF. LUDWIG RAUCH, . Conductor

# Address of William J. Bryan

AT THE GRAVE

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The occasion which brings us here calls forth both sorrow and gratitude—sorrow that such a life has been taken from us and gratitude that such a man has lived among us. In this material age when so many are seeking to absorb as much of good as they can, it is inspiring to find one who was ambitious to scatter as much of good as possible among his fellow-men. He verified in his life the truth of the saying that it is more blessed to give than to receive. He will be remembered not for what others did for him, but for what he did for others. Not his accumulations, but his distributions made him great. What little of property he left will descend to those who were related to him, but what he left of greatest value will not go to those of his blood or even to those who were intimately associated with him, but rather to all the world, and the world is better for the life of one whose love was boundless and whose heart was large enough to take in every human being. It was fitting that he should die as he had lived—pleading the cause of the oppressed.

It is written that the things which are seen are temporal, but that the things which are unseen are eternal. This is our consolation today. This occasion—sad as it is—would be infinitely more sad if we were consigning 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 spirit's flight from its earthly tene-

ment. The seemingly endless procession of friends who passed beside his bier and looked upon the face they had learned to love showed how many were touched by contact with his life, and each one whom he influenced will bear that influence onward so that the circle of his usefulness 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 high ideals and a lofty purpose. His was not the prowess of the body—no one considered his physical strength. His was the prowess of the mind and heart. He was clear in reasoning and sound in logic; believing that truth is 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 responded to every appeal for help and his sympathy went out to all who suffered or sorrowed. 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 coast and add their voice to the ocean's mighty roar. So the thoughts and words of this dead patriot have contributed and still contribute to that public opinion which moulds human action and shapes the destiny of the race.

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 incites to worthy deeds.