

# Scranton's Sympathy and Supplications.

## MOURNING WAS GENERAL THROUGHOUT THE CITY

### Memorial Service at the Thirteenth Regiment Armory Attended by the Largest Crowd of People Ever Assembled in the City of Scranton.

If any city in the bereaved Union was proportionately more demonstrative of its bereavement than was the city of Scranton, that city went beyond the bounds of propriety.

Never in her history did the Electric City more generally, more heartily observe an event than that of yesterday. Everyone entered into the true spirit of the occasion. Industry was at a perfect standstill, but the day lacked the first semblance of a holiday. There were crowds about the central city, the whole day long. It is true, but they were obsequious, reverential crowds, seeking no diversion, and intent only on the day's fitting observance.

No Sabbath ever saw, and no Sabbath possibly ever will see, such a cessation of activity. Every store and other business place, all the mines, mills and factories, even some of the saloons and restaurants, were closed during the whole day. Drug stores, barber shops and other places of that kind that of necessity keep open when other places can close, shut their doors during the afternoon. Railroads did only actually essential business, and the trolley company for a five minutes spell closed down its power houses and caused an absolute cessation of traffic.

In the morning the church congregations—Protestant, Catholic, Jew—all had special services memorializing the martyred president and praying for the nation's welfare. In the afternoon, the people in great numbers flocked to the central city and wandered about viewing the wealth of funeral decorations with which the city is swathed, most of them wearing a mourning badge of some appropriate design.

#### Went to Armory.

In the evening, an immense concourse was at the armory to attend the mass meeting at which memorial addresses were delivered by the city's most representative men.

In recording the most important of the thousand and one incidents of the day's observance, first might appropriately be chronicled those of a negative character. All public offices were closed; the courts were adjourned; the grand jury took a recess; the councils postponed meetings; the board of control closed the schools to close after the pupils had assembled and participated in appropriate exercises; the convention of the State League of Republican clubs was put over for a week; the theatres were closed, and, as told above, every form of industrial activity that could reasonably be expected to shut down was at a standstill.

The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western company probably did more by way of observance of the day than any other large railroad system in the country. Every one of its mines and shops were shut down, and on its railroad only such trains were moved as were absolutely necessary. Passenger and "live freight" trains were the only ones moved during the whole twenty-four hours.

#### Stopped All Trains.

The Delaware and Hudson and Jersey Central roads, in common with many roads throughout the country, brought all their business to a standstill for five minutes, from 3.30 to 3.35 o'clock in the afternoon, which corresponds with 2.30 to 2.35 p. m., western time, at which period it was figured the remains of the president would be sepulchred.

Not to be outdone by the larger cities the Scranton Railway company yesterday morning posted the following order:

Sept. 19, 1901.  
To Conductors and Motormen.  
As a tribute and mark of respect to the late president, business on all lines will be suspended from 3.30 p. m. to 3.35 p. m. today.  
The power stations will be shut down during this interval and conductors and motormen will stand on the ground beside their cars.  
H. H. Patterson,  
Superintendent of Transportation.

Approved—Frank Williams, Jr.,  
General Manager.  
At exactly 3.30 the power was shut off, every car came to a standstill, the crews stepped from the platforms to the ground, and in many instances, casually observed, the conductors and motormen bared their heads during the full five minutes that they stood by their cars. The Wilkes-Barre and Wyoming Valley Traction company had a similar observance.

The day was bright and crisp, with a steady wind from the north that caused the half-masted flags to stand out in their full length.  
A Salvation Army meeting to the

accompaniment of bass drums and cymbals, conducted in Center street, was about the only thing to break the solemn stillness of the day.

#### Armory Meeting.

Such an outpouring as that at the memorial mass meeting in the Armory last night was a revelation, even to the most sanguine of those looking on. Fifteen thousand persons were within the building and five thousand more, it is estimated, were turned away.

In every other respect it was also a fitting demonstration. The most representative of the city's people were in the audience; on the speakers' platform were two hundred prominent men from all walks of life; the speeches, one and all, the music, vocal and instrumental, and the general spirit pervading the assemblage, were in perfect keeping in every way with the truly momentous occasion.

