

MEMORIAL NUMBER

THE UNION SIGNAL

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Frances Willard.

LETTERS, TELEGRAMS AND RESOLUTIONS.



Letters and telegrams poured in by hundreds from all parts of the country and, indeed, of the world. It is impossible to publish these in full, but some of the most representative telegrams are herewith appended.

Heaven seems nearer now. Flowers near her from—Kate Jackson.

Read I Thess. 4: 13-18.—Rebecca Taylor Davis.

Accept my sincere sympathy for the death of Miss Willard.—Annie Wittenmeyer.

Heartful sympathy.—Agnes E. Slack.

Deepest sorrow.—Derby (England) W. C. T. U.

Manchester Association, annual meeting, deploring Miss Willard's death, send sympathy.—Mary Hughes.

Blessed Frances, joined to her four in heaven, we bereft mourn together.—Mary B. Willard.

Heartfelt sympathy from British women.—Eva McLaren.

Our deepest sympathy is with you and all your associates.—F. W. Woodbridge.

My heart goes out to you in this your sorrow. You have lost a friend. The women of my race have lost a friend also.—Mrs. Booker T. Washington.

We are dumb in presence of your grief, but, oh, the coronation and reunion! —John and Annie Bidwell.

Members of Willard Benevolent Society of Biddeford, Me., extend pure sympathy to relatives of Frances Willard in their recent bereavement.—C. Maudé Newcomb, Secretary.

Catholic Total Abstinence Union mourns the loss of your unselfish, pure-hearted leader. No more devoted champion of Christian sobriety has sacrificed all things for God, home and humanity.—J. M. Cleary.

Home at last among her kinsfolk, she calls us onward, upward, heavenward.—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cook.

Accept for yourself, for her family and personal friends, and for the great society of which she was the noble leader, expression of my profound sympathy and deep regret for the great loss sustained in the death of Miss Willard.—Fred M. Dow.

It is too bad. The world could lose no better friend.—Henry W. Blair.

I weep with you. Fifty-nine beautiful years. The life of the land she loved is purer because she lived.—George W. Bain.

Love and sympathy to all in this great sorrow. Our dear Frances has died, a martyr to sense of duty.—Mary A. Livermore.

Only an imperative engagement could prevent me from sitting with you among the mourners to-day. To speak words of admiration and respect would be but to utter sentiments long felt and often repeated. As her whole life has been one of helpfulness, her memory will be lasting and blessed.—J. M. Buckley.

Permit me to express my deepest sympathy and grief in your great loss, in which all of us who are working for the interests of women share.—M. Carey Thomas.

Just heard of the crowning of the warrior-soul of a world's friend. Her gain will be a loss to millions. My heart breaks in sympathy for her people; but our mourning will be forever hushed when we read the meaning of life's mysteries, as we greet her upon the threshold of the Eternal City.—Evangeline Booth.

Unmeasured rejoicing for our beloved Frances. May the dear Father help us who sorrow to take up her work faithfully.—Cordelia A. Greene.

Your loss is great. The breach is wide. A noble heart has ceased to beat in our midst, but the cause of temperance and purity your leader so disinterestedly and cour-



ageously championed must not suffer. The women and children of the white ribbon and the fathers and brothers who stand by them must spring into the gap. Inspired by her spirit they must take the field and carry on the work she has left behind.—Commander and Consul Booth-Tucker.

Do you tell me our beloved Chieftain received her heavenly summons, that our courageous Frances no longer is here to guide the battle? Alas! alas! "Onward, Christian soldiers." "The Lord of Hosts is with us. The God of Jacob is our refuge." With stricken heart, yours as ever.—Eliza Ann Thompson.

Words can not express my sorrow and tender sympathy for you.—Cornelia M. Dow.

We sympathize with you and Christian temperance workers in loss of noble friend and leader.—Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Moody.

Our dear Frances has gone home. A nobler woman never graced the world.—Randolph S. Foster.

Warmest sympathy and sorrow for W. C. T. U. Millions mourn with you.—Francis E. Clarke.

The world is poorer and there will be mourning in all the land, while heaven is richer for the departure of our beloved Miss Willard. From the depth of my own grief for this great loss, I send you who were nearest her, her beloved Anna, to Mrs. Baldwin and to Mrs. Stevens, my heartfelt sympathy.—Mary H. Hunt.

Dominion comrades mourn their Chief.—Annie O. Rutherford.

Two hemispheres have lost their friend, protector and civilizer; all nations weep, but most of all Armenia.—From an Armenian Letter.

Frances Willard! No other life ever uplifted so many lives; no other soul saw so great beauty and possibilities in every soul; no other heart held such largeness toward all hearts.—Harriet B. Kells.

We honored her and we mourn her.—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward and Herbert D. Ward.

Others Who Sent Messages.

Miss Lillian Whiting; Rev. William Hayes Ward, Editor of the *Independent*; Rev. Josiah Strong, D. D.; Miss Mary A. Lathbury; Mrs. Margaret Bottomé; Mrs. William P. Dodge, New York; Rev. John H. Barrows; Rev. Samuel T. Carter, Editor *Christian Union*; Mrs. Dio Lewis; Mrs. Dr. Cullis; Miss Susan B. Anthony; Mrs. Westover Alden, of New York *Tribune*; E. J. Wheeler, Editor of the *Literary Digest*; Rev. Dr. Funk, of the *Voice*; Mr. and Mrs. George C. Stebbins; Mr. J. Ellen Foster; Marietta Holley; Francis Murphy (Countess Di Brazza).

Each state and territorial union was represented by one or more messages from its president or general officers, while the entire board of National Superintendents, organizers and evangelists sent tender words of condolence. In addition to these, hundreds of district, county and local unions sent resolutions, while

(Continued on 3a cover page.)



INTERIOR OF WILLARD HALL.

UNION SIGNAL



"THOU HAST GIVEN A BANNER TO THEM THAT FEAR THEE: THAT IT MAY BE DISPLAYED BECAUSE OF THE TRUTH."

Volume XXIV.—No. 10. Issued Weekly.

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Frances E. Willard.
Promoted.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

BELOVED of Earth! Thou art risen to the glory
Awaiting thee, high in the heaven of His love.
The heralds of God are repeating the story—
Thy story of trial and triumph—above.
The homage of hearts, like an incense, ariseth
Around thee, ascending, encircled in light;
The Spirit divine thy pure spirit baptizeth
With infinite beauty and marvelous might—
By the blood of atonement made spotless and white.

Beloved of Heaven! Great honors await thee,
Nor mind of a mortal their measure may know;
The ransomed extol Him whose love did create thee,
(A proof of His promise) He loveth us so.
The saints in the land of immortals and angels,
While lauding thy tender, beneficent grace
Make boast of the scope of thy human evangel
And plans of redemption to save a lost race
And win them to holiness, pureness and peace.

Beloved of God! How the Father rejoiceth—
Thy coming such garlands of gleanings doth
bring!
The trophies thou bearest, thine adventures
voiceth;
Thy treasure-trove greatly enhanceth the
King.
Thy spirit, in youth, caught a glimpse of God's
brightness—
Unveiled but to visions that steadfastly gaze
On His face, and thy soul, in the sanctified
whiteness



—The Chicago Record.

A flame, so translated His purpose and ways
As to render them ever a desire and a praise.

We mourn not, beloved! Nay! How should we mourn
thee
Advanced to a throne, though our eyes may not
see!

We love thee! Yet never to earth would return thee
When, safe in the heavens, thou art sceptered and
free.

We crown thee "OUR LEADER" forever, anointed
By queenliest service our lives to enthral;
Heaven sealeth the scroll by which thou'rt appointed;
We follow and serve at thy word and thy call,
'Till freedom and chastity cometh to all.
London, Can.

Biographical Sketch of Miss Willard.

BY MRS. L. M. N. STEVENS.
Acting President National W. C. T. U.

FRANCES E. WILLARD was of New England
ancestry; she was born in Churchville, N. Y.,
in 1839, reared in Wisconsin and educated
in Illinois at the Northwestern University of
Evanston—the largest
suburb of Chicago. Here
was the family home for
well-nigh forty years,
and here, beginning in
the public schools, Miss
Willard, by what she
liked to call "honest hard
work," achieved the po-
sition of dean of the
woman's department of
the University, and pro-

and practically placed their government in their
own hands. This method worked so well for the
good order of the institution and the development
of a high standard of honor in the young women,
that it has since been introduced into many col-
leges and public schools.

In 1862 Miss Willard wrote her first book,
"Nineteen Beautiful Years," which was pub-
lished by Harper & Bros., and with an introduc-

tion by the poet Whittier has been
translated into several languages.
She also wrote, "How to Win," a
book for girls; "Woman and Temper-
ance," a history of the W. C. T. U.;
"A Classic Town," a history of the
beautiful university town of Evanston;
"A Young Woman Journalist," in-
tended to inspire young women to
take up a profession in which Miss
Willard herself has been engaged for
many years. "Glimpses of Fifty
Years," her autobiography, of which
fifty thousand copies have been sold,
was written in 1886 by request of the
National W. C. T. U. "A Great
Mother" is perhaps her best book,
containing as it does the theory and
practice of bringing up children ac-
cording to her mother's plan, and
Madam Willard was, in the estima-
tion of every one who knew her, a
truly "great mother." Miss Wil-
lard's hand-book for the World's
white-ribboners, entitled, "Do Every-
thing," is packed full of hints and
helps for local workers. She also
wrote, "Women in the Pulpit," "How
I Learned to Ride the Bicycle" and "Occu-
pations of Women."

In 1883 Miss Willard and Miss Gordon made
a temperance organizing trip, visiting each of the
fifty states and territories of the United States,
traveling thirty thousand miles or more from
Puget Sound to the Gulf of Mexico, such a trip
as has never been made by man or woman in any
cause so far as we know. In the same year Miss
Willard founded the World's W. C. T. U. of
which she became president, and which has made
the white-ribbon society known in every English
speaking country of the globe.

fessor of rhetoric in a faculty otherwise composed
of men, nearly all of whom had been graduated
from European universities. She herself studied
abroad two years or more, from 1868 to 1870;
French, German, Italian history and the fine arts
being the subjects to which her attention was
devoted. It was her expectation to be a literary
woman in connection with her work as a college
professor. She was perhaps more celebrated for
her method of school government than for any
other one thing at this time. She organized
what amounted to a senate and house of repre-
sentatives of the young women in the college,

In 1892 Miss Willard and Miss Gordon went to England by invitation of Lady Henry Somerset, who is their devoted friend and who leads the movement in Great Britain. Here they helped to develop white-ribbon methods, and to edit the English white-ribbon paper. Editions of Miss Willard's books were brought out, thus making her known to the reading public in the mother country. A great reception was tendered her in Exeter Hall, participated in by fifty philanthropic societies of London, with such speakers as Canon Wilberforce, Lady Henry Somerset, Mrs. Ormiston Chant, William T. Stead, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Rev. Mark Guy Pearce and several members of Parliament.

They returned to America from this visit in the summer of 1894, and Lady Henry Somerset came with them. The winter of 1894-95 was spent mostly in Boston. In March, 1895, they again went to England. Miss Willard and Miss Gordon came back in time for the National W. C. T. U. Convention held that year in Baltimore. April, 1896, Miss Willard made her last voyage to England, accompanied by Miss Gordon and Miss Powderly, her stenographer. It was in the autumn of this year that she and Lady Henry did their notable work for the Armenian refugees at Marseilles, and her interest in their welfare never waned. She reached her native land late in October, 1896, spent the following winter in Castile, N. Y., and the last summer of her life was spent mostly in New England.

She presided over the World's W. C. T. U. Convention in Toronto in October, 1897. Her address as president of that Convention was pronounced by many to be one of the finest, most powerful and eloquent that she had ever delivered. A few days later she presided over the National Convention at Buffalo, N. Y. The weeks intervening between this Convention and her translation, February 17, 1898, were spent in Chicago, Evanston, Ill., Wisconsin and New York.

Miss Willard originated the Polyglot Petition for the prohibition of the liquor traffic and the opium trade, which with seven million names and attestations of great societies was presented to the President of the United States in February, 1895, and in London before an audience of ten thousand people in June, 1895.

In 1894 the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Miss Willard by the Ohio Wesleyan University.

HOW SHE CAME INTO THE WORK.

Miss Willard has repeatedly said to me that, when the Crusade came, she read of it daily in the *Chicago Post*, edited by her brother Oliver, and she, as well as her mother, became absorbingly interested in it; more so than in anything which they had ever read, except abolition and the anti-slavery war.

The winter of 1874 was a time of heart break to Miss Willard on account of difficulties in the Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill., and she resigned the presidency of the woman's college and her professorship in the university in June of that year. Attractive positions as the head of educational institutions were offered her, but she felt more and more drawn toward the women of the Crusade. She was not at Chautauqua when the preliminary committee was formed, but was at that time in Maine, consulting with Neal Dow, and in Boston, consulting with Dr. Dio Lewis. Meanwhile she wrote to Bishop Simpson, who had been a greatly honored friend of her family for years; also to Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, whom she and her mother admired more than any other woman they knew; and to other leaders, as well as to her own family, friends and relatives—not one of whom sent her a favorable reply except Mrs. Livermore, who encouraged her greatly and told her by all means to follow her leadings.

But Miss Willard's resolution to join the Crusade movement was taken independently. One morning in August of 1874 there came to her a letter from Mrs. Louise S. Rounds, who had led the Crusade movement in Chicago in the winter, asking her if she would come to Chicago and act

as president of the local W. C. T. U. They were a weak band of middle-aged women, without financial resources, and Mrs. Rounds wrote Miss Willard that they could offer her no salary. On the same day that this letter reached her at Cambridge, Mass., Miss Willard received a definite offer from the principal of a ladies' school in New York city, near Central Park, offering her \$2,500 a year if she would act as preceptress, teaching as little or as much as she pleased, but exercising a helpful influence over the young ladies and among the patrons. She was entirely without income, and had not laid up a penny, as those who know her do not need to be told; her mother was advancing in years, and Miss Willard was her only support; the Crusade movement had passed away, and there seemed to be a lull in the work; yet so profound was the impression that God called her to the work of the W. C. T. U. that she at once wrote to New York declining Dr. Van Norman's offer, and to Mrs. Rounds, accepting the position of president of the W. C. T. U. of Chicago, upon the duties of which she entered a few weeks later.

It was indeed well for this world that she thus decided. No woman has ever done so much to lift humanity heavenward. The one woman of the centuries! Best beloved, God crowned!



THE FIRST M. E. CHURCH, EVANSTON, DURING THE OBSERVICES.
—The Chicago Record.

Our Leader's Promotion.

Miss Willard's translation on February 17, 1898, at New York City.

Details of Her last illness as Received by The Union Signal.

FOR months past Miss Willard's health had been a source of anxiety to her closest friends, but her own cheery hopefulness and her apparent strength during the Conventions lulled them into a sense of security. She left Chicago on January 10 for the east, intending to enter upon an active canvass for the Temple fund. Shortly after her arrival in New York she was attacked by influenza, and while the disease seemed difficult to shake off, there was no thought of immediate danger. A letter from Anna Gordon dated February 12 gave the first intimation that her illness was serious, and read in part as follows:

Our precious Miss Willard has been going through a siege of influenza for three weeks; we thought she would be up again by this time and much better for the rest and quiet in bed, but I grieve to say that she is extremely weak and her condition for the last three days has been serious, for while the same symptoms in most other persons would not be alarming, in her case they certainly are, for she has a minimum of strength with which to combat disease. We have had a trained nurse from the first and to-day I am asking for a consultation with Dr. William Draper, for all that love and skill can by any possibility suggest, must be done for our beloved.

On February 13 Miss Gordon wired to Headquarters:

Miss Willard suffering extreme exhaustion. Condition critical, not hopeless; improvement to-day.

This was followed on February 14 by a message which read:

Vitality remarkable; we have two trained nurses, two skillful doctors, and best of all, our Great Physician. Will wire frequently.

Later in the day she added:

Thanks for all your loving sympathy; God comfort us. Still hoping, but very anxious.

The next day our hearts were cheered by this message:

Slight change for the better at six last evening. Favorable conditions continue this morning. Heart's love to you all.

Under this same date, February 14, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, National vice-president, wrote to Headquarters from her home in Portland, Me.:

Your hearts are grieved and anxious, as is mine, over the critical illness of Miss Willard. I have held myself in constant readiness to go any hour if Anna thought I could be of any help. I have so wired her. I am praying, hoping, believing.

Later in the same day she wrote, on board the train en route to New York:

Anna asks me to come and I am going to comfort and to help if I can. I cannot believe God is to so afflict us. I am hoping, believing that she is to recover.

