

world's life, and where he had talked and wrestled with them to show them the identity of the law of equal freedom with the law of love. In his death, he was understood and loved of many who had distrusted him living. The denizens of the slums and purlieus came silently into the dingy hall, looked wonderingly upon the stately lady who was his widow, as she walked leaning upon the arm of good Mollie Burns, gazed questioningly on the pretty women who sang *Lead, Kindly Light*, and *Abide with Me*, and voices trained to other and grander auditoriums, and then, as the congregation filled the hall and thronged the stairway and the street outside, they formed in orderly ranks and passed in a great column up one side of the stairway and down the other, all looking reverently at the white face of him who, as they dimly felt, had died for them. There was neither bell, book nor candle at this funeral; but with love and respect, those who cared for this man committed his body to the earth, in that cemetery where slept many of those among whom he had chosen to live. Not a few of those who could find a place in the hall, knew the stocky man with the honest brown eyes, who spoke—spoke so feelingly of him who had passed away, that tears flowed from many an eye long barren of such confession of feeling.

"The man who lies here," said the speaker, "has been one of this day's bearers of the torch of truth. All the religious faith I have, I owe to him. He was once a minister of what he supposed was the gospel; but he found out that what he preached was the paganism which flowed in and permeated and displaced the teachings of the divine Revolutionist, Jesus,