It had often been said, and quite generally believed, that Scranton's new Armory would see many a day before it contained an assemblage that would overflow its immense auditorium. An eleventh hour summons to Scrantonians to do honor to the most generally revered ruler the nation ever saw, put these prophecies all awry.

After having filled all the churches in the morning, the assembly, doubtless, that congregated anywhere else in the city, was in perfect keeping with the martyred president's chief and express sympathy for her, who, more than any other individual, feels the great loss that is so really great it is felt wherever civilization's light is shed.

#### Through Was Immense.

The exercises were announced to begin at 7.45 o'clock sharp. Twenty minutes before this time, every one of the 5,000 seats, with which the big drill room was supplied, were occupied, and the standing room was already beginning to overflow. Half an hour later the guards were directed to allow the aisles to be filled and in a few minutes every foot of space was taken by those standing in the rear, and, as in the morning, Scranton was not content about the doors crushed their way in and filled the whole place like a great mass of water suddenly given vent.

In the gallery at the Jefferson avenue end of the Armory, were stationed Bauer's band, the Holy Name society of St. Peter's cathedral, led by Rev. J. A. O'Reilly, rector, and a chorus of seventy-five voices, organized under the direction of Tom Gippel to participate in the "Correspondence Schools" meeting at the Lyceum, which graciously gave way to the citizens' meeting at only a suggestion of the committee.

Fifty feet in front of this gallery, facing the Adams avenue entrance, in the morning, Scranton was not content about the doors crushed their way in and filled the whole place like a great mass of water suddenly given vent.

Facing the platform and along the sides of the wall were placed 5,000 chairs for the general public. The Adams avenue gallery was also open to the public. The seats were not only sufficient to accommodate those who crowded within the room. Three times as many seats would be too many for those who went to the armory.

A somewhat perilous climb did not deter women and girls from ascending to the center of the north side of the building, and the desire for a point of vantage led more venturesome men and boys to clamor up the steel arches spanning the great auditorium, and seek seats on the horizontal girders stretched between them.

#### The Decorations.

The interior of the armory had been quite lavishly decorated with flags and bunting for the convention of the State League of Republican clubs, which was postponed from last Tuesday. Intertwining bands of black and white transformed these gay embellishments into appropriate decorations.

day all over the land, in all churches, Christian and Jewish, there was a less-spectacular presentation to many an observant eye.

And the singing! Such music never before was heard in Scranton. Everybody joined and everybody sang with a seeming coinnance of all the sentiments the great nation has ever heard, and now, more sacred than ever hymns, "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Nearer, My God to Thee." These were sung heartily. The soulfulness of their words and music was emphasized with all the feeling those 15,000 singers could inject into them.

Only two disappointments were encountered in all the many and varied arrangements, hurried as were the preparations. The chairman of the meeting was to have been Congressman William Connell, and one of the expected speakers was Recorder W. L. Connell. Both went to attend the obsequies at the national capital and the notifications sent by the committee failed to reach them in time to permit of their reaching Scranton before the meeting.

All the others invited to participate were in attendance and despite the brevity of the time for preparation, their efforts were masterpieces even for such masterful speakers.

#### Col. Ripple Presided.

Colonel E. H. Ripple was chosen to preside in place of Congressman Connell. The opening prayer was made by Rev. Rogers Israel, D. D., rector of St. Luke's Episcopal church, and the benediction was pronounced by the venerable Rev. S. C. Logan, D. D., pastor emeritus of the First Presbyterian church. Addresses were made by Rt. Rev. Michael J. Hoban, D. D., bishop of Scranton, ex-Lieutenant Governor Louis A. Watres, A. W. Dickson, vice-president of the board of trade; Hon. H. M. Edwards, president judge of Lackawanna county, and Rev. Daniel S. Bentley, pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal church. The resolutions expressive of the sentiment of Scranton's citizens towards the grievously stricken Mrs. McKinley, and the new chief executive, were offered by Rev. Robert E. Y. Pierce, pastor of the Penn avenue Baptist church.