At this time a report went out through the daily press to the effect that Miss Willard was suffering with cancer of the stomach,

which tended to increase the burden on anxious hearts everywhere. Mrs. Stevens, immediately upon her arrival, corrected this in the following message:

Disease not cancer of stomach. Drs. Hills and Draper deny it. It is exhaustion following grip. Hopeful. Love.

February 15 she wrote:

I reached here at midnight. The telegrams have told you that the change for the better came at six last night and she seems to keep about the same; retains the little nourishment she takes and is nearer conscious than she has been. I have seen her only as the drapery was drawn aside. The dear, pale, death-like face, and the pitiful little voice—it is all heartbreaking—but if God will only restore her—I believe He will. Anna thinks of everything; I have never seen such devotion as hers. Nothing is left undone to save her. We know all about the prayers at Headquarters. God bless and hear and answer.

The next day, Wednesday, she wrote again:

I have just wired you that we are encouraged. The doctor is devotedly attentive, the nurses the same; if love and skill can keep her she will stay. I will, of course, wire you if there is any positive change either way. I am sending out letters to all the members of the National executive, for I know how anxious they are. Lady Henry cables every day such tender messages. I have not yet spoken to her; the doctor said I might, but I thought I would better not. She moans incessantly, and turns her head from one side to the other constantly. She seems conscious; knows people and says some wonderful things. It is a great battle for life; I believe life here will win.

Thursday morning messages came as follows:

No decided change. Weak from pain and sleeplessness; still hopeful.

A general call to prayer was sent out from Headquarters, and at the noon hour Willard Hall was filled with a vast audience, the cry of every heart being, "Spare her if it is Thy will." Prayers were offered by Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Metzgar, Mrs. Fry, Miss Hood, Miss Shontz, and every appeal for her restoration found an answering echo in the audience. It was felt that the last effort had been made and our Chieftain rested in the shadow of the wings that were to bring healing or a summons home, according to God's will. The gathering dispersed, each one to wait in silent prayer for the next message that should come over the wires. It came at three o'clock, and brought some measure of comfort:

Sleeping quietly after long insomnia; still hoping and claiming restoration.

There was little of rest or sleep that night for the devoted comrades who knew that the crisis had come, and both hoped and feared for what the morning might bring forth.

THE FINAL SUMMONS.

At three o'clock in the morning the news that the loved one had passed over came to Mrs.

Katharine Lente Stevenson from Miss Gordon in the following words:

Our precious leader has entered upon the activities that are not succeeded by weariness. The last of her household, she has been welcomed by Christ and His angels to be with her loved ones in Heaven's home, sweet home. Let us follow her as she followed Christ. God comfort us all.

A little later came a message from Mrs. Stevens:

The unfavorable change came about seven o'clock. Services here Sunday; Evanston, Thursday. God pity and comfort us.

Friday evening Mrs. Katharine Lente Stevenson and Mrs. Helen M. Barker left for New York to be present at the services there and escort the beloved form back to Chicago, leaving Miss Helen L. Hood in charge of the funeral arrangements in this city.

The Last Days.

OUR dear Anna Gordon, recognizing as she has always done, that Miss Willard belonged to the great host of white-ribboners and was upborne by their love and loyalty, has, at our urgent request, taken us into the "holy of holies," and in the midst of her own profound grief gives these sacred reminiscences of our beloved leader's last days on earth. Miss Gordon writes:

When Miss Willard decided to spend a few weeks in New York, Mrs. Barnes, accompanied by Miss Swankie-Cameron, of England, visited a number of hotels and boarding-houses to find a suitable home, for while there were several invitations from friends who would gladly have welcomed this beloved guest, Miss Willard felt that with three in the party, and so much paraphernalia in the way of books and papers, together with the large number of letters she was planning to send out, it was better for us to be where we would feel we were no burden to any one. Among other places visited by Mrs. Barnes was the Hotel Empire, pleasantly located up town near Central Park and the Riverside Drive, not thickly surrounded by business blocks or homes and therefore in the best atmosphere; but prices were found to be far beyond our possibilities. The genial proprietor, Mr. W. Johnson Quinn, expressed to Mrs. Barnes his very earnest hope that Miss Willard would come as a guest of the Empire and generously reduced the price of rooms about one-half, writing Miss Willard a delightful letter which she received in Chicago. In replying, after thanking him for his courtesy and generosity, Miss Willard told him the price was still far beyond what a reformer could pay, and that she would go to a quiet boarding-house down town which Mrs. Barnes had found later could accommodate our party, and we sent word to the lady in charge, who is a white-ribboner, that we would reach her home on Tuesday afternoon, January 11. Just before we left Chicago the following telegram was received, which brought the tears to Miss Willard's eyes and a quiver to her lips as she said, "This is something quite unusual; such kindness from a stranger touches me deeply." The telegram read:

To have as a guest at the Hotel Empire the author of so much good will more than recompense us. There will be no charge for your apartments. W. JOHNSON QUINN.

Our white-ribbon friend who had expected to entertain us was most generous and considerate in relinquishing her claim, and on Tuesday afternoon we were established in our pleasant suite of rooms at the hotel.

During the first week or two of our stay we drove for an hour every pleasant day, sometimes in Central Park, or down the beautiful Riverside Drive as far as the tomb of General Grant and back again, and late in that first week we spent an afternoon in the charming home of Miss Willard's niece, Mrs. Katharine Willard Baldwin, seeing for the first time the little grand-nephew, Summerfield. A few days later Mr. Quinn called on us and deeply impressed Miss Willard with his brotherly good will and his sincere wish that we should feel perfectly at liberty to stay at the hotel just as long as we pleased. "Why," said Miss Willard, "I thought we ought not to stay beyond a week," only to receive the reply, "You could not do me a greater kindness than to stay a year if you wanted to, and any time in the future if you are

in the city I want you to feel that you and whoever is with you will be welcome to the best rooms at my disposal."

Early in the week, opening January 23, Miss Willard complained of great weariness and unnatural languor, but she kept bravely at work notwithstanding my pleading that she should rest a few days just then when she seemed so much to need absolute physical repose. During the morning of Thursday, January 27, she lay on the lounge in our bright sitting room while I read aloud to her, but early in the afternoon, at her own suggestion, the tired head was pillowed, and our hopeful hearts said a few days of rest and our loved one will be herself again. Dr. Alfred K. Hills, who had been Miss Willard's physician during the summer months, and under whose treatment she had been well-nigh restored to her old-time vigor, called frequently after our arrival in the city, and now assured us that although Miss Willard was suffering from a marked case of influenza, there were no symptoms that need give us alarm. Desiring that our precious charge should have skilful as well as loving care at once, Nurse Mary Telford was secured on the following Monday, a woman whose tender devotion to Miss Willard should forever endear her to the hearts of white-ribboners. On Saturday, February 5, Miss Willard sat up in her rocking chair for the last time (nearly three-quarters of an hour), and dictated a letter to Dr. I. K. Funk, of the New York *Voice*, in regard to the sale of liquor in New Haven. That afternoon she asked me to take the letters from her table, some of them still unanswered, and put them all away, saying, "Nannie, that's the first time I was ever willing and ready to let you do this." The little package of letters and various memoranda were placed at her request in the "green bag" given her by Lady Henry, and carried all these later years, and which hung where she could see it from her bed.

Sunday afternoon, the 6th, she enjoyed a long call from her nephew and niece, who brought a diary of the baby's life, from which I read to her that afternoon and the next day. Among others who called during those earlier days of Miss Willard's illness, and who were allowed by her physician to see her a few minutes were, Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, Mrs. Dr. Niven, of Dobbs Ferry, Miss Helen Gould with her cousin, Mrs. Snow, and Miss Susan B. Anthony.

On Wednesday, the 9th, some roses came with Mrs. Fessenden's card, and Miss Willard dictated a word of loving thanks. The same day she wrote a brief note to her close comrade and devoted friend, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, and this, with a letter to Lady Henry are the last penciled lines we have, save a pitiful bit of writing attempted the next morning, which it saddened our hearts to see was quite unintelligible, save the word "love." She asked for paper and pencil and wrote with characteristic rapidity, but there was no strength to guide the tired fingers.

On the morning of Thursday, the 10th, Miss Willard asked me to bring paper and pencil for an important memorandum she desired to give me. "Don't fail to put it down," she began, "that I have always recognized the splendid work done in 1874 by the women of Washington Court House, and that while I regard Hillsboro as the cradle, Washington Court House is the crown of the Crusade, and" she added, "Fredonia must always be remembered as the home of the first local W. C. T. U." She asked me to send some souvenir and a message of special remembrance to Mother Thompson, to Mother Stewart and to Mrs. Zerelda Wallace. Mrs. Dio Lewis had called the day before, and as I told Miss Willard of her visit she talked much of the early days of her acquaintance with Dr. Dio Lewis, of his part in the Crusade movement, and said that she hoped that at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Crusade our Convention would take some action in regard to having a day for the special and grateful remembrance of the work of this early reformer. She talked of the Polyglot Petition, and her great wish that more signatures should be secured, and spoke of the hope she had cherished that she might help in its presentation to the Dominion of Canada, and thus aid the plebiscite campaign, but she added, "I feel I shall never do it, and I want you to ask my friend, Colonel Bain, to make that speech for me." The annual meeting of the British Women's Temperance Association for next May was much on her mind, and she spoke frequently of it, and

of her plans regarding it, which plans we mean to sacredly carry out.

Again and again she asked if I had remembered her request that I should send to THE UNION SIGNAL, and to *The Voice*, to "Stevie" and to "Katie" and to "Agnes" (Slack), and to the friends in Canada, letters urging cooperation in the observation of General Neal Dow's birthday as Prohibition Day. She spoke of the Mothers' Congress, hoped it would be a great success, and wished that Dr. Mary Wood-Allen might speak for her there.

From the very first of Miss Willard's illness she did not think she would recover, but her physician and nurses assured her to the contrary, and we all vainly endeavored throughout those long days of enforced quietness to make her believe her earthly work was not done.

Sunday afternoon, February 13, she talked much of the Temple and told Dr. Hills its history; the forces that had helped and the forces that had hindered the enterprise so dear to her heart, and the Doctor said, "If you will only get well, Miss Willard, we will create a great enthusiasm and get that Temple paid for, but to get well is the first consideration." "Oh, no," she said, "I think you could do it better if I didn't get well. I know our women, Doctor. Oh, there have never been such women as our white-ribboners—so large-minded, so generous, such patriots, such Christians. We have had a great beautiful past and the people don't know it, they think we are fanatics. It has been a great fight, and they'll never know what we have been through." "Oh, how I want our women to have a new concept of religion; the religion of the world is a religion of love, it is a home religion, it is a religion of peace, and tell them, tell them not to forget it is a religion of patriotism. We have set up to be patriots, we white-ribboners, and we have fought amidst much ostracism. Oh, tell our white-ribboners to study the New Testament; I love the New Testament. No human being has ever conceived as he should what the New Testament means by loyalty to Christ."

During the night of the 13th she pointed to the photograph of Christ, a life size head taken from Hoffman's picture in which Christ and the sinful woman are the central figures, given to her at Christmas by Lady Henry Somerset, and she said, "He can do everything for us." Then she talked much about Lady Henry in terms of the most loving endearment, and said I must carry that picture to her as a parting gift. "Oh, no, darling," I replied, "you are going to get well and you know we shall sail just as soon as you are strong enough, and you must take it to her yourself." "No, no, when I take that picture to England cosmos will have become chaos. You must take it to her, and you must have in pretty letters that she would like, up at the top, the words, Only the Golden Rule of Christ can bring the Golden Age of Man, and underneath you must put what Christ said to the woman, 'Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more;' then don't forget to put the word Hoffman down in the right hand corner so that everybody will know he painted this beautiful picture."

She asked lovingly about her comrades at the Temple, and "Little Beauchie" (Mrs. Beauchamp), and wanted to know if I had told them how ill she was. "Yes," I said, one of the very last sad days, "they do know, and they are all so sorry." Then mentioning each name I said, "They are sending you such beautiful letters and telegrams every day, all of them." "How good," said the faint, tender voice, "give each one of them my love, but Nannie, they'll be sadder before they are gladder."

On Monday, the 14th, Miss Willard remembered that it was Valentine's day, and that on the 13th my dear mother had celebrated her birthday, and thinking of one whom she had lovingly called "mother" since Saint Courageous went away, she said, "Give my dearest love to Mother Gordon and to Bessie. How nice it is that Alice (Mrs. Gulick) could be here to help you, and how I wish Saint Cordelia might have come." (She referred to Dr. Cordelia A. Greene, of Castile, N. Y., whose helpful medical skill was freely and lovingly bestowed on her for many weeks last winter.)

That day beautiful flowers were received from Mrs. Burt and from Mrs. John R. McDonald, county superintendent of the flower mission de-

partment. Miss Willard held the bright bouquet from Mrs. Burt close to her face and enjoying its fragrance she said, "Dear Bertie, kind Bertie, give her my love." To the other gift from one she did not know so well, but whose loving kindness she deeply appreciated, Miss Willard said, "So sweet, so lovely of her," and turning to the nurse she added, "You see we have a superintendent of the flower mission department in each state and county, and wasn't it kind of this dear one to remember me?"

In the evening Mrs. Barnes sent in an illuminated card bearing the text, "Unto you which believe He is precious." In the shaded light of the room I thought Miss Willard could not distinguish the words, but as I held it near her she slowly read them and said, "Thank dear Fannie, and tell her it is the loveliest valentine I ever had in all my life."

On Tuesday, the 15th, Miss Willard became extremely restless and piteously begged us to take her to the home of her friend, Mary Lathbury, in the suburbs of the city. She spoke of Rev. John M. Scott, author of a devotional book, "Kindly Light in Prayer and Praise," which she had greatly enjoyed studying, and wished he might come to see her. So earnest was this desire that we at once sent him word, but by the time he reached the hotel Miss Willard's condition was so critical that Dr. Hills felt the interview should be postponed until the next day.

That morning Mrs. Baldwin came bringing lilies of the valley for her aunt, and saying as she placed them in her hand, "Here are some of grandma's flowers for you, dear Aunt Frank." Beds of these fragrant lilies used to nestle close to Rest Cottage and were Madam Willard's pride and delight. When Katherine's sister Mary was a wee tot, she was asked by her grandmother one Sunday morning what the minister had preached about. It was early spring, the beautiful lilies were in full bloom and the sweet child responded, "Why, grandma, he talked about the lily of the valley of the shadow." As our best beloved held the flowers now, her face brightened and she murmured, "Lilies—of the valley—of the shadow." Then, though we little dreamed it, came the last talk with one of her very own, which included loving messages to her sister, Mrs. Mary B. Willard, in Berlin, and to each of the nephews and to her niece, Mary Bannister Willard. This conversation reminded Miss Willard of Evanston days, and later I was given commissions regarding her neighbors and friends in the old home, and a special message to her dear and long-time friend, Miss Katharine A. Jackson.

Miss Willard lived over the Janesville days at "Forest Home," and talked much of Rock River and her happy childhood, while the poor, weary head tossed incessantly from side to side. Night came, and we tried in vain to quiet her to sleep and as I knelt beside her, smoothing her head, she said, "Sing 'Hush, my babe,' perhaps that would put me to sleep." I sang it over and over again until I heard her say, "How strange it is, I should think that would make me sleep; you sing it so sweetly; suppose you try, 'Gently, Lord.'" In Rest Cottage days that was a favorite hymn at family prayers, and one morning, long ago, she had changed the second line, which reads, "Through this gloomy vale of tears," to one more consonant with her concept of life, "Through this vale of smiles and tears," and thus I sang it to her now. On reaching the last two lines I could not recall the words. She quickly prompted me by saying, "'Till by angel bands," and thinking only of her I finished the hymn,

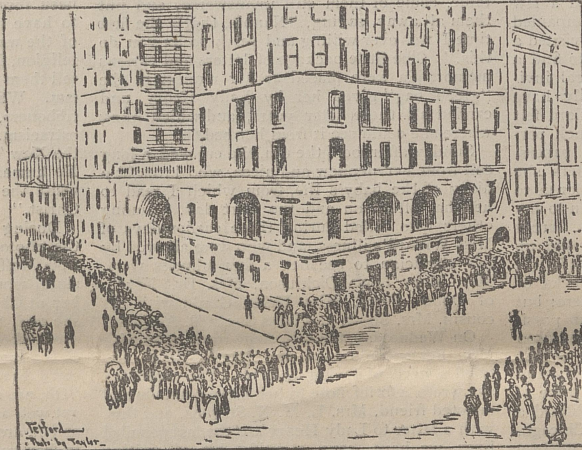
"Till by angel bands attended,
I awake among the blest.

