

other pressing his inquiry with a single passionate purpose, and that the securing of the vital truth, these difficulties were finally resolved. Garrison soon hastened to announce himself a disciple of the cause to which the anti-slavery fight, which had engaged the energy of his father, necessary though that was as a prelude, was but as the capture of a redoubt to the siege of Christendom.

Garrison now resigns the great work that must be done to other hands. Let us carry it forward in his spirit.

We append three tributes to our departed leader. Mr. Hall and Mr. Holt were both personal friends of Mr. Garrison, and Mr. Leubuscher, president of the Manhattan Single Tax Club, was united to him by those bonds which link men who see the same great truth.

FROM BOLTON HALL.

Garrison is gone! Speaking after the manner of men, Garrison is dead. Not the kind manly heart, the courteous manly strength, the clear reason and the utterances of silver-steel, those things do not die; but the body is laid away from us; and it will hardly be tomorrow when we shall say from the thick of the fight, "If we only had Garrison now!" And because he is out of our bodily sight we find it hard to feel that his soul marches on with us.

We have walked behind the coffins of our leaders, Croasdale and George and Shearman and McGlynn and Altgeld and Crosby. We have seen strong men lie down; but we have scarcely noticed the hundreds who have risen up to hold the places that they won.

We count our losses, but we cannot count our gains.

The unreasoning struggle of innumerable generations simply to live has woven into our being an unreasoning terror of death. Church and State for their own reasons have fostered this terror of death.

In the natural order of life the kind hand of nature unties, one by one, the strands that bind us to our earthly lives, and courage, also born of that unreasoning struggle, enables us for ourselves to look calmly into the eyes of death.

But still, for a long time the death of

those who are dear to us, of those who are one with us in our hopes and fears and loves, continues terrible. The strong hand and brain and heart which we have found a very present help in time of trouble is suddenly stilled, and we credit ourselves with grief.

But death is not terrible: neither would such men as Garrison have us mourn for them: for death is also in the Plans of God. The soul that had something to express clothed itself in the person of William Lloyd Garrison, and we learned to love it in that form.

A good life, well spent: it came to earth and delivered its message and has gone back again to the Infinite from which it came. Ought we to weep?

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Hail! Leader in death, as thou wast Leader in Life.

FROM BYRON W. HOLT.

Quiet, gentle, refined, charitable, sympathetic and democratic, to an unusual degree, no man ever held firmer convictions on most important public, social, economic and religious questions than did William Lloyd Garrison. No man was ever more ready than was he to fight valiantly for principles of right and justice. No man ever carried in stock, and always on tap, a larger supply of righteous indignation than did he whenever the poor and humble were down trodden and oppressed by the rich and mighty.

Garrison's sympathy knew no bounds. It went out to all mankind and to all sentient beings. Every man of whatever race or creed was his brother. An injury to the least of them was an injury to all and, therefore, to him. He did not hesitate to act as his brother's keeper and defender. His fluent pen and eloquent speech were always at the service of humanity.

While always liberal and open-minded and ready to listen to arguments on any side of any question of vital importance to his fellowmen, he had, as a result of years of earnest and logical thought, reached most definite conclusions on the most of these questions. His essays and addresses