It was not until the crowd had ceased its singing and settled down to attend to the evening's programme, Rev. Dr. Israel, of the committee of arrangements, advanced to the front of the platform and signaling for silence, announced the receipt of Congressman Connell's resignation as chairman of the memorial service. Colonel Ripple called attention to the vastness of the assemblage and the fact that a little noise by each one would in the aggregate amount to a great noise, and requested the audience bear this in mind and to speak as little as possible. Then by way of opening the exercises Colonel Ripple said:

I appreciate the great honor of the position, as also my indebtedness to it, but, trusting to the generous spirit of a Scranton audience, I will show myself on your mercy and do the best I can.

With the memory of many here who have been associated to mourn the taking of our three great presidents, and the fact that the remarkable above all others for their kindly, loving nature, against whom there could have been no just cause of grievance, the immortal Lincoln, who delivered us from evil, his worthy successor, the world beloved McKinley, he did not belong alone to us; he belonged to the whole world, for his great heart took in the whole world and his love for the human race was his great nature. As one man the nation mourns for him and from every nation under the sun comes loving tribute to his memory.

It will be recalled that the day after the death of our Savior in the Garden of Gethsemane: "Not our will, but God's will be done."

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, Creator and Preserver of all things, we thy humble creatures invoke thy special presence with us this night.

Humbled to the dust by the dreadful crime of one of our own race, stricken to the heart with grief and sorrow at the death wrought, in the horror and awe beholding the dire result of a human mind, we prostrate ourselves before Thee, crying: "Inebriated unclean!"

In thy presence, O God, we acknowledge our transgressions and confess our sins. Grant that we may tenderly and lovingly bear in mind the thought of her whose unity with our martyred chief magistrate has become an ideal of family life to our nation, thy Holy Spirit may instill into her heart the peace which passeth understanding and the strength which is divine, preserving her in her grief and sorrow, and comforting her in her overwhelming loneliness.

Grant that her tears may be dried and her grief assuaged in the certain hope of the Resurrection. We with our country in this hour of sore trial. Give a wise and understanding heart to him whom this dire calamity has called to preside over the destinies of our great nation. Preserve his life and guide his judgment. "Christianity is the enemy." We, as Christians, must not hesitate to proclaim anarchism to be our common enemy; we must not hesitate to oppose them, even to the death.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee" was sung

of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen.

Following this came the singing of "Lead, Kindly Light." The Holy Name society and the Gippel chorus led and the whole assemblage joined in. The band accompanied.

#### Bishop Hoban's Address.

Bishop Hoban was the first speaker. The audience seems to be in doubt as to whether or not applause was appropriate, and, consequently, the greeting to the bishop, while general, was of a subdued character. Before he had finished, however, his hearers forgot the restraint they felt, and broke out several times in very loud hand-clapping. The bishop's address followed:

Mr. Chairman and Fellow-Citizens: We are gathered here tonight to publicly manifest our sorrow in the nation's loss and to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of William McKinley, late president of these United States.

Not only the physicians and the patients, but the people of every local citizen throughout our country and of every friend of republican institutions throughout the world, are anxiously for a sign of comfort and of hope that from that bed of sorrow he might rise again to occupy the chair of state.

And not we alone, his fellow-citizens, offered our earnest prayers that he might live, but from the monarch on the throne to the lowliest of his subjects, from the Pope in Rome to the native priest in the Philippines, from the lips of believers in every Christian denomination, through the world, there has been a cry to our Heavenly Father, such as the world had never heard before, that the chief magistrate of the American republic might be spared, not only to America but to the world.

But God in His omniscient wisdom has permitted otherwise, and we bow in grateful submission before the inscrutable designs of Divine Providence.