"Oh, no, not I, it's we, it's always we; Christianity is we, not I; you know it's our Father, don't forget that. Now sing it again, please, and sing it 'we.'" She then looked up at the picture of Christ that hung on the wall opposite her bed, and with the old eloquence in her voice, in the stillness of that never-to-be-forgotten night she said:

"I am Merlin, and I'm dying, but I'll follow the gleam, but I am getting so tired, how can I follow it much longer?" Soon she said, "He

giveth His beloved sleep, but, oh, sometimes He is a long time doing it." She spoke of Mrs. Browning's "De Profundis," and said, "The next time you read that poem you will think of this day, the longest and the hardest of my whole life." Again she said, "Oh, let me go away, let me be in peace, I am so safe with Him. He has other worlds and I want to go. I have always believed in Christ; He is the incarnation of God." Speaking of Lady Henry as she did so often that night and always, she said, "She did everything for me and was so good." Toward morning she whispered, "I want to speak to you quite alone," and bending near her to catch every faintly spoken word, I received this sacred message: "I want to say what Mary and I used to say to each other away back in the old days on the farm when we were going to sleep. I would say to Mary, 'I ask your pardon and I thank you,' and she would say, 'I freely forgive you and I thank you,' and then we would change about with the same sweet words of forgiveness and gratitude. I want to say that to you and to every white-ribboner and to everybody."

Opening her eyes for a moment she said, "Where's Stevie? I should think she would be here a night like this." Dear heart, little did she know that at that moment her precious friend was just outside the door listening in agony of spirit in the hope that there might be a change for the better. Early on the morning of Wednesday Dr. Hills asked Mrs. Stevens to come in and sit with Miss Willard a little while, and as



—The Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE TEMPLE AND PROCESSION TO WILLARD HALL.

she took her hand Miss Willard said, "Oh, Stevie, I am so sick, I felt sure you would come," and then in her thoughtful fashion she inquired for each member of Mrs. Stevens' family saying, "How is Mr. Stevens—and Gertrude—and Olive? and Agnes over the sea—and Cornie Dow,—and Mrs. Merrill?" (who for years had the department of homes for homeless children.) The nurse was giving Miss Willard some vichy and nothing would satisfy her until Mrs. Stevens had shared it with her, when with breaking heart she left the room feeling that all Miss Willard's slender strength must be conserved for the mighty struggle that was in progress.

It will always be a personal grief to me that these, the last hours of our glorified one, could not be shared with those so dear to her by long association and tender love, but her physician felt that with a brain so active and a body so weak there must be the utmost quiet. Telegrams and letters poured in upon us from Miss Willard's nearest and dearest friends begging to be allowed to come, until that little room from which a great soul was soon to pass to heaven, became the center of thought and prayerful solicitude for thousands. Relatives and many dear friends were daily informed of Miss Willard's condition through the unwearied kindness of my sister, Mrs. Gulick, who came to us on Saturday, and Mrs. Stevens, for whom I telegraphed on Monday. Mrs. Barnes, Miss Willard's warm friend since the early days in Chicago, was like a sister in her daily ministrations. Flowers constantly brightened the sick room, from the delicate orchids gathered in the conservatories of the rich, and sent with heartfelt love, down to the bright

jonquil blossoms brought by the waiter who had served Miss Willard's meals from the dining-room. Daily telegrams came from Mr. and Mrs. Quinn, who were in Atlantic City on account of Mrs. Quinn's ill health, expressing their sympathy and placing at our command every resource the hotel afforded.

Of one faithful heart I must specially speak; dear "little Mamie," who with unexampled self-sacrifice sat at her typewriter from morning until night sending news to aching hearts about their beloved one when she might have been in the sick room ministering to her whom she so deeply loved and had so devotedly served. Whenever she came quietly into the room on an errand, Miss Willard would know it and would say, "Why, there's dear little Mamie"; and would have for her, as always, some pleasant word.

Several times on Wednesday, the 16th, Miss Willard asked if her "letter from home," as she loved to call THE UNION SIGNAL, had come, and as late as the morning of Thursday, that last day God let us have her with us, she said, "Please let me sit up and let me have our beautiful SIGNAL." She had become much attached to Mrs. Westover Alden, editor of the woman's page of the New York Tribune, whom she familiarly called "Bushy," from the title of the book Mrs. Alden has written about her childhood, and very early that same morning when she begged to be allowed to sit up Dr. Hills helped us raise her in the bed, when she turned to me and said, "Now won't you bring me Bushy's paper?" She was soon laid back upon her pillows, when taking Dr. Hills' hand in hers, she spoke tender, appreciative words about her friend and physician, of which the last were these, "I say, God bless him; I shall remember his loving kindness through all eternity."

A little later Mrs. Hoffman called. Miss Willard seemed to be unconscious, but as Mrs. Hoffman took her hand Miss Willard looked up and said, "Why, that's Clara, good Clara; Clara, I've crept in with mother, and it's the same beautiful world and the same people, remember that—it's just the same." A cable message full of tenderest solicitude and love came from Lady Henry and after reading it I placed it in her hand and she said, "Oh, how sweet! Oh, how lovely—good—good."

At one o'clock the little thin, white hand—that active, eloquent hand—was raised in an effort to point upward, and we heard for the last time on earth the voice that to thousands has surpassed all others in its marvelous sweetness and magnetic power. It was like the lovely and pathetic strain from an Eolian harp on which heavenly zephyrs were breathing, and she must even then have caught some glimpse of those other worlds for which she longed as she said, in tones of utmost content, "How beautiful it is to be with God."

At seven o'clock hope died in our yearning hearts, for we saw that the full glory of another life was soon to break o'er her earthly horizon. Mrs. Katherine Baldwin, Mrs. Stevens, Mamie Powderly, Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Gulick were called, and reverently we knelt about her bed as the life immortal, the life more abundant, was coming in its fullness to this great inclusive soul, whose wish cherished from her youth, that she might go, not like a peasant to a palace, but as a child to her Father's home, was about to be fulfilled. Later in the evening Mrs. W. J. Demorest, Mrs. Emilie D. Martin and Mrs. Teator, of New York, who had come to the hotel to make inquiries, joined the silent and grief-stricken group. Slowly the hours passed; there was no recognition of the loved ones about her. There came an intent upward gaze of the heavenly blue eyes, a few tired sighs, and at the "noon hour" of the night Frances Willard was

"Born into beauty
And born into bloom,
Victor immortal
O'er death and the tomb."

The stillness was broken only by sobs as we closed the earthly eyes of one who was always a seer, and who now beheld the King in His beauty and the land that she so often said is not

far away. My sister, Mrs. Gulick, said, "Dear Father, we give thee back Thine own," while my stricken soul responded, "And we thank Thee for taking her so gently."

With sublime trust the broken-hearted women clasped hands and amid their tears tried to sing in unison with the great white-ribbon family in heaven and earth,

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

Before the early dawn we carried the precious form to the home of her niece. "How radiantly beautiful she is," said all who saw her, "surely it is majestic sweetness that enthrones her brow." Victory as well as the peace of God was in her looks, and so natural seemed her sleep that Katherine's little son sweetly called to his aunt as he was lifted up to look at her, and in his baby innocence tried to awaken her that she might take his pretty rose. The young mother's heart was deeply stirred, and she said, "Aunt Frank was just a dear, sweet baby herself, besides being the greatest woman in all the world." All through Miss Willard's illness Dr. Hills' noble nature was moved by this remarkable blending of childlike simplicity and commanding genius. With a brotherly devotion and in consultation with eminent physicians he battled for her life and did not fail to recognize his dependence on God.

The nurses, Miss Gertrude Lee and Mrs. Selmer Beyer, who were with us during the last week, were unwearied in their loving care, not merely from professional interest, but because they were irresistibly drawn to their patient as to a friend and sister.

To thousands of hearts who read the sad tidings in the morning papers there came the sense of irreparable loss and personal bereavement. Cables, telegrams, letters and flowers came hourly to the sorrowful group at the hotel who, because of the great love they bore her, must not weep—but work.

From east and west, north and south, came World's and National officers and superintendents, state presidents, white-ribbon sisters, prohibition brothers, ministers, editors and friends, bringing floral offerings and seeking to comfort and counsel one another. The common bond of love for our translated leader had brought them and each day quiet groups filled the hotel parlor, while hot tears fell as they said, "Can it be true?" "How strange it seems with so much gone of life and love to still live on." None sorrowed more truly than Miss Mary A. Lathbury and Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, both endeared to Miss Willard by long years of close kinship or soul.

The room from which went home the blessed spirit of "Saint Frances," as Bishop Vincent calls her, will be forever hallowed. Friends came to it one by one as to a sanctuary. The only picture that adorned the walls was the Christ on which the closing eyes had rested, and just below this on the writing desk were grouped photographs of the dear ones loved and lost awhile and a miniature of Lady Henry Somerset.

Bright, fragrant flowers from Olea Bull Vaughan, of Cambridge, and a potted white azalea sent by Mr. and Mrs. Hull, of New York, gave a message of joy and hope though the rain had not ceased to fall and the storm to beat against the windows since that winged soul had taken its flight.

Many a silent prayer was offered from an aching heart and chastened spirit. "It is well" with her they said, and praise ascended to Him who through His own victory over death had given their beloved an abundant entrance into the blessed Homeland.

Frances Willard, sweetest and strongest of souls, full of pathos and power, of wisest statesmanship and gentlest humor; beautiful with the love of "God and home and every land"; lover of nature, of books and most of all of pitiful humanity; peerless leader; great-hearted, unselfish, transcendent friend; glorified saint of God! richly hast thou earned the joy upon which thou hast entered.

Speed on thine errands of love unfettered by thy garment of flesh! Now thou art breathing

thy native air. The continent of immortality is thy fitting home.

We would gaze up steadfastly into the heavens; we would fain follow thee into "the sweet, the strange Beyond." But we hear thy beloved voice cheering us on, "Protect the Home,"

"Hold the light up higher, higher,"

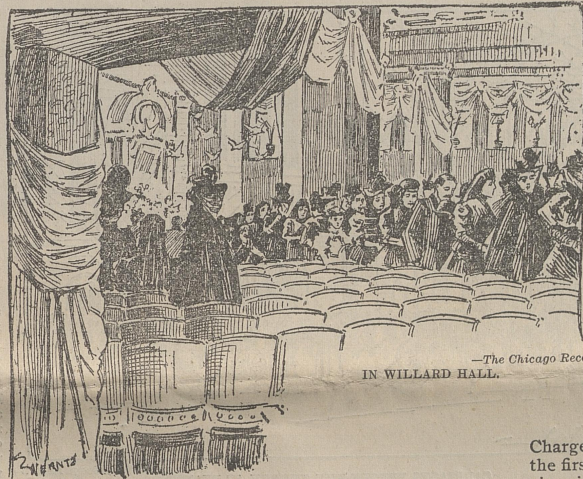
"Help your fallen brother rise
While the days are going by."

Yes, poor, weak mortals that we are, our best and holiest endeavors shall be devoted to thy cherished plans while life lasts. Then, and then only, shall we in some little measure be worthy to see thy dear face again.

The New York Services.

BY KATHARINE LENTE STEVENSON.
Corresponding Secretary National W. C. T. U.

ALL Nature united to express the grief and desolation which filled our hearts during those weary days when our best beloved one was lying cold and still in death. As Mrs. Barker and I neared New York on that never-to-be-forgotten Saturday's journey, we found ourselves in the midst of a cold, dreary storm of wind and rain. On Sunday the wind had so increased in violence as to be almost a hurricane, and the rain was coming down in floods. There was no abatement to this torrent of Nature's tears, but rather an increase in volume as the



—The Chicago Record.
IN WILLARD HALL.

hours wore on, thus seeming, to our sad hearts, to give another expression to the great truth that the whole creation groans together in the weight of a common anguish and the longing for a common redemption.

At one o'clock on Sunday afternoon a brief, informal service was held in the home of Miss Willard's niece, Mrs. Katherine Willard Baldwin, 85 Clinton Place, whither the loved form had been carried on the morning following her death. Stilled sobs filled the room as we gathered around all that remained to sight and touch of our great leader. Never had she seemed so great, never so beautiful as in that hour. She lay against the soft white linings of her gray casket, not with the look of the vanquished, but with the look of the conqueror. Every care line had vanished from her exquisite cameo-cut face, and there was over it not alone the hush of a great stillness, but the awe of an infinite wonder—the radiance of an eternal joy. It was difficult to believe that she was dead. Such an effulgence of light radiated from every feature that it seemed as if it could mean only life—as indeed it did, the foregleam and afterglow of the life more abundant into which she had entered.

She was robed in a soft white gown, trimmed with delicate lace; her beautiful brown hair was arranged in the old familiar way; on her breast was the white ribbon and upon her heart a floral heart of lilies of the valley and cape jessamine, the gift of Lady Henry Somerset. In the dear white hand which had for so long beckoned us forward, were lilies of the valley, and across the skirt of her gown was an exquisite spray of mareschal neil roses. The flowers of earth she

had so loved were all about her and the perfume of the immortal flowers of the life beyond seemed to fill the room and all our hearts.

We sang with hushed voices, "Blest be the tie that binds," after which several brief prayers were offered and verses of Scripture quoted; then Mrs. Stevens led in our own W. C. T. U. benediction, which was followed by the temperance doxology, and then we went out from that home, made sacred forever, to the Broadway Tabernacle—the church in which that voice now hushed had spoken for the last time in New York city.

Miss Gordon followed next to the casket, the one who, of all others, had earned the right to that place; behind her came Mr. and Mrs. Woodward Baldwin, then Mrs. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, Sr., Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick, Miss Elizabeth Gordon, Mrs. Frances J. Barnes, Miss Mary Powderly, and the General Officers of the National Union. The presidents of states as honorary pallbearers came next, and superintendents of departments in World's and National unions, evangelists and other white-ribbons who had been at the home followed. In that order we walked down the aisle to the solemn strains of Chopin's funeral march, while the soft gray casket, covered with the white banner, and encircled by a broad white ribbon, was borne aloft upon the shoulders of six stalwart young men. Dr. E. S. Tipple repeated from the Methodist burial service, "I am the resurrection and the life."

The main body of the house had been reserved for white-ribbons and it seemed as if the little emblem gleamed from almost every dress in the large galleries as well. What would have been done with the crowd had the day been fine it is difficult to imagine, for, even under such untoward circumstances, the church was crowded to its utmost capacity.

The service began with the singing of "Hark, hark, my soul," by the choir of St. James M. E. church, led by Paul Ambrose, who also acted as organist. Rev. E. S. Tipple, D. D., pastor of St. James church, and for years a close friend of Miss Willard, was the officiating clergyman. Rev. A. E. Kittredge, of the Madison Avenue Reformed Church, delivered the invocation and prayed earnestly for the cause which Miss Willard had so loved. Rev. Frederick B. Richards, assistant pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, announced the hymn, "A Charge to Keep I Have." He said: "This was the first hymn she ever heard. It was the holy air with which her father sang her into the land of slumber when she was but a babe. Let us sing it to her as she now rests in eternal slumber." The 39th Psalm was read by Rev. R. S. McArthur, D. D., and Miss Cassie Smith, one of the evangelists of the National W. C. T. U., led in prayer:

Oh, Lord, we thank Thee for the privilege of prayer. Thou knowest how we need Thee, and while we do not know how to tell Thee of the bereavement and sorrow that is upon us Thou knowest it, and we come into Thy courts as Thou hast taught us with thanksgiving. We thank Thee that Jesus came into the world to die, and we bring to Thee our breaking hearts to-day and thank Thee that Thou art able to minister to our particular needs. We praise Thee on behalf of our particular who has served the present age, and we magnify the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ to-day in that she was enabled so to endure the ordeals that came to her in her pilgrimage that they were made a blessing to herself and others. Oh, we praise Thee that this heart was filled with love for God and humanity, that Thou didst lead her every step of the way, and that some of us were permitted to see her in the last conventions. We thank Thee that although our leader has gone from us our Saviour remains with us. We will lift our eyes up unto the hills and just now, dear Master, while we praise Thee for the ministry of her life, we plead for the ministry of her death, and we ask that more may be accomplished by this affliction that has touched every nation of the world than was accomplished by her life. She represented the Master in that she went about doing good among the children of men. Dear Lord, we praise Thee that Thou didst say Thou wouldst send a Comforter to remain with us; may we have the abiding Comforter as we follow on. O Jesus, magnify Thy grace in us, carry on the noble work that she has commenced through those who remain. We pray Thee to raise up others who shall take our places when we, too, shall "follow that way." For Jesus' sake. Amen.