Mr. Chairman, it is not necessary for me to dwell upon the life-story of our late president, of his political successes, of his honesty of character, of his faithfulness to duty, of his clean personal life and his untarnished public life, all of which are so well known to you all. His kindly devotion to his invalid wife, to whom this night, in a special manner, we have turned our thoughts, goes out in her affliction and desolation, was but the beautiful flowering of a noble soul. For what I would have said, I have said, and I have said it in the Christian character of the man in his hour of trial. The natural man, the man of the world, who is constantly craving for revenge, or at least is pleased with the idea of punishment being inflicted on his assailant. But Mr. McKinley, the man of God, the man of the spirit, whose first expression, after recovering somewhat from the shock, was a prayer not for revenge, but for the forgiveness of his enemies, and the pardon of his assailant, who, under the guise of friendly salutation had crept forward to assassinate the kindly man, who looked with pitying eyes on the man who had just murdered him.

Mr. McKinley a man who had not taught himself lessons of Christian kindness all through his life, the thin veneer of his selfishness, which had been broken in that sudden onset of the assassin and the natural man could have stood in this regard, and he, dying, forgave his enemy, and he, Christ, who died for all men and in dying prayed for the forgiveness of his enemies. He was a man of God, and his life was a lesson to all.

Let us be true to the memory of our late president, who, in his death, has given a lesson to all, both great and small.

God give us men. A time like this demands great hearts, true faith and ready hands; Men whom the lust of power will not buy; Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy; Men who possess opinions and a will; Men who have honor, men who will not lie; Men who will stand before the demands of duty; Men whose consciences throb with truth; Men who, sun-crowned, who live above the crowd; Men in public and in private thinking.

The hand that struck down our president did not strike to gratify a personal animosity. It was a blow of disorder against order; chaos against law; anarchy against government. All anarchists are either atheists or materialists. We are gathered here tonight as a body of Christians of various churches, denominations, creeds and orders. I say it is time for us to unite together for the defense of ourselves and our common country against this common enemy.

It is more than forty years now since Pope Pius IX condemned the principles of the anarchists in the hearts of the Christians. He pointed to the danger in them, and Europe laughed at him. Fifty years ago, Pope Leo XIII again condemned them, and let us remember that some of our great philosophers who ridiculed his utterances are even yet looked upon by some Americans as bright men. We are now seeing the progress of the anarchist, whose sowing the Pope inveighed against.

Education is not the only remedy of this anarchical evil. Anarchists are mostly all educated men—that is, educated without God. Law alone will not eradicate it. Russia is full of laws. The panacea must be something higher, superior to education or law. We must go back to God. Religion is the cure. "Property is robbery" and "Christianity is the enemy." We, as Christians, must not hesitate to proclaim anarchism to be our common enemy; we must not hesitate to oppose them, even to the death.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee" was sung at this juncture, and then Colonel Watres was introduced. He said:

Colonel Watres' Tribute.  
It is impossible, in the few minutes allowed on an occasion like this, to give adequate expression to the thoughts and deep emotions which crowd into the soul. In the presence of the great and overwhelming grief which has come to the nation, we stand side by side with seven millions of mourners, with bowed heads and wounded hearts.

Lace, creed and political opinion have been swept aside, as we stand under one flag, with one mind, to honor the memory of our president, to mourn the loss which each one knows to be his own.

To our land, in the hour of its greatest sorrow, and in the hour of its greatest trial, which is hard indeed to bear. The pity of it bows every head with grief, and the injustice of it ministers indignation with his sorrow in our hearts. History nowhere records the death of a chief executive so universally mourned. Shook with the terrible sorrow which came in a moment, the great heart of the nation beat in unison in abhorrence of the awful crime, and in wondering at the great power of love manifested itself throughout this broad land, men, women and children are mourning a personal loss which is common to all.

The common people, from among whom springs our greatest good, mourn him most sincerely; the waiting thousands upon thousands, who through the road with careful eyes and heavy hearts, as the funeral train wended its way across our state, express in eloquence unsurpassed the grief of the people who have loved and served so well.

But our bereavement brings with it a crisis to be met; a question vital to the interests of our country, and of the world, and throughout the world. We have a bitter lesson to learn, and if we learn it well, as we can and must, who shall we thank for our country? It has had its trial in vain. Ours is a land of law and order, wherein every man may exercise justice within the law. What better morning the world has known, and in which order and justice have been the most abundant? President McKinley, who, even though standing mute before the seat of justice, will be given a fair and impartial trial under the law.