Rev. Charles L. Thompson, pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian church, in announcing the next hymn said "This best be-

loved of women especially loved this hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," and the light has led her on."

Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, of Maine, in a voice broken with emotion said, "I will read from her Bible the 90th Psalm." Following this Psalm Mrs. Mary T. Burt, president of the New York state union, read the hymn, "Blest be the Tie that Binds," reminding white-ribboners, in a few touching words, of the many times our great leader had announced this hymn at the close of a National Convention, when with clasped hands we had sung it together.

Rev. Charles H. Payne, secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal church, read the familiar lesson from the 15th chapter of I Corinthians, and Bishop John H. Newman, an old and valued friend, led in prayer:

Gracious God, Father in heaven, forgive us if we mourn to-day amid this general grief, but we thank Thee that we do not mourn as those without hope, for Thou hast given us hope, and we come to Thee with thanksgiving upon our lips for all Thy loving kindness unto this beloved, whom Thou hast taken unto Thyself. We praise Thee for her parentage. We thank Thee for her power, for her imperial intellect, for that vast amount of useful knowledge acquired to render her mission efficient and successful, and we thank Thee above all things for her loyalty to Jesus Christ in good report and in evil report, for her philanthropy, for her sympathy with the suffering humanity of all continents, and we bless Thee for her noble convictions, her purpose to elevate the race to sobriety and to purity. We return Thee thanks to-day for her, we bless Thee for our association with her in the great reforms of life, for the sweet influence she exerted upon us, for the noble example she showed before others. She was steadfast amid all trials, and we rejoice in that beautiful Christian life she lived, that noble heart, that consecration of all her powers to Thee, which made her to have but one object in view—to do Thy will on earth as the angels do it in heaven and to glorify Thy holy Name. And we bless Thee for that quiet death that Thou didst give her, that she might peacefully fall asleep in Jesus, and her spirit ascend to Thee, her Creator and her Redeemer. Now we ask Thy blessing on all those noble enterprises in which she was engaged, that they may reach a glorious consummation. Grant, we pray Thee that this cause of sobriety which she pleaded with such eloquence, and of personal purity, Christian purity—this cause of temperance may become a universal fact. May the governments of the world put forth a power that shall restrain inebriety; may the legislatures of the world hasten to the redemption of humanity from all the evils that grow out of intemperance, and we pray especially that Thy blessing may rest upon those noble women, these sisters that were banded together, consecrating their hearts and their lives and their fortunes for the accomplishment of these great purposes. We thank Thee, though our departed one has passed from life, yet she lives in thousands of lives, lives in the thoughts, the affections, the aspirations of many. We praise Thee for this corporate immortality. We pray that this organization which she represented may be under Thy guidance, under Thy heavenly inspiration until the great work shall be accomplished.

And we pray especially for that dear woman who was her traveling companion on sea and land, whose pen was the pen of a ready writer; and bless that precious woman beyond the seas, the companion of our departed one, who is to-day thinking of this funeral occasion. May that noble woman be sustained by Thee.

Hear and answer us, and when this brief life is done, may it be well done. May all our powers having been consecrated to Thee, attain to a glorious consummation, and may we be more and more consecrated to those great interests that will bring about the millennium of Thy glory. May we be more and more the instruments of Thy power, so that at last when life is over we may sleep with Jesus and meet this precious woman and the thousands who have gone before, and above all, Christ, our Lord. And unto the Father, Son and Holy Spirit shall be the glory, world without end. Amen.

Dr. Tipple announced the last hymn which was, of all others, most loved by Miss Willard:

"Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this gloomy vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till the last great change appears,"

and requested that the second line be sung as she had long ago changed it:

"Through this vale of smiles and tears."

At least two thousand people, with sad faces and heavy hearts, filed past the bier for a last look upon the face of "the best loved woman in the world." As the white-ribboners of New York state passed each one placed a white carnation—the state flower—upon the casket. Other women placed other flower emblems, until it was massed high with blossoms.

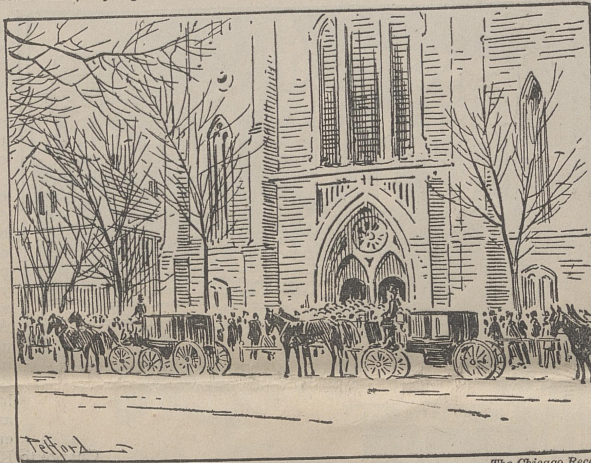
Among the white-ribboners present were the presidents of Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Missouri, while the District of Columbia was represented by Mrs. Clinton B. Smith and Mrs. S. D. La

Petra. Mrs. Frances J. Barnes represented the World's Union, while the board of superintendents for both World's and National was represented by Mrs. Hannah J. Bailey and Mrs. S. L. Oberholzer. National superintendents present were Mrs. Emilie D. Martin, Mrs. C. M. Woodward, Mrs. Ella M. Thacher, and Mrs. Mary D. Tomlinson. The organizers and lecturers were represented by Mrs. Emilie U. Burgess and Mrs. Mary Seymour Howell, while Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing and Miss Cassie Smith were present from the board of evangelists. (Miss Greenwood, the World's and National superintendent of evangelistic work, had been invited to take part in the services, but was out of the city filling engagements. Letters and telegrams followed her from place to place only to find her at last in a little Connecticut town when it was too late for her to reach New York. This was a great grief to Miss Greenwood, who fondly loved Miss Willard, as well as a disappointment to all who felt that it would be most appropriate to have the services of her whom Miss Willard loved to call "Our white-ribbon pastor.")

Among the other well-known names may be mentioned Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, Miss Mary Lathbury, Mrs. Caroline B. Buell, Mrs. W. Jennings Demorest, Mrs. Isabella Charles Davis, Miss Alice M. Guernsey and Mr. Samuel Dickie. The National Temperance Society was represented by Joshua L. Baily, Rev. James B. Dunn, Rev. T. L. Cuyler, Rev. Dr. T. L. Poulson, Wm. T. Wardwell, Francis Crawford, A. A. Robins, Colonel Fred N. Dow and many others.

The church was a bower of beauty. Tall palms filled the pulpit, hiding the choir completely from sight, while wreaths and banks and clusters of exquisite flowers were everywhere, breathing out their perfume as had been breathed out the perfume of her life.

From the church the body was carried again to the home of Mrs. Baldwin where it remained until the sad journey westward which began at 9:15 on Monday evening.



CARRIAGES BEFORE THE CHURCH AT EVANSTON.

There were several touching incidents connected with the beginning of the journey. As the casket was taken from the house a waiter from the Hotel Empire stood at the door in reverent silence with bowed head. His heart had been deeply touched by Miss Willard's personal kindness and he had gone a long distance to pay this last tribute of respect. At the station many dear friends gathered, among them Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, Madame Demorest and Mrs. Isabella Charles Davis. Young Mr. Wagner of the Wagner Palace Car Company, was there, and had personal supervision of the car so generously placed at our disposal, but the figure of all others which would have attracted her attention was that of an old colored woman, with the white ribbon pinned upon her dress, who, between her sobs said, "She was a good friend to my people. I loved her." Anna Gordon, with her quick tact, took from the casket a cluster of lilies of the valley and placed them in her hands, and then the car moved away, while we each said in our hearts, if not with our lips, "Was ever woman so loved as Frances Willard?"

Journey From New York to Chicago.

BY HELEN M. BARKER.

At 9:15 Monday evening the near friends, who, with the General Officers, made up the sad party of ten who were to accompany the casket containing all that was mortal of our departed leader, found themselves in the beautiful Wagner car, "Newcastle," which had been so generously furnished by the New York Central

R. R., to transport the party to Chicago. Soon after leaving the station we gathered in the stateroom, where rested the flower-covered casket, and sang with tearful paths,

"In heavenly love abiding
No change, my heart shall fear."

Mrs. Stevenson offered a prayer of tender devotion, and we repeated the twenty-third Psalm.

Miss Gordon recognized in the porter on our car the one who had accompanied Miss Willard and herself six weeks before on the trip from Chicago to New York. Even in that brief journey she had won his heart. He said, "It can not be that Miss Willard is there," pointing to the casket.

We reached Rochester at nine o'clock Tuesday morning, where our car was detached and taken by special train to Churchville, fourteen miles away. This was Miss Willard's birthplace, and the residents had made such earnest appeals to have her brought to them once more that the friends had consented. When we reached this little village in the midst of a snow-storm, it seemed that the whole town was there. Had she been a near relative of every one, the faces could not have been sadder. The casket was borne by gentle hands to the hearse and to the church, which was established years ago by Miss Willard's grandfather, and is known as "The Church of God." It is a Congregational church. On our way thither we passed the pretty little brick cottage where began fifty-eight years ago this wonderful life.

The church was beautifully decorated with flowers, but the loving words and the flowing tears of these old neighbors were more eloquent than flowers. There were many relatives present but the dear old aunt for whom Miss Willard had especial love and care, was too feeble to be at the services. Rev. Mr. Henderson, pastor of the Presbyterian church, gave out Miss Willard's favorite hymn, "Gently, Lord, Oh, Gently Lead Us," and Rev. Mr. Gaul, of the Methodist church, offered prayer which was often responded to with sobs.

Rev. Mr. Henderson then said

There is no time this morning for an address, and I feel that words fail at this moment to express our great sorrow, and yet our gratitude to our great Heavenly Father who raised up one of our number to do such mighty things, and has now in His own good time taken her to Himself. It is a time for tears. Just a few months ago she stood upon this platform, and to many of those who are gathered here to-day to mourn, uttered these words at the very beginning of her address: "A common sorrow and a common hope, for all who suffer from the liquor traffic have brought us together and have enlisted our sympathy and our interest in this great cause of temperance." We may be pardoned in this little obscure village, almost unknown beyond geographical boundaries of our own town—we may be pardoned if we say there is gratitude and pride that God sent out from this little town one who has been named the uncrowned queen of the American people. To-day we place the crown upon her brow and call her the crowned queen. We ought to think of those words which she spoke here as she lifted up her eyes and heart to God and said, "The stars fought against Sisera," as she reminded us of that time when God's mighty power took hold of her own heart and sent her out to be the leader of her sisters and friends and co-workers everywhere in temperance work, to pull down the strongholds of the rum traffic and to raise the truth of God and the righteousness of God and to bring purity and peace and happiness to the hearts and homes, not only to those of our native land, but to the world. Only a few weeks ago, almost within hearing of this place, she said to me personally, "When the Lord is through with my work He will let me go and let me know; I do not worry about the call." So to-day we think of her as gone from us in body but as with the Lord in spirit, and in the world to-day and forever a mighty power always to be remembered by those who will be inspired by her loyalty, her love, her self-sacrifice and her devotion. As we say farewell to the bodily presence of our beloved friend and sister, we lift up our souls to her God and we crave to-day the inspiring power of that Spirit who gave her a brave heart to be courageous in many a storm, and a clear brain to carry her through many perplexities.

Mr. Henderson read a letter from Mrs. H. T. Bissell, vice-president of Monroe county. "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was sung and the services closed with prayer and benediction.

Then the old friends passed around to take a last look of the beautiful face of her they loved so well.

At Churchville Miss Anna Gordon received the following telegram from Miss Willard's physi-

cian at Castile, who had cared for her most lovingly all last winter.

With you in spirit to-day; sympathy but exulting hope.
CORDELIA A. GREENE.

Rev. Mr. Henderson introduced Mrs. Helen M. Barker, National treasurer of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, who spoke as follows:

Our hearts to-day are filled with sorrow, but are filled also with rejoicing. We rejoice in this life that has been given to us and to the world; we rejoice and lift up our hearts in thanksgiving to the Giver of all good who has enabled her to accomplish so much for the world, for all those who are afflicted and oppressed, and we see in her mission the mission of Christ, for she went forth doing His work. During her last illness, in speaking of this religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, which was the secret of her power, she said, when she seemed partially delirious and yet was perfectly rational, "Tell the world it is a home religion, it is a religion of peace. Tell the world it is the religion of love, tell them it is a patriotic religion." In her life she honored Christ; she did not lose her faith in Him. He was her strength and inspiration. Churchville claims her, Janesville, in Wisconsin, claims her, Chicago claims her, New York claims her, the world claims her; yes, England claims her especially. She did not belong alone to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She belonged to every organization of women, to every organization of men and women that worked for the uplift of humanity, for the regenerating of sinful hearts. Oh, hers was a wonderful mission, and to us who have worked with her closely for the last twenty years, with her in executive counsel, with her at the altar of prayer, who know what she was to us and to our work, realize our great loss as others can not. But while we mourn yet we thank God for Frances Willard to-day.

We want to honor her in every one of our hearts, and how are we to do it? These flowers are fond tributes to her memory, this gathering is a tribute to her, but, my sisters, and especially my sisters of New York (she was from New York, we belong to New York most of us here), I say, my sisters, how can we honor this loved one most? and I answer, not with the flowers, not by this service, which all appreciate and which we love to bring, but we can honor her better by being faithful to the work she loved. Do we lack courage? Let us pray that some of the indomitable courage which she possessed may be ours. Are we inclined to criticize? Oh, let us have her spirit of charity and love. In all my acquaintance with her I think I never heard a disparaging word spoken of any worker that our beloved did not find some word of excuse for that one, and she would say, "Oh, we do not know, perhaps she does not look at it just as we do; perhaps she does not see it from our angle of vision."

And now my message to you, my sisters, this morning in the words of Paul, is, "Remember my bonds," and when we are led to criticize one who does not think or speak as we do, let us remember that there may be something hidden away out of sight that binds, something in the home that cripples, something in the early education that hinders, something in the vision that handicaps, and so let us emulate that love, that sympathy, that charity that she so beautifully exhibited in all her life. We look at her beautiful form and say, "She is gone," but, oh, she has not gone, she is here to lead yet, she will be our leader, and I believe from the battlements of glory she will watch our work. I believe she will still inspire, I believe she will whisper to our consciences thoughts of what we may do and what we ought to do, and, my sisters, how much we need her! But the Lord who led her is leading us to-day, and oh, this may be a time of consecration, inasmuch that from this day forth the Woman's Christian Temperance Union that she so loved may be such a power in the world as it has never been before. Then she shall be honored!

We say, "How brief her life, she should have lived twenty years longer"; and yet my brethren and sisters, if we measure her life not by days and weeks and years, but by the great work she has accomplished, by the enterprises she has inaugurated and carried on to victory, she has rounded out a grand old age, she has accomplished more in the fifty-eight years of her life than many of us would do were we to live one hundred and fifty-eight years. Into that brief span has been crowded so much of brain power, so much of heart love, so much of the burden of humanity, and oh, how beautifully she has borne it. I say there has been crowded into this life so much, that it has been a long, grand life—a life so broad that it has reached to the extremities of civilization and Christianity; a life so deep that no poor soul had ever sunk so low that her love and sympathy could not reach it. My sisters, let us praise God this morning, that we have been permitted to come into close relationship with her beautiful spirit, and then let us honor her by going out to do the work that she would exhort us to do faithfully. Let us in this divine presence pledge to her,

pledge to God, pledge to each other, that we will be more loving, more faithful, more self-sacrificing, more devoted, and that we will honor her by honoring the God she loved and the work to which she gave her life and which she has left to us.

With generous thoughtfulness the people of Churchville had prepared a lunch for all friends, and when they found we must be back at the depot so soon they sent a well filled basket to the train. Fifty white-ribboners came from Rochester to attend the services and from all the country round about people came to pay the last tribute of love and honor to the most distinguished woman that Monroe county had sent forth for the world's work.

When we reached Buffalo we found a great crowd at the depot and nearly one hundred women that "belong" passed through our car, bringing floral offerings, viewing the casket and silently shaking our hands. While tears fell thick and fast, we sang with subdued voices, "Blest be the tie that binds." As our last convention was held in Buffalo, these dear women who had worked so hard to care for us, seemed doubly afflicted. Mrs. Viola Shingler and Mrs. W. H. Leek, two sweet singers of Buffalo, sang a most beautiful and comforting duet as the women passed slowly by. Rev. O. P. Gifford, D.D., a good friend to the W. C. T. U. and an ardent admirer of Miss Willard, with several other men passed through the car with the women.

Our train, somewhat belated, pulled into the

Guard of honor: Helen L. Hood, Mesdames J. B. Hilton, M. E. Metzgar, E. Waddell, H. L. Clarke, M. A. Gordon, T. C. Reiley, M. Inglehart, Robert Greenlee, C. A. Leech, M. Howell, C. E. Bigelow, Oscar Crandall, H. M. Lemon, Joseph Emerson, Clara C. Chapin, A. E. Carman, M. B. Horning, L. R. Hall, L. A. Hagans, L. B. Tyng, Ralph Greenlee, M. E. Kline, E. Warner, C. G. Davis, Misses Ruby Gilbert, Marie Brehm, C. A. Leech, Sara Johnson, Eva Shontz and Alice Bond.

The meeting between those in the car and the waiting women was pathetic. Miss Anna A. Gordon bore the ordeal with courage and calmness. The other occupants of the car were Miss Elizabeth Gordon and Mrs. Gordon Gulick, sisters of Miss Anna A. Gordon; Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, acting president; Mrs. Katharine Lente Stevenson, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Clara C. Hoffman, recording secretary; Mrs. Helen M. Barker, treasurer—all of the National executive; Mrs. Hannah J. Bailey, of Maine, World's superintendent of peace and arbitration; Mrs. Frances J. Barnes, of New York, General Secretary of World's Y Branch, and Miss Mary Powderly.

When greetings had been exchanged, the casket was removed from the car and on the shoulders of the eight pallbearers was borne to the waiting hearse. The procession slowly moved out into the swiftly falling snow that turned the green of the palms and the gray of the silken

waterproof that covered the casket into a shimmering, shining robe of white, fit clothing for the body which reposed within.

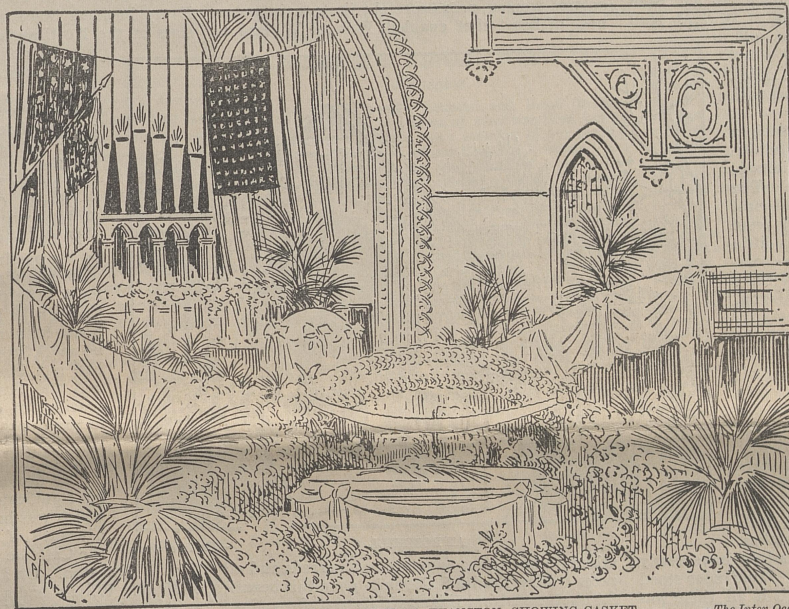
Following the casket came Miss Anna A. Gordon on the arm of Robert A. Willard, then the four cousins of Miss Willard, Mrs. Joseph Emerson, Mrs. H. M. Lemon, Mrs. Oscar Crandall, Mrs. C. E. Bigelow, and after them the guard of honor and the women who had come from the East.

The procession was escorted from the depot by a specially detailed platoon of policemen, but there was no need of the police to make way when the hearse drew up before the door of Willard Hall, and the casket was slowly and reverently taken out and raised to the shoulders of the bearers. Instantly the crowd fell back and every man bared his

head. The doors were thrown open and the women of the guard of honor passed through, and as they went they sang "Rock of Ages."

Then along the tessellated corridor which Frances Willard had so often trod, past the fountain and into the hall, the casket was carried and laid down in front of the platform that is consecrated by the daily offering of prayer.

It is not in the power of human pen to describe such a scene. Beautiful Willard Hall was decked as for a bride, the work having been done under the supervision of Mrs. M. B. Carse, assisted by Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., who furnished the material for drapery, Messrs. Charles A. Stevens, D. B. Fisk and Gage Bros., who contributed 170 yards of white satin ribbon, and Messrs. Vaughn, I. C. Silliman, H. F. Halle, George Wittbold, florists, and the Schiller Floral Co., who gave floral decorations to supplement the individual pieces. Windows, pillars and the balcony rail were draped in softest white, each graceful fold caught up with a cluster of calla lilies tied with white satin ribbons. Palms were in each window and formed a bank of green both in front of and at the back of the platform, enhancing the beauty of the countless floral offerings whose perfume filled the air, and with the white doves, emblems of peace, poised as if in flight, combined to make a fitting shrine for the casket wherein reposed our white-ribbon queen. It was the altar on which was laid love



INTERIOR OF FIRST M. E. CHURCH, EVANSTON, SHOWING CASKET.

—The Inter Ocean.

Grand Central depot in Chicago, at 9 A. M., Wednesday, and here we were met by relatives and a host of friends. Thus ended a memorable journey. At Rochester and Buffalo representatives of the New York Central and the Michigan Central had come on board to offer any assistance in their power that would add to our comfort. The thanks of everyone in the party were expressed for these kindly courtesies, which we realized were tributes to the beautiful life closed here but gloriously begun on the other side.

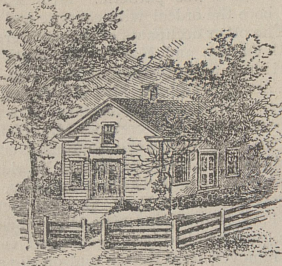
Arrival in Chicago.

WHEN the train came into the Michigan Central depot it was met by the active pallbearers, Messrs. E. W. Blatchford, James H. Norton, David B. Carse, W. J. Onahan, Joseph L. Whitlock, John Sobieski, David H. Christophel and Oscar Crandall, the honorary pallbearers, and a part of the guard of honor.

The women who composed these two bodies were: Honorary bearers, National Officers, State Presidents or their representatives, National Superintendents, Mrs. C. F. Grow, for the W. T. P. A.; Mrs. M. B. Carse, for the Temple; Mrs. S. M. D. Fry, for THE UNION SIGNAL; Mrs. J. B. Hobbs, for the Temperance Hospital; Mrs. C. H. Case, Crusader; Mrs. Moses Smith, Crusader; Miss Jane Addams, for Social Settlements; Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, Chicago Women's Club.

unspeakable, devotion and loyalty, as the comrades of many years circled about it and sang with brave but broken voices. "God be with you till we meet again." They sang on, while the tears fell like rain, soldiers who would close up the ranks and carry the battle to the enemy's gates, even though the commander had fallen in the thick of the fight.

When the casket was uncovered and they looked upon the dear form at rest after the weary weeks of pain, peace fell upon every heart. There was a brief reunion of the friends who



MISS WILLARD'S BIRTHPLACE.

stood closest to her, and then the hall was opened to the waiting throng who had come to pay a last tribute of respect to Frances Willard, the friend of humanity. Fifty policemen had been especially detailed for service at Willard Hall and they rendered efficient aid, preserving through the trying ordeal of handling such a crowd, a quiet, deferential demeanor in keeping with the occasion.

Chicago has never seen such a spontaneous offering as the multitude laid at the feet of our Chieftain, for it was an offering of love. The flags of the city floated at half-mast and many of the public schools were closed. For an hour before the little funeral procession came to the cross-surmounted portal of the hall there were crowds waiting for admission, and for another hour they patiently stood on the wet pavement, with the cold wind sweeping in sleety gusts against them, before they gained admittance. During the day twenty thousand people passed down the aisle, each one pausing a moment by the casket. There were children that had to tiptoe to look, and there were decrepit men and women who leaned upon their sons or daughters for support to their tottering footsteps. Many hobbled in on crutches, and some looked as if they might have newly risen from a bed of sickness. Multitudes stood in line for hours, and through it all there was no evidence of morbid curiosity. The beautiful decorations were a secondary matter to the desire for one last look upon the dear face of the one who slept long and well. Particularly touching to white-ribboners at Headquarters was the entrance of the employés of the printing department of the W. T. P. A., some eighty men and women, led by the business manager, Mrs. C. F. Grow. Miss Willard always felt a peculiar interest in every one connected with the work of the publishing house, in whatever capacity, and had the love and loyalty of the whole force.

A small table at the head of the casket bore a white floral lyre bearing at its base the words, "Home Guard," this being Miss Willard's characterization of the Illinois forces; the floral offering from Lady Henry Somerset, and Miss Willard's well-worn Bible. To the left stood the floral tribute of the Woman's Temperance Publishing Association, a fac-simile of the first page of THE UNION SIGNAL with the significant date line, "February 17, 1898." On the foot of the casket rested a beautiful sheaf of white hyacinths, lacota leaves and bleeding hearts, the offering of Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, and on the floor beneath them stood Miss Willard's traveling grip and handbag, the latter crowded full of letters and telegrams, mute evidence of the varied interests that the weary hands had laid down.

The beautiful floral offering sent by Miss Lillian Whiting, of Boston, bore these lines so in keeping with the scene:

Lilies of love and peace for thee!
Music and prayer and minstrelsy.
For all thy white-souled purity!

All day long there were strains of sweet music floating through the room, furnished by a choir of fifty voices under the direction of Mr. Archibald Macnair, the Willard Hall chorister. The familiar hymns that Miss Willard loved best, "He Leadeth Me," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "When the Mists Have Rolled Away," were interspersed with beautiful solos and other selections rendered by Miss May Hill, Mrs. C. F. Kimball, Mrs. W. J. Austin, Miss Margaret Macnair, Miss M. E. Pratt, Mrs. S. N. Schneider, Miss Lillian Kessler, Mrs. L. W. Whitmer, Mrs. Ada M. Sheffield, Mrs. D. W. Campbell and the quartette of Bethany Deaconesses. Mrs. W. G. Austin presided at the organ, and was assisted by Miss Hill, Miss Jennie Lois Williamson, Mrs. L. L. Dillon, Mrs. S. N. Schneider and Miss Grace Kessler. The efforts of the choir singers were greatly appreciated, there being no interruption to the musical program during the six hours' service.

At the noon hour a brief service was held. Mrs. Frances J. Barnes, World's superintendent of Y Branch, spoke tenderly of our fallen leader; prayers were offered by Mrs. Annie O. Rutherford, president of the Canadian forces, Mrs. Moses Smith, a Crusader, Mrs. Frances Beauchamp and Mrs. S. M. I. Henry. Mrs. Lucy Thurman, superintendent of work among colored women, paid especial tribute to the greatness of heart that enabled Frances Willard to

that will henceforth have a deeper consecration to her followers because of her last, brief tarrying there. The procession to the Northwestern depot was accorded notable courtesy by the hurrying throngs of people, and at the station the funeral party was given two private parlor cars by the Wagner company.

Hundreds of citizens and the students and faculty of Northwestern University met the body at the Evanston station at 5:30 o'clock and the pallbearers who had acted in the ceremonies at Chicago, transferred their charge to the students of the college. Six of their number took the casket tenderly upon their shoulders and bore it to the waiting hearse. The cortège then formed, a guard of students following the hearse on foot to Rest Cottage, the National officers and guard of honor bringing up the rear in carriages. The short journey was soon made and the little cottage resounded with the notes of "Home, Sweet Home," sung with faltering voices, as the still form of Frances Willard was borne into the home she loved so well.

Services at Evanston.

FOR a week, cloud and wind, rain and snow and sleet, had held stormy sway, but the last day of public tribute and farewell was glorious with sunshine.

All Evanston gave up the day to do reverence to the memory of their most beloved citizen. Every business house was closed; college exercises at the Northwestern University were suspended and the high school pupils were dismissed. Flags hung at half mast.

At the door of Rest Cottage—truly a place of rest for that quiet form so often wearied in the stress of life—was tied a wreath of evergreen gathered by the W. C. T. U. and L. T. L. of Oberlin, O., from a hedge planted by Miss Willard's father.

In the quiet parlor, all unwearied by the passing of the silent throngs of Wednesday, she lay—"at home" for a little time. Death was kind. Though he had claimed her earthly house for almost a week, he had laid no mark upon the quiet face that had met him with a smile. But it was the first time that this most gracious of all hostesses had failed to greet her guests at the cottage with outstretched hands and ready heart of help and love.

The decorations were not many, but significant. In the bay window, which was banked with palms, hung a wreath of violets and roses from the Catholic Little Sisters of Visitation, of Evanston. On an easel stood a *bas relief* of Madam Willard and a picture of her daughter—face to face now and forever. In the fireplace was a cluster of fragrant green bearing this card: "Sweet-brier that Frank planted, Janesville, Wis." The brier root has outlived the little hands that cherished it so long ago, but when the ground shall no more remember its green herb, the world will still hold fresh and fair the memory of the Chieftain.

The atmosphere of the little parlor breathed a *naught* but cheer and the brightness that was always associated with the presence of its mistress. Friends passed quietly in and out until the hour set for the final services had arrived. The words of the familiar hymn, "How Firm a Foundation," came sweetly and clearly through the room, then, standing beside the quiet form of her friend and leader, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, of Maine, prayed tenderly, with breaking voice:

Heavenly Father, come near and tenderly and pityingly hover over us at this hour. We thank thee for the precious life of our beloved—so full of beauty and nobility. Help us to understand what she meant when she said, "How beautiful it is to be with God." Help us to know more of that other-worldliness of which she spoke and taught. We thank thee for all the precious memories that cluster around Rest Cottage; for the life of St. Courageous; for all of the holy influences which have gone out from this home. Wilt thou in tender love bless the niece and nephew of our beloved and the



AT ROSEHILL.

—The Inter Ocean.

take into her active sympathies all creeds and all races. Mrs. Louise S. Rounds gave this beautiful quotation from Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

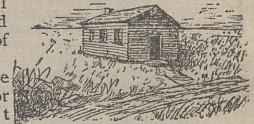
"And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this last breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all
Say 'Not a tear must o'er her fall;
He giveth his beloved sleep.'"

In the afternoon Col. French, of the Salvation Army, came in, accompanied by Miss Eva Booth, who had just arrived in Chicago on her way to the Northwest territory. With them were a number of young women wearing the Canadian fur cap with its Army badge of red ribbon across the front. At the coffin the Salvationists knelt, and Miss Booth prayed.

At four o'clock Miss Hood was unwillingly obliged to direct that no more people should be admitted, and many hundreds were turned away disappointed.

Bishop John H. Vincent offered the final prayer. "We give thanks," he said, "for the life led by our departed sister, for her loyalty to righteousness and purity, for the sweet charity that burned in her heart, dwelt in her eyes and went forth in the sweet echoes of her voice. We pray that, inspired by her example, we may live the same strong and earnest life and do good service in the cause she loved so well."

Once more the hymn that has echoed through convention halls was sung, "God be with you till we meet again," the gray casket covered with the white-ribbon star spangled banner and a wealth of blossoms, was raised to the shoulders of the bearers, and the Chieftain was carried from the hall



FIRST SCHOOLHOUSE WHERE MISS WILLARD TAUGHT.

other family members who are with us to-day and the absent ones wherever they may be. Wilt thou bless and comfort the one who has been to our promoted leader helper, companion, more than friend, who has been faithful even unto death. Wilt thou console that great heart over the sea who is cast down by this great sorrow. Remember the white-ribbon sisterhood everywhere. Bless the world—for she loved the whole world. We humbly pray in the name of Christ whom she loved so much and served so loyally. Amen.

Again the quartette sang, "Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us," and the following benediction was pronounced by the venerable Professor Emerson, of Beloit, Wis.:

Now may the blessing of the loving Father who has called the dear daughter home, and of the loving Brother who has led the dear sister to the Father's house, and of the loving Holy Spirit which was the breath of her life here, and is so there, be and abide with us all that we may be now and forever with the Lord. Amen.

Then the precious burden was once more taken up and borne out of the home that had been to the last, "Rest" Cottage.

AT THE CHURCH.