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Must Be Blotted Out.  
Anarchism must be blotted out; it must not be tolerated, for it will not abide its growth. To this every loyal citizen agrees.

The discipline of the law and its remains to assert the remedy. Punishment there will and must be for the deed that has just been committed, and which has made his memory much more precious to us than ever. It is necessary to prevent, and prevention we must seek.

While there will need to be laws immediately enacted in this regard, the only sure and abiding remedy against anarchism is to be found in the education of our people. The stability of our institutions depend upon our ability to educate the youth of our land; to instill into the hearts of the millions who are coming to our shores, and the millions born among us that we are a God-fearing and law-abiding people.

To this end should our best efforts be put forth. The character of the character of our country makes the duty imperative and immediate.

But there is another lesson which our land may learn from her present trial. We are indebted to William McKinley for much that he has achieved in our behalf. He fought for our country; he gave his life for the country; he gave her years of useful service; and he finally died for her. For all these things we are indebted to him, but it is for his life and character and the inspiration they afford that we owe him the most.

Bishop Andrews, in his recent address, touched a cord in the heart of the nation when he spoke of William McKinley's great and generous love for his fellow-citizens, and his profound loyalty to the great King of the Universe.

McKinley's love for God, his mother, and his wife, his country and his fellow-men claims the affection as well as the admiration of the civilized world. No one better than he has exemplified the beauty of the home and the home is the unit of our national life. The simplicity of his life was only equalled by the grandeur of his character. He was a pure man and his purity was his power.

The Spirit which filled the Prince of Peace will always live in the hearts of men in the Garden, differed not in kind, but in degree from the Spirit which moved and controlled William McKinley, and which made him not only a power among men, but among the nations of the world. He met every requirement and he kept well the commands of the prophet of old, as expressed by Whitfield:

"What asks our Father of his children, Save justice, mercy and humility; Whom a moment later, however, he declared, "Anarchism must be wiped off this land," there was thunderous outburst of applause.

The next speaker was Mr. Dickson. His was a plaintive, appealing address for the most part, and as he progressed there could be seen many a tear-stained cheek among his auditors. Mr. Dickson said:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: (Continued on Page 1.)

## PRAYERS FOR REPOSE OF DEAD PRESIDENT

### Throughout the City There Was a Long Succession of Services in the Various Churches Yesterday--Beautiful Eulogies Pronounced.

In churches heavy with mourning and hearing all the external trappings of sorrow thousands of Scrantonians yesterday offered up their most fervid prayers for President McKinley. Never before had the city seen such a wonderful religious demonstration.

Every church where services were held was crowded and in the demeanor of the congregations there was that which indicated that each person felt a sense of personal loss in the tragic removal from his great sphere of usefulness of the country's chief executive. Tears were plentifully shed as God's anointed ministers told in impressive language of the beautiful life that had been so ruthlessly blotted out.

Nothing that has occurred since the president was laid low by the assassin's bullet has demonstrated how much this remarkable man was to his countrymen more than the scenes enacted yesterday in the churches. Truly McKinley was best beloved of all our presidents.

#### Central City.

In the history of Scranton no service was ever held among its people which approached in solemnity that of yesterday morning in Elm Park church. In more than one respect it was unique. The congregation filled the vast auditorium to overflowing, and the reverent estimate to say that more than 3,000 people were present, crowding vestibules, choir loft and staircases. They represented all classes, and in so doing eliminated class and formed a single grief-stricken mass of humanity with hearts united in the feeling apparent in tearful eyes and sobbing breath. No funeral service could have been more impressive; no death presence could have more affected the emotions of all in the edifice than the sight of the noble face, in the beautiful portrait, looking earnestly toward the Star of Bethlehem in the western window.

The church was most appropriately draped for the occasion. The centre of all was a fine photograph of the dead president framed in a heavy wreath of glossy ivy, fastened with purple ribbons. The choir sang the "Star of Bethlehem" in the western window.