Despite the tens of thousands who on Wednesday had gathered to look upon Miss Willard's face, reverent, patient thousands gathered in and about the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Evanston for the funeral service. Love had outlived itself in lavish expressions of tenderness, through flower and fern and palm and draperies of symbolic white. Behind the pulpit hung a silk flag on whose standard was a gold plate bearing this inscription: "This standard flag of America and the World's Columbian Exposition was carried at the head of the Dedicatorial Procession Oct. 22, 1892, and presented to the Board of Lady Managers, World's Columbian Exposition, May 1, 1893, by George S. Knapp and George M. Knapp, Chicago." Also: "This flag has traveled over 4,000 miles of this country and always floats in the interest of liberty, peace and arbitration. It floated over Miss Willard in life and we want it to float over her in death."

Two large American flags hung from the organ and the stars and stripes draped the speakers' chairs.

The words of the solemn processional were read by the Rev. Frank M. Bristol, pastor of the church, who led the long line of mourners. Following, came the faculty of the Northwestern University, President Henry Wade Rogers at their head, and pastors of the Evanston churches. Then came the casket borne on the shoulders of six pallbearers, students of the college: Clay Buntain, George H. Tomlinson, Clarence Thorne, A. G. Morse, S. J. Reid and Harry Little.

The relatives and closest friends came slowly after. Miss Anna Gordon first, then Mrs. Katharine Willard Baldwin, of New York, and Robert Willard of Florida, daughter and son of Miss Willard's brother Oliver. Other relatives followed, also Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick and Miss Bessie Gordon. The honorary pallbearers and guard of honor came next, filling the seats reserved for them in the body of the church. All eyes and hearts turned to the pearl-gray casket, and it is doubtful if many ears took note of the strains of Beethoven's funeral march in organ tones soft and low, or the words of life and resurrection read by Dr. Bristol.

"I wonder if she knows," was the tender, unspoken question of many a heart, as the coffin was placed before the altar, amid such a scene of holy beauty as even she for whom it was, had rarely seen in life. On the floor beneath the casket was a rug of roses and violets, and forming a radiant arch over the beloved sleeper was a rainbow of spring's blossoms—violets, the tender blue of hyacinths, the living green of smilax, pale yellow daffodils and the deeper glory of the crimson-touched tulip—a bow of promise shining through the clouds. She has gone beyond the glory of the rainbow, but for the comrades who follow, the "everlasting covenant" remains.

Beneath the rainbow, and caught away from the casket by a hovering dove, was a broad white ribbon bearing in silver letters these words, the last spoken on earth, and, may it not be, the first enraptured cry of the soul set free from mortality: "How beautiful it is to be with God."

The rainbow-arch was the design and gift of Anna Gordon and Miss Amelia Pemell, World's superintendent of flower mission work. It was fitting that the one whose heart has known its dearest joy in strengthening the hands and lessening the burdens of Chieftain and friend, should at the last surround her with the emblem of

God's promises, and that the department whose mission is comfort should thus "speak comfortably" of life and hope to all who mourned.

From the rose-crowned pillars that supported the arch, around and within the altar, up to the open Bible on the pulpit, beyond to the music stand of the choir, were flowers, the fairest that could be found—wreath, cluster, pillow, harp, gates ajar, anchor, crown, massed blossoms, pots and boxes of "growing things abloom," trailing vine, fern, evergreen. It was a picture never to be forgotten, but the heart of it all was a gray casket enshrining the outward form of her whose life was ever of the simplest. The air was sweet with the breath of the coming spring, but sweeter far was the fragrance of her pure, gentle spirit, that was so near to each mourner that day.

The Willard pew, which has been held in the family for over twenty years, was hung in white drapery and piled high with floral offerings. The large bunch of pink roses from Miss Kate Jackson, a lifelong friend, was in the pew. Miss Jackson had occupied it during Miss Willard's absences from Evanston.

Bishop Bowman, of the M. E. church, offered prayer and the choir sang Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." How often have we heard our Chieftain pray:

"And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea!"

a prayer that found its answer in the holy life which at its close knew no tempest of soul.

President Rogers, of the University, was the first speaker, his theme,

Miss Willard as a University Woman and an Educator.

We of the University honored and loved Frances Willard. Once she was Dean of what was then known as the Woman's College, was a member of our faculty, and in these later years, of our Board of Trustees. She loved the University and was proud of what it had become. A few years ago she wrote of it, "It greatly outranks any other west of Lake Michigan, and richly deserves the name of 'The Northwestern,' in the modern sense of that great and comprehensive designation. Steadily may its star climb toward the zenith, growing clearer and more bright with each succeeding year." The last speech she made in this town, which she delighted to call "The Methodist Cambridge of the prairies," her "ain familiar town," was an address to the students delivered in the college chapel only a few weeks ago. How little we thought she was so soon to pass beyond the veil! But had she known then that her life was fast passing on toward that twilight so ready was she to go, that she might even have said to it:

"Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not good-night—but in some brighter clime
Bid me good-morning."

We mourn that she has been taken, but we do not forget that she was given. She has done a great work, grown weary and fallen on sleep. May the beautiful spirit which dominated her life inspire us all to nobler things!

In February, 1871, she was elected president of the Evanston College for Ladies. At that time the institution had no connection with the University. She was the first woman to be elected president of a college. It is due to her labors that the town authorities gave as a site for the new college what was then one of the chief parks of Evanston. Upon that site was built what is now known as the Woman's Hall. She, with others, made the canvass for the money with which it was erected, and brick by brick she watched its walls as they climbed high above the trees. It was in her thoughts by day and by night, and she was fond of it. She said of it, "It is my sister Mary's that died, and it is mine."

In June, 1873, the institution was incorporated with the University under conditions largely dictated by her, and she became Dean of the Woman's College and Professor of Aesthetics in the Faculty of Liberal Arts. As professor and dean she had her trials. She taught the classes in English, and met them in the president's room in University Hall. It was a new experience for college men to recite to a woman teacher. They tried her mettle only to find that she understood herself and them. They admired and respected her. She was popular and inspiring, and in every way a successful teacher. It is an ambition worthy of the immortals to build one's own life into the lives of others, and this she was able to do to a remarkable degree.

On June 13, 1874, she resigned her office as dean and at the same time her professorship in the University. Speaking of it years after she declared that this severance of her University relations was the greatest sacrifice her life had known and ever could know. It has been said that she left her work in the University to devote herself to the cause which she afterwards espoused and with which her name is henceforth to be forever identified. That she did not do so is known to all who have read her "Glimpses of Fifty Years," in which she wrote: "It grieves me that I can not truthfully say I left the deanship of a college and a professor's chair in one of America's best universities on purpose to take up temperance work." But it is true that having left the University she determined upon temperance work in the face of tempting offers to teach elsewhere, and that she had to that work through attractive positions in other fields were open to her all along the years had she cared to occupy them. It is no secret that she vol-

untarily withdrew from the University because she did not approve of the policy which the faculty had at that time adopted respecting certain questions of administration. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." There were other kindred ones awaiting her of which she knew not. This was an hour of disappointment. But Ruskin tells us that in the secret of disappointment, as in the twilight so beloved by Titian, we may see the colors of things with deeper truth than in the most dazzling sunshine. And who shall deny that as she sat in the shadow of her disappointment it was revealed to her what her mission was to be. She could say,

"My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a Hand
Other than mine."

The story of the severance of her relations with the University reveals that gentleness of her nature which so impressed us all. The world needs nothing so much as gentleness and kindness, and these attributes our friend possessed in an eminent degree. Thy gentleness hath made me great, says the Psalmist. It made Frances Willard great, too, and you may gain an insight into the beauty of her character and the greatness of her soul from the facts she has told us of this crisis of her life.

On the night she resigned as dean of the Woman's College she shut herself out of sight in her suite of rooms at the college and with agony of tears gave way to her anguish. Let me tell the pathetic story of what transpired as she has written it, for it reveals the tenderness and nobility of her nature as no words of mine could do: "At last every one of my children grew still and sweet and holy, while far into the night the deep June sky bent over me with a beauty that was akin to tenderness. The storm in my soul ebbed away slowly, the sobs ceased, the long sighs were less frequent. As dies the wave along the shore, so died away forever more my sorrow to lose the beautiful college that my heart had loved as other women's hearts love their sweet and sacred homes. In the long hours that followed, the peace that passeth understanding settled down upon my soul. God was revealed to me as a great, brooding motherly spirit, and all of us who tried to carry on the University, while He called on the universe, seemed like little boys and girls, who meant well, but who didn't always understand each other. The figure was of children playing in a nursery, and one little boy had more vigor than the rest of us, and, naturally, wanted us to play his way, while a little girl, whom I thought I could identify, said: 'No; my way is best!' Then a deep voice declared, 'This is the interpretation—good to forgive, best to forget.' And then the happiness that mocketh speech, flowed, like the blessed, tranquil river of dear old Forest Home, all through my soul, and overflowed its banks with quiet, happy tears." Soon thereafter she went to the president and extending her hand, begged pardon for everything she had ever done and said that was not right and assured him that she desired to be at peace with God and every human soul, and from that hour on they were the best of friends.

It was this spirit that made it possible for her to say that she did not know a reason why any human being should hesitate to speak to her with cordiality and kindness, or why any middle wall of partition should exist between her spirit and any other human spirit that God had made. Had she not sat at the feet of the Prophet Micah, and heard from him what it was that the Lord required of her, that she was to do justly, and to love mercy and to walk humbly with her God!

She was one of the early advocates of the higher education for women. This was to her a sacred cause. She believed, too, in the coeducation of the sexes, and was wont to impress upon her women students that the experiment of co-education was on trial, and that in some degree its future rested with them. "God help you to be good!" she said to them. She believed, too, in the principle of self-government, and many a time rejoiced as she thought how true and self-respecting a set of girls she had around her. One who disapproved her government, said: "The trouble is, these girls are quite too loyal; they make a hobby of it."

It is difficult to overestimate what the influence of her noble nature and magnetic personality would have been upon thousands of students during all these years if her work had continued in educational lines, what inspiration for high and noble living, what pure ambitions to love and serve humanity, what strong endeavors for high scholarship, and great achievement would have been born in the souls of the students coming into close touch with her great soul. She was eminently fitted to be a great teacher. One who has the power of kindling another mind with the fire which burns in his own, who can bring his soul into such close and loving contact with his students that they are stirred by his impulses and fired with his enthusiasms, has in the highest sense the teaching power and is described as the ideal teacher. This rare gift our friend possessed, and in high degree.

The nations of Europe seek to kindle the patriotic ardor of their subjects by putting on speaking canvas the immortal deeds of their great men. And in our own country a grateful public or generous friends enshrine in marble or bronze, or on canvas the memory of those whose lives have been a blessing to humanity. It is a gratifying reflection at this hour that one of our own generous citizens will soon place in the keeping of the University the face of this woman, whose life was a ministry of love, and whose death leaves the world bereaved. Generations of students as they look upon that marble will be moved to noble living by the memory of her unselfish services, and they will find in it a noble stimulus to purity of life and to a consecration of their powers to the cause of humanity.

The winning personality of Frances Willard and her charm of soul made it possible for her to impress herself upon her students in a manner given to the few. She exerted upon them a far-reaching influence, not only by the thoughts she expressed in her class room, but by her views of life and duty which she revealed to them in her personal and private relations with them. A quarter of

a century has almost passed since she retired from the faculty, but those who were associated with her in those days have preserved pleasant recollections of the winsomeness of her personality and the attractiveness of her spirit. We can ask no better thing to-day than that the benign influence of this refined, devoted, noble woman and teacher may abide in the life of this University for years to come.

We lay upon her casket here to-day this tribute of our love and admiration. She has entered within the gate. She has been transfigured, and it has been granted her that she should be arrayed in fine linen which is the righteousness of saints. On her head was placed a golden crown and she was girded with a golden girdle. All the bells of that great city, the holy Jerusalem, have rung with joy, and it has been said unto her, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Mrs. Louise S. Rounds, state president of Illinois, spoke of

Miss Willard as a Patriot.

The white-ribbon women of Illinois feel keenly the death of our peerless leader, Frances E. Willard! Especially are we bereaved, for in a very sacred sense she belonged to this great state.

As a Christian, Miss Willard gathered help and spiritual power from all denominations and creeds, always finding the best in the various beliefs; but like the bees which return to their home cells laden with their gathered sweets, so she brought all her religious treasures back to the altar of her own cherished church, to which she was always a loyal, devoted, consecrated member.

She was accustomed to pivot her broad faith and generous charity upon this formula to which her whole life bore never-failing testimony—"No word of faith in God or love toward man is alien to my sympathy." With such a spirit she was fit to become a great traveler, and all countries contributed to broaden her love for humanity and increase her faith in God. It mattered not how far away she wandered, nor under what flag she found temporary protection, she always returned to her native land and to the flag she loved above all others with renewed feelings of loyalty and patriotism. The "stars and stripes" were to her an emblem of a broader freedom than other countries knew, and thus indicated her own great and grand spirit.

How painfully sad it is that the flag which is displayed from the platform on this sad occasion—this flag which she loved so much to have draped in convention halls where she presided—how unspcakably sad that this flag should to-day wave over and protect the legalized liquor system! How pitiable that the curse for the extinction of which she gave her life should find protection and defense in the laws of our land! He only is a true patriot who is true to the highest and noblest interests of his native land, and we who weep to-day over her cold, pale face, will cherish her parting message: "Tell the women not to forget their patriotism." And we will not give up the conflict until the stars and stripes shall once more float over a legalized saloon!

Not only was she an American in its noblest sense, but the state of Illinois was loved by her, as perhaps no other state in the Union. In New York she was born and in New York she died, but in Illinois she lived the longest and did her grandest work.

There is wonderful significance in the fact that the ashes of Abraham Lincoln, the grandest man, and the ashes of Frances E. Willard, the greatest woman, in American history, have been committed to the soil of this beautiful prairie state, here to rest until the resurrection morn shall summon all lands and even the sea to give up their dead.

How beautiful as we think of her work and in what harmony with her life are these words which dropped like dew from her pen many years ago: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. That is the deepest voice out of my soul. Receive it every instant, voluntarily given back to thyself and receive it in the hour when I drop this earthly mantle and pass onward to the world invisible, but doubtless not far off."

Dr. Bristol read the Crusade Psalm, and never did its anthem of praise and prophecy seem more harmonious with events. The congregation sang—as best it could, for voices choked with tears—the Crusade hymn,

"Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed!"

Then Mrs. Clara C. Hoffman in tender speech, bore witness to

Miss Willard as a Leader.

We have not come here to weep and lament and cry out in our pain. We have come to rejoice. Love is unselfish and most rejoice in the bliss and happiness of its beloved, and we will rejoice though with falling tears and breaking hearts.

She is no longer the "uncrowned queen of America," but crowned a queen in heaven—no more to droop and suffer under burdens all too heavy to bear; no more to suffer contradiction of tongues; no more to have pain and weariness of a body all too fragile to keep pace with a spirit so eager, so alert and intense and with a mind of such marvelous versatility and power. The fetters of flesh dropped to earth, the glad soul rose and revels in the realms of light, and love, and labor without weariness. Aye, we will rejoice!

Our beloved was a great leader because within her little hand she held the hearts of all who followed, and with irresistible charm she drew those who lacked the courage to follow. All loved her, because she loved all. All trusted her, because she trusted all.

She recognized the best in each, and each reached out and up, and made endeavor because its best was recognized. She had faith in humanity, and humanity believed in Frances Willard. She did not seek her own,

but with all her might she sought the greatest good for all.

She had that within herself which awoke the very highest and noblest in others. She was honored by men, and loved by women with a fervor and a constancy unparalleled in history; and this, not alone in the New World, but around the globe. Women of the Orient, the Occident and the islands of the sea lovingly gave allegiance to Frances Willard, and with glad willingness followed where she led. By heroic righteousness of word and deed she drew thousands after her who never looked upon her face, or felt the charm of her gentle, gracious presence.

It has been said that women hold no lasting friendships for each other, yet for more than a score of years one of New England's truest daughters gave the devotion of sister, daughter and lover, which made it possible for Frances Willard to achieve the very best for womanhood, and the strongest, highest type of leadership.

Across the seas a gifted, pure-hearted woman of nobility is stricken in soul to-day, because with us she followed hand in hand—with us she loves and is loved.

Transparently frank and openly ingenuous, our leader never stooped to scheme and intrigue; never swerved one jot or tittle from the straight line of righteous principle. Ever gentlest to those most opposed, she won all true hearts by the power of love. By this sign she conquered.

When the temperance reform shall emerge from the twilight valleys of unpopularity and assumed impracticability to the sunlit hilltops of assured victory—and this hour will come—then, bright and glorious among all who have dared and achieved for humanity, in golden letters of light, will stand the name of Frances Willard—our beloved Frances!

Multitudes will repeat her words, cherish her memory, emulate her gracious gentleness, follow in her footsteps. In thousands of homes, in millions of hearts she is enshrined forever.

Manhood is nobler, womanhood truer, childhood safer because Frances Willard has lived. Her voice calls ever onward through duty, upward to God.

"Ah! she is not dead,
Who in her record yet the earth doth tread,
With God's fair aureole gleaming round her head."

All hail to thee, sister beloved, friend, comrade, brave and trusted! All hail, adored leader! We shall meet again, beyond the smiling and the weeping. Ah, beloved, beloved, farewell, farewell!

Dr. J. F. Loba, of the Evanston Congregational church, offered prayer, thanking God "for this life, which in the midst of perplexity and doubt, saw clearly that the only way of salvation for the home, the city, the state, the country and the world is the path of purity and righteousness and temperance."

Mrs. Katharine Lente Stevenson spoke of

Miss Willard as a Friend.

My sisters have paid their tribute to our best beloved as patriot and as leader. It is left for me in these brief moments to speak of her in the special sense in which she was to thousands and tens of thousands a friend and an inspirer of all that is noblest and best. Frances Willard knew how to be a friend. It is not an easy thing to be a friend in the true sense of that word. It requires rare traits of character. There must be truth and tact, courage and patience, love and helpfulness. She possessed all these qualities in the fullest degree. Hers was the seer's vision to look beneath the apparent real and discover the ideal which after all is the only true real. Hers, too, was the prophet's function to arouse in every heart the longing and the will to actualize that ideal until it should become the apparent real. How she loved we know! How she loved, thousands know all over our land to-day as they sit in sore anguish counting over her tender words and deeds, as the rapt saint counts the beads upon her rosary. We call her the friend of humanity, and she was that in the broadest, possible sense, but she was the friend of humanity because she was first, last and always the friend of the individual human unit. With her the masses were never allowed to absorb the individual. She loved humanity in the abstract but her love for humanity in the concrete. People were her life, friendship was her native air; she radiated friendliness; she took all the world by the hand, and showed to each one with whom she came in contact her throbbing heart-beats of goodwill.

I have many times tried to analyze the elements which entered into this rare friendliness, to discover how it differed from that which we meet in the majority of people all about us. I have asked myself during these sad days when I with others have been following this loved form on that weary journey which began in New York and will end in Rosehill, what it all meant. What did that concourse of people yesterday in Willard Hall mean? The crowds that stood for hours in the storm waiting to catch once more a glimpse of that loved face? What do the flowers mean that to-day surround that soft gray coffin? What do the tears mean which fall from every eye? Simply this, that the one thing the heart of humanity is hungering for is friendship; that kindness and gentleness are the most priceless of all gifts that we can give one another on this earth; and that this wondrous stands in the thought of the world to-day as the living embodiment of peace and goodwill toward all mankind.

To my thought, the first thing noticeable in her friendship, which after all is only another word for her character, was its reality. She was the most real person I have ever known. There was absolutely no guile in her. She showed forth her inmost heart with a sweet frankness which seemed to take the whole human family into confidence, saying to them, "I feel all this for you and I believe you feel the same for me." This she

was brave in her friendships; she dared to tell her friends their faults. "Who of us that have come closest to her does not remember that quaint, pretty way in which she would say, 'I think I have a case against thee, dear,' and then she would tell out the case without sparing and yet with such sweetness that no sting was left to rankle in one's mind. She of all others could tell one a fault because she was so constantly telling of virtues. She found them everywhere because her beautiful charity magnified the virtue and discovered ground for praise where others might not have dreamed of its existence. She lived in the 'sunshine of commendation' as no one else I have ever known has lived, not the commendation which was showered upon her but that which radiated from her to others.

Her friendship was marked, too, by almost infinite tact. No one would have dared to do the brave things she did, or, if they had dared, they would have been unsuccessful in the doing, if they had had less tact than she. She compassed things which were necessarily disagreeable in such a way that one hardly discovered how disagreeable they had been until they were accomplished. She never unnecessarily antagonized, and therefore she won her way by her sweet, gracious tactfulness through many obstacles and over mountains of difficulty which would have rendered impossible the progress of one less divinely gifted. Nothing impressed me more in her friendship than its capacity for gratitude. Indeed, her mind was made up on a different order from that of most human beings in that she always remembered kindnesses and forgot injuries. I have in thought at this moment a little incident that occurred when I was with her last summer in Vermont: Just as we were getting into the carriage to leave beautiful St. Johnsbury, a lady came to her whom she had not met for years, but she remembered her and greeted her as cordially as if they had parted but yesterday, inquiring most tenderly after a brother of the lady's. As we drove away, she said, "That dear woman's brother was very kind to me twenty-four years ago in Chicago." I said, "You never seem to forget a kindness, Miss Willard," and she looked at me for a moment so earnestly before replying, "I should hope not; ingratitude seems to me the basest of sins." It was a sin of which she was never guilty. Indeed, she was always gathering up the kindnesses of her life and keeping them in tender perpetual remembrance.

There was a rare simplicity about her dealings with her friends and with the world at large. Only a great woman could have been as simple as she was. She used to take her audiences into her confidence with a beautiful frankness which always disarmed prejudice. I am sure they felt as I have felt many times, in hearing her speak, "Why, I have had such thoughts often; I have felt just like that about the dear old home, the father and the mother, the blessed early ties of life, but I never dared to tell them lest people should not understand." She dared; she took it for granted that the most sacred emotions of her heart she shared in common with all humanity, and so she told out the things which were most precious to her, and by that very telling helped and strengthened other lives.

The scene I have thought of most often during these days of our terrible bereavement have been of that visit I was privileged to make with her to the birthplace of her mother, in Vermont, last September. A little school-house stood upon the old lot and the people were gathered together from all that country-side to witness the ceremonies connected with the tree planting on the very spot where the old hearthstone had been. She talked to them from the steps of that school-house out of her very inmost soul; she talked of the old home, with its family altar; of the blessed ties of love and friendship which had bound the neighborhood together; she told what home meant to her, and what her work had been for the protection of the home. As she talked, tears streamed down many bronzed and furrowed cheeks, and one old farmer seemed to voice the thoughts of all when he said afterward, "That was the most homey talk I ever heard." All her talks were "homey," and indeed her entire life was set to the music of "Home, Sweet Home."

Faith was as truly a ruling characteristic of her friendship as of her religious nature. She believed in God, He was the most real fact in the universe to her, but she also believed in men and women as sons and daughters of God; and because she believed in them, because she always saw the possible shining through the apparent, she raised them to a plane of belief in themselves. There are countless men and women all over the world to-day living useful lives, filling positions of trust and responsibility who owe to Frances Willard all that they are because her word first aroused their dormant powers and gave them faith in themselves. She more fully than any human being I have known obeyed George MacDonald's words: "The thing I must be when I can, love now for faith's dear sake."

I have often thought that the highest eulogy paid to anyone in the Bible is in that passage in which Moses is spoken of as the friend of God. Standing beside the bier of Frances Willard, I am sure that without irreverence we may apply the same words to her: she was the friend of God, but how did she prove her fitness to bear that high title? Not by spending her days in rapt contemplation, but by proving herself, daily, hourly, through long years, the friend of man, man made in the image of God. She always saw the Lord among His people, and recognized that her service to Him must be given in service to them. She had known how beautiful it was to be with God long before she fell upon that sweet sleep, and the heart of that beauty she had found to consist in being with men in loving, constant service. Dead! Frances Willard is not dead; she is alive forevermore and this is the lesson which comes to us from that casket to-day; this is what she would say to us if she could speak from Heaven: "Serve God by serving men, love God through loving men; bring the beauty of holiness into the everyday life, and lift humanity up to its rightful plane of sonship to the Father and brotherhood each to the other."

It was most touching and peculiarly significant

when Miss Johannsdottir, of Iceland, tendered in broken accent and with breaking heart a testimonial of the Chieftain's fellowship in other lands. "Through her, women all the world over are sisters," she said. "Over her grave we can stretch our hands to each other and make our life as she hoped we might make it, and so carry her work on."

Then Miss Johannsdottir read the hymn, "A charge to keep I have," as though she were indeed, for her part, taking solemn charge that hour to bear forward a sacred trust, and the congregation sang the meaningful words.

Dr. M. L. Terry, of the Garrett Biblical Institute, read the following original poem:

Transfigured.

Is that soft light a star?
Or through the dimness of our tearful eyes
Are we describing in the open skies
Some lovelier sight afar?

Perhaps to us is given
Another vision of that wondrous sign
Revealed of old to Saint John the divine,
When in the open heaven,

By angels guarded round,
Was seen a woman with the sun arrayed,
The moon beneath her feet, and her fair head
With twelve stars brightly crowned.

I'm sure I see a light
That beckons many to a holier sphere;
And with its steady shining calm and clear
There seems to be no night.

'Tis the transfigured face
Of saintly gifted Prophetess serene,
Whose woman-soul could take of things unseen
And give them sightly grace.

To her God's love assigned,
Amid the rush of human cares and fears,
Nigh three score beautiful and hallowed years
To honor womankind.

Say not "She is not here;"
For yet she speaketh from the coffin clay,
And never mightier, sweeter than to-day
Was her voice far or near.

And woman's rights and wrongs,
And mortal sorrows, and the drunkard's woes,
And virtue's claims, by her life's sudden close
Have found ten thousand tongues.

Hushed are all envies now;
Nor breathes the soul would take away from sight
One ray of the aureola of light
That gathers round her brow.

O pure white life divine!
Translated into everlasting day,
Thou shalt pass never from our hearts away,
For Christ's own loves were thine.

The choir then sang "The Homeland."

"There's no sin in the Homeland,
And no temptation there,"

sang the sweet voices, and there could be naught but a song of praise for the one whom sin had so grieved and who had given her life to lessen the temptations of others.

True and beautiful was the delineation by Dr. C. J. Little, president of the Garrett Biblical Institute, of

Miss Willard's Public Life.

Frances Willard reminded me, whenever I listened to her, of Matthew Arnold's definition of religion, "morality touched by emotion." She was conscience aglow with divine light.

Her departure from Northwestern University, with its attendant circumstances, caused her intense pain; the remembrance of it was never without its tinge of grief. And yet this departure was, in the old New England phrase, a divine enlargement, the breaking of the chains that held her back from destiny.

Her strong and only impulse at the time was towards the Temperance Crusade movement, then at its height. The religious fervor, the ethical purpose, the moral martyrdom and the feminine character of this movement appealed to her faith, her conscience, her courage and her conception of woman's latent power, and so she entered it "with a heart for any fate."

Her wisest friends dissuaded her. Even her intrepid mother advised against it. Mrs. Livermore alone of her friends commended her resolve. But wherewithal should she and her darling mother be fed and clothed? The noble women of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Chicago, whose president she became, would willingly have answered. But she intended to live by faith. She would trust God.

"Frank," remonstrated her brother Oliver, "your faith method is simply a challenge to the Almighty. You've put a chip on your shoulder and dared Omnipotence to knock it off." But God only smiled in His heaven and tried His child a little longer. She did not always have enough to eat; often, when weary with working and walking, she lacked the nickel for her care. Soon she fell sick from hardship and overwork. And thereupon her mother chided her into a wiser conception of God and a wiser method of life. She consented

to accept a salary from the women of the Christian Temperance Union of Chicago, and thus the slender Wisconsin school mistress started out to be a teacher of the world.

All great moral careers grow out of the confluence of conscience and of opportunity; the compulsion of the soul combines with the compulsion of circumstance, and the real life begins. Years before she had wanted to say something, but what was it? And now the disclosure came. All else had been a preparation for it; her maiden shyness and her maiden independence, the inspiration of her home, the revelations of nature and of books, the experiences of travel, the trials of the school-room, her search for God, her aspirations, her ambitions, her sorrows. The literary gift and the magic of speech were a part of her inheritance. And yet she trembled to appear in public. She had lectured in Centenary Church, Chicago, in 1871. And this first public utterance contains the germ of all she said and did in after years. The sorrowful estate of women throughout the world gave her, she declared, the courage to become a public speaker. It gave her more. It gave her the vision of the woman of the future for whose coming she thought and wrote and planned and prayed.

But not until 1874 did she begin to speak with all her might, for then came to her the sign by which she was to conquer, "God, and Home, and Native Land."

Frances Willard had the gift of eloquence. She was a subtle, thoughtful, thrilling talker. Her presence was not imposing, yet it was always tranquilizing at the beginning, and afterwards full of sweet surprises. Her voice was clear and melodious and strong, with a peculiar quality of blended defiance and deference, of tenderness and intrepidity that gave it an indescribable ring. Her diction was studiously simple; her reasoning luminous and homely; her illustrations full of poetry and humor; her pathos as natural as tears to a child. She was wholly unaffected, taking her audience so deftly into her confidence that she conquered them, as Christ conquers, by self-revelation.

There was sometimes a lyric rapture in her utterance that wrought her hearers into a delirium of anticipation. The New Jerusalem of the twentieth century, the transfigured homes of a new commonwealth, seemed to be so near and so real. And there was always when she talked to women and to men such a sublime confidence in their latent nobility and their ultimate righteousness that for a time, at least, they became in their own eyes the beings that she pictured them, and sat enchanted with the revelation. This blending of prophetic ecstasy with practical shrewdness, of rapture with woman's wit, gave to her tongue the accent of both worlds. The note of gladness with which she mentioned Christ (and she did it often), lifted her auditors into the presence of her divine Companion, and then the child-like mockery with which she pelted some feminine folly or some masculine stupidity dissolved the splendor again into ripples of human merriment that brought her listeners safely back to mother earth. Webster was majestic; in the days of his grandeur men trembled at his god-like flashes. Beecher was superbly human, conquering and controlling multitudes by his rich and robust and royal manhood. Wendell Phillips was demonic, casting his auditors into chains, and arousing within them all the elemental passions. But Frances Willard attracted and enchanted; she spoke as never man spoke, and yet with the charm of Him who conquered the grave in order to restore the shattered home at Bethany.

The Willard children had a genius for organization; they played at forming clubs and societies. Frances developed this skill during her years of teaching. She managed her pupils with rare tact, choosing for them both the direction and the method of activity. But the fulness of this power never revealed itself until she became the president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union in 1879. She stood for a liberal and a radical policy, and was indeed the incarnation and the inspiration of it. Of the multiple energies that began to cluster around her fertile brain and nimble fingers I have no time to tell. They proved too many for her at the last, exacting as they did a superhuman strength of mind and will and pulling at her heartstrings all the time.

Miss Willard has been criticised severely for her transformation of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union into a political organization and just as severely for her blending with the cause of temperance the cause of woman suffrage and various projects of social reform. But it must not be forgotten that from her point of view this was logical and inevitable. She was an idealist and not an opportunist. They misjudge her who suppose that any merely negative movement could have absorbed her wholly. Her famous motto lays bare her inmost thought. The excitement of the Crusade had revealed to her an opportunity and started her upon a great career. But her intellect was too strong and too sagacious not to perceive that temperance was after all not the chief question. The chief question was the home. Whether men should drink or not, affected women so profoundly, because their drinking polluted domestic life, destroyed the family, corrupted the blood of unborn children and perpetuated the barbarisms of masculine law and masculine tradition. She perceived that the ideal home which was denied to her personally, but which hovered constantly before her as the prize and perfection of the future, must be held up before her sisters and her brothers as the real goal of human effort. This involved, however, the lifting of women to another plane—the plane of political equality with men. It involved also the lifting of the masculine standard of morality to that agreed upon for all true women, so that the movement for purity blended itself inevitably with the movement for prohibition. Nor could she fail to see, when she studied the problem deeply, that the causes of drunkenness and domestic misery among the poorer classes were largely economic. This created a sympathy with labor movements and labor organizations which urged her quite rapidly towards the newer social ideals that alternately attract and repel the modern mind.

It was natural for Mr. Gough to confine his philan-

thropic efforts to the temperance work and to the principle of total abstinence; it was equally natural for Henry George to expect the regeneration of society from purely economic change. But Frances Willard's mind was at once too broad and too deep, and her conception of woman's place in society too exalted for her to grasp the temperance problem or the economic problem in this one-sided fashion. "Society," she rightly said, "needed mothering." She was indeed a preacher of temperance and of a new commonwealth; but she was also the soul of chastity, heralding a nobler maternity than the world had dared to dream of hitherto; and therefore the herald of a nobler manhood, a nobler society, and a nobler humanity.

Like all idealists in the history of social progress, she took little account of time, so that the result of future centuries seemed as the stars do to the children of transparent skies just above her head. And this immediate-ness of the heavenly vision made it possible for her to tarry for it. She knew that it would surely come.