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favoured nation. We should reverently pause this hour," said the speaker, "and hear his voice." He then spoke of the peculiar position this country occupies with relation to the tradition of the old world, which fails to understand a scene like this of today never witnessed in all its history—a people bowed in universal grief for their chosen leader. The old world looks with wonder at our achievements, at our freedom from the oppression of ecclesiastical and militarist, at our great civic body of citizen soldiers which can turn in a day and lay down the gun and sheathe the sword to busy itself in work, trade, or commerce.

Truly America is a great nation, but the greatness lies not so much in art, though we should produce a Michael Angelo, not in music, though one to rival Haydn, not in literature, though one to surpass Homer; but the great glory of America is in the character and life of her people. But although we have such liberty as was never known before and our flag speaks of peace and prosperity, yet above our heads hangs a sword of Damocles, and a gloom of night, a pall of darkness. Our honored president stands today, probably when the nation is at its happiest, the next day he has sealed the last words from his lips with his blood, the victim of a deed so foul, so black that it could seem devils would blush to own it.

The speaker then read a poem in blank verse, composed by himself, voicing in fitting sentiments the tragedy of the century. He then paid a high tribute to Roosevelt, after which he spoke of being in Italy when good King Humbert was slain, and how that grief-stricken country appealed to us to refrain from fostering anarchy in the very life of the nation, but we did not hear the cry, and it needed this shock to rouse us to action.

A Parallel Case.  
Never, perhaps, save on that great day on Calvary's Cross when the world's Redeemer looked down upon those who sought to kill Him and said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," has such a scene been witnessed as that when William McKinley said when the smoke from the assassin's shot yet hung over the people: "Let no one hurt him."

Where can such expression be found outside the Christian life? The world drops men down, America's Christ lifts them up.

The pathetic tribute to President McKinley in his private and public life, sent in a wave of emotion over the house and there were few eyes undimmed with tears as the audience passed solemnly out after the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. G. L. Ahrich, of the Grace Reformed church. Professor Pennington played as a postlude Beethoven's "Funeral March for a Hero."

At St. Peter's Cathedral.  
With Rt. Rev. M. J. Hoban, bishop of Scranton, present on his throne, a solemn high mass, in memory of the dead president, was celebrated at St. Peter's cathedral at 10 o'clock yesterday morning.

There was a large congregation present, the men of the parish predominating in numbers.

The officiating of the mass were: Celebrant, Rev. John J. Griffin, chancellor of the diocese; deacon, Rev. R. O'Byrne; sub-deacon, Rev. John O'Donnell; master of ceremonies, Rev. J. A. O'Reilly, rector of the cathedral.

The Holy Name society, composed of 500 of the male members of the congregation, rendered the president's two favorite hymns, "Lead, Kindly Light" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

The sermon was preached by Rev. D. J. Rustin, priest of St. Thomas college. He said, in part:

We are gathered this morning to honor our departed president, and to assist at the burial rites. We are mourning each and all of us, and we gather here in the presence of God, in fact, to show our profound sympathy for the stricken family, to express our grief at the loss which our body of statesmen has endured, to show forth before God that we approve our loss in the welfare and for the individual happiness of all within the sphere of his jurisdiction.

There is no question that in the death of a president of this country we always sustain a personal loss; there is no question that the loss of any great man injures each and every person within the pale of his acquaintance and of his country. In times of such a nature as these, though not irreparable, it is much more greatly increased because of his position.

Deeper Reason for a Grief.  
But there is behind and within it a deeper reason for grief to the nation today than would have been the case had God in His providence seen fit to take away in the ordinary course of events a great man. True, God in His power and wisdom can raise up another and will, but there lies upon the surface of this nation today a sort of night. We recognize it by this, to first trials, we might say. And what is this night? Not the loss of a great man and mind, but that our civilization will cease to be guided by a brilliant light, not that a family stand grief-stricken and in mourning today, but there

We are His Chosen People.  
"We are His chosen people and His

(Continued on Page 6.)