"The benefactors of humanity," writes Amiel, "are those who have thought great thoughts about it." For the human race needs heartening always; ideas must be translated into hopes that faith may overcome the world. And Frances Willard translated her ideas of home and of society into a great hope with which she thrilled the women that surrounded her. As that great hope transfigured her, old prejudices lost power. She stretched forth her loving hands to the women of all creeds and of all sections, to the women of the south and the women of England; the past was forgotten in the rapture of a great expectation. The daughter of the abolitionist embraced the daughter of the slave-holder, the child of the American democrat found her last great sister in the child of the English nobleman, the daughter of the Puritan knelt beside the Catholic mother who prayed to Mary as she prayed to God.

Among the precious relics of her latest days is a little scrap of paper containing these beautiful words of T. P. O'Connor: "Why should we talk of the futility of life and lose ourselves in vain regrets as if dreams and mere personal longings were all we had to live for? Life is futile to those only who seek for its fruits in self-gratification. To those who see in it an ever enduring conflict for others it is ever fresh and full, a joy and an inspiration and a hope. Ring out, then, ye Sunday bells! I awake from my selfish dreams. I am a worker, a fighter and a man again!"

On the margin of this scrap of paper is written in trembling characters the following simple words: "As the outcome of a life's experience I rejoice in these brotherly words of T. P. O'Connor. Frances E. Willard, New York, Jan. 29, 1898."

"The outcome of life's experience!" She knew it then! The Sunday bells were ringing her a welcome home! She had done what she could! She had given her life to the poor and had followed Jesus Christ. She was going to Rest Cottage and to her heavenly wages and to the great white throne.

Did she die too early? God must answer that, not we. She might have lived longer, if she had learned to spare herself, but then she might have lived less. Her fifty-eight years were rich in experience and in thought, in grief and in aspiration, in affection and admiration and achievement. They were indeed more than centuries of common life. They were for her "years of enduring conflict for others;" for she was a worker, a fighter, a woman. And the shock of her death reveals the weight of her influence. She is no longer a voice and a corporal enchantment weaving about us the spell of a luminous conscience and a pure heart. She has taken her place in the choir invisible—the choir audible forever to God and to humanity. Whatever may be the future of the methods from which she expected such political and social transformations, her ideal of home will not perish from the earth. The strong and serious women of the future will be her daughters and as they bow the more to reason and to conscience, her image and her voice will guide them from the shadows of ancient bondage to a companionship with men in which the perfect interchange of thought and the perfect harmony of action will reshape the heavens and the earth and establish beneath new stars a whiter and a happier commonwealth.

Rev. C. F. Bradley, D. D., professor of New Testament exegesis, Garrett Biblical Institute, gave splendid tribute to

Miss Willard as a Woman and a Friend.

It was thought fitting that the tributes to Miss Willard as a public leader should be followed by a few words concerning her as a woman and a friend.

Yet it is impossible to mark here a well-defined separation. In a rare degree she threw her whole self into all her work. It was as a woman and a friend that she taught, wrote, spoke, organized vast forces and led them in the war for righteousness. In public as in private life she was ever womanly and always friendly. The wealth of her regnant nature, the fruits of her varied culture, the consecration of her devoted life,—all these she carried with her simple graciousness, into the intimacies of private life. The mourning of millions to-day is over the loss from our midst of a great woman and a friend of mankind such as the world has seldom known. A certain Roman Catholic sisterhood bears the affecting title of "Little Sisters of the Poor." Of Miss Willard it may be truly said that she was the sister of every one, rich or poor. Everywhere she went she met people with a winning smile and a cordially extended hand. She believed profoundly that God is our Father and that we are all brothers and sisters. These beliefs were to her more than articles of an accepted creed, far more than beautiful sentiments. They were the controlling principles of her daily life. Beyond any woman of her age, and so far as I know, of any age, she has a right to the title of the Sister of Man. Everything which that name can signify of wise, strong and loving helpfulness, that she was in purpose and, according to the measure of her strength, in fact to all.

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(Continued from page 11.)

Yet, speaking of friendship in its ordinary sense it is difficult to conceive the extent of her circle of friends; to estimate the numbers of those in England and America and in other lands, who have the right to say of her, "She was my friend." It was out of a wide experience that she framed the new beatitude, "Blessed are the inclusive for they shall be included." One who knew her well has said: "In nothing is she more marked than in her lavish kindness and truth to friends. It would be impossible to say how many lives which have touched hers have been inspired to nobler purposes; have realized the balm of her sympathy in sorrow and the help of her wisdom in perplexity; have proved that even her wounds are the faithfulness of a friend whose very loyalty was demanding of them their best."

But Miss Willard's life has not only been marked by a universal friendliness and blessed by a liberal host of friends, to each of whom she gave her affection in rich measure; it has also been distinguished by a few extraordinary friendships. It is not the least of the sorrows of this hour that those who alone could speak

adequately of the deepest things are unable to speak at all.

Miss Willard's love for her own family was most intense. The close intimacies in this circle were with her sister, her mother and her brother's wife. The Providences which ended these close associations opened the way to two others. One of these began in New England twenty-one years ago. Through all these years, amid many vicissitudes, it has never failed to deepen and strengthen. It is worthy a place among the few great friendships of history. The other friendship began in Old England, amid scenes of romantic beauty and united women of most diverse training but alike in rare talents of mind and one in their active sympathies for the fallen and the oppressed. When we consider the labors, the sacrifices, the sorrows which Miss Willard endured, it is comforting to consider the sources of light and joy she had in these two radiant friendships. In both there was that absolute confidence, unflinching affection, and utter self-bestowal which makes such devotion between man and man, or woman and woman, shine with a radiance little less than divine.

The circumference of Miss Willard's friendly sympathy has been truly said to have included the human race. Its center and source are to be found in Jesus Christ. Her whole life shows this.

The greatness of Miss Willard's powers and the clear call which ordained her to eminent public leadership often interfered greatly with the privileges of home and social life. She frequently expressed her sense of this loss, and her Evanston friends have sadly missed her during her long and many absences. But we could never doubt the loyalty of her affection, and we have never failed to love and honor her. "When I go home to Heaven," she said, in her quaint way, "I wish to register from Evanston." That too was our wish for her. This was her home. The most sacred memories of her family life centered here. The most potent forces in her education were brought to bear upon her here. At this altar she took the vows she kept so faithfully. Here she received her call from Heaven and went forth to raise the fallen, to strengthen the weak, to relieve the oppressed. We gave her to the country and to the world. She has fought a good fight; she has finished her course; she has won her crown. Her victory the world knows. And the world, as if on waves of honor and grateful affection, brings back as a sacred trust to this city, to Rest Cottage, to this altar, to our hearts, the dear form which was the temple of so much power and goodness and love.

The closing hymn was one which Miss Willard had asked for when she was nearing the end—one often sung around the family altar at Rest Cottage: "Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us" and it was sung as white-ribboners sing it:

Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us,
Through this vale of smiles and tears.

Then Dr. Bristol pronounced the benediction. When all had been said—how immeasurably less than could have been said!—it was time to say good-by, the old-time "God be with you," the "hail" that is ever folded within the "farewell" of those who are in Christ. Once more the long, silent procession filed past the beloved form, lying, oh, so still in its resting place. Who shall describe the scene? One common sorrow and one common love had made one common rank. It was a sublime leveling up. Grief was as pungent and majestic on the face of the laborer as on that of the student. Dark African features were touched with the soft light of reverence that crowned the fair white brows of maidens. Crusade mothers, infirm with the weight of years, lads and lasses from school, aged men, some who crept painfully by on crutches, little children lifted in parent-arms to look upon the sleeper—for nearly two hours the line moved slowly on, all too fast for the love that wept to linger by her side. But at last the coffin lid was lowered, and God only knows what it shut away from them that remain!

The white-ribbon star spangled banner had draped the casket-home of our leader's wearied body all through its week's journeyings. "It is washed in our tears," wrote Kate Lunden, and when they lifted it for the last time before the beloved form was borne out on stalwart shoulders, fresh tears fell and hearts were baptized anew to "the work."

"This banner of world-circling love ere shall wave
In the name of our Christ, who is mighty to save."

Down aisles and stairs, out to the waiting hearse, the crowd followed, to stand in the cutting east wind until the line of carriages containing the relatives and near friends, the pallbearers and guard of honor had passed from sight.

AT THE CEMETERY.

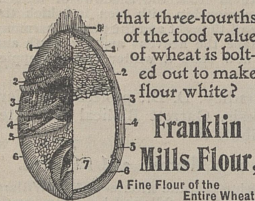
At the cemetery—beautiful Rose-hill—its pure white covering of snow dazzling in the sunshine, the vault was decked with evergreens, and branches of living green strewed the pathway to the entrance. The pallbearers, for the last time, took up their precious burden, and after a brief, simple prayer by Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick, the casket was placed in an outer case of dark oak clamped with burnished copper. The floral offerings were deposited by weeping friends and then the ponderous, bronze doors shut her from their sight—no, not *her*, our beloved, but the precious clay, the outgrown garment of the flesh. A few months later it will be placed beside that of her mother.

One by one, in twos and threes, by carriage and street car and railroad train, the friends dispersed, and it was a beautiful thing they saw. Sunset had begun—so long had they lingered about all that was visible of their beloved comrade—and in the western sky hung a rainbow! There had been no storm, only the gentle rain from sad eyes had fallen. Shall we not say that He who weeps with His weeping children, had set the bow of promise in the heavens to cheer and comfort? May we not take it as a message from Him, and from *her*, to "Look up, not down"?

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

Among those who came from outside the state to be present at Miss Willard's funeral were: Mrs. Annie O. Rutherford and Miss Lottie E. Wiggins, Toronto, Canada; Miss Olafia Johansdottir, Iceland; Mrs. Mary T. Burt Mrs. Emilie D. Martin and Mme. E. Louise Demorest, New York City; Mrs. S. A. Foster, Cape May, N. J.; Miss Ellen D. Morris, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Jane M. Kinney, Port Huron, Mich.; Mrs. William H. Upham, Marshfield, Wis.; Mrs. E. A. Shores, Ashland, Wis.; Mrs. Marion H. Dunham, Iowa; Mrs. Ella V. Engle, Berkeley, Cal.; Mrs. Evalyn N. Graham, Newark, O.; Miss Clara A. Stephens, Burlington, Ia.; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Williams and Miss Marie Williams, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. C. A. Meiser, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Ida F. Burr, Princeton, Mo.; Mrs. E. W. Frownfelter, Lincoln, Neb.; Mrs. Sue M. Tilley, Indiana; Mrs. O. F. Miller, Mason, Mich.; Mrs. A. S. Benjamin, Portland, Mich.; Mrs. J.

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(Continued from page 12.)

J. Wiltse, Des Moines, Ia.; Geo. H. Hornby, Valentine, Neb.; Mrs. Lucy Thurman, Jackson, Mich.; Mrs. C. M. Woodward, David City, Neb.; Mrs. F. A. Leavitt, Massachusetts. The National Prohibition Party was officially represented by Hon. Samuel Dickie, of Michigan; Hale Johnson, of Illinois, and Oliver W. Stewart of Chicago. The Illinois Prohibition Party by Joseph L. Whitlock, Mrs. Ella S. Stewart, J. A. Ruth and Alonzo E. Wilson, of Chicago, and Hon. James Lamont, of Rockford.

THE FLORAL OFFERINGS.

It would be impossible to describe the beauty of the floral pieces that were sent to New York, Chicago and Evanston from all over the country as tributes of love to Miss Willard. They were of every conceivable design, the colors chiefly white and purple. The list of donors, which we have tried to make complete, is as follows:

National Officers W. C. T. U.; B. W. T. A.; Lady Henry Somerset; World's superintendents; World's Y Branch; National superintendents; National Y Branch; National Temperance Hospital; states of Illinois, Ohio, New York, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Texas, New Hampshire, Georgia, Rhode Island, Florida, North Dakota, New Jersey, Southern California, Alabama, Maryland, Wisconsin, Vermont, Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, Delaware and the District of Columbia; Dominion of Canada, Manitoba W. C. T. U.; New York county, Monroe county, N. Y.; Nestor county, N. Y.; W. C. T. U. and L. T. L., of Castile, N. Y.; Mrs. E. L. Demorest and Mrs. Emilie D. Martin for Carnegie Union (N. Y.); Central Union of Buffalo, N. Y.; Chicago Central Union; Bloomington (Ill.), W. C. T. U.; Brooklyn (N. Y.) W. C. T. U.; Jacksonville, Fla., W. C. T. U.; Nashville, Tenn., W. C. T. U.; Oberlin, O., W. C. T. U. and L. T. L.; Chicago Young People's Union; First Y.

W. C. T. U., of Philadelphia, Pa.; W. C. T. U. Flower Mission, of Jacksonville, Fla.; Willard Y Settlement, of Boston; the National American Woman's Suffrage Convention; Illinois Woman's Press Association; The Voice; Trustees of Northwest-ern University; Chicago Woman's Club; Evanston Woman's Club; Council of Jewish Women, Chicago; Illinois Grand Lodge I. O. G. T.; National Society of New England Women; America W. R. C., No. 31, of Chicago; the Sisters of the Visitation, Evanston; colored women of Georgia, North Carolina and Mobile, Ala.; Woman's Temperance Publishing Association; employes of printing department of the W. T. P. A.; composers of THE UNION SIGNAL; "Mother" Gordon, Alice Gordon Gulick and Bessie Gordon; Miss Mary A. Powderly, "Little Mamie"; Miss Willard's stenographer; Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Canada; Mrs. Leonora Barry Lake, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Shaffer, Evanston, Ill.; Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, New York city; Miss Agnes Hinn, New York city; Miss Helen M. Gould, New York; Mrs. M. B. Carse, Chicago; Mrs. C. F. Crow, Chicago; Miss Lillian Whiting, Boston; the family of John G. Woolley; Mrs. Hart R. Massey and Mrs. John M. Treble, Toronto, Can.; Miss Cornelia M. Dow, Portland, Me.; Dr. Cordelia A. Greene, Castle, N. Y.; Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Boston; Miss Amelia Bemell; Miss Belle Kearney; W. C. Reade; Mr. B. F. Keith, New York; Mrs. Helen L. Bullock, Elmira, N. Y.; Miss Kate Lundén, Mrs. H. J. Bailey for peace department; Miss Esther Pugh; Mrs. Anna G. Hill; Mary E. McDowell; Mary Hodge Leroy; Dr. and Mrs. Seward Webb, St. Augustine, Fla.; Florence Scammon Reed, Beaufort, S. C.; Mrs. Wm. W. Reed, Canton, O.; Mrs. Martha Grigsley, Cheboygan, Mich.; Mrs. Virginia Hart Sibley, Union Point, Ga.; Isabella Charles Davis for King's Daughters, N. Y.; Mrs. J. Davis Allen; Mrs. A. E. Shores, Ashland, Wis.; Miss M. A. Lynch, Salisbury, N. C.; Mrs. A. S. Bowen, Atlanta, Ga. A beautiful floral pillow was given by Miss Willard's relatives.

Letter to the National Officers.

EASTNOR CASTLE, Feb. 18, 1898.
MY DEAR SISTERS:—What can I write with blinding tears and bleeding heart, only one fervent heart prayer that we may follow that way? "This is all I can think to-day, but my love goes out to your orphaned hearts, and I feel that our Saint is whispering words of comfort to us for her great, unspeakable gain. We shall never see her like again, but may God in His infinite mercy grant that we may be truer and nobler because we have loved her. Of my own loss I cannot speak. It seems as though the light of life had gone out. God be with you till we meet her yonder. Your loving comrade,
ISABEL SOMERSET.

Our Loved Leader.

BY FRANCES E. BEAUCHAMP,
Assistant National Recording Secretary.

THE greatest woman who ever lived is dead! No human being was ever enshrined in so many hearts. Wonderfully gifted, she never buried a talent in a napkin; she had the grace to let her light shine. Like the "Sun of righteousness" she shed her rays on "the evil and the good, on the just and on the unjust."
The tiniest little seed of possibility hid away in any with whom she came in contact was warmed and developed into usefulness by the genial rays of inspiration she shed upon them. Thousands are to-day lifting the world to higher planes, nearer to God and Christ, who were first moved to activity by her personal touch, by her confident expectation that they would help the world to be better. She believed in God. What is equally essential in a Christian leader, just as Christlike and far more rare, she believed in humanity. Humanity responding to the divine in her instinctively reached up a trembling hand to be helped to the higher

plane on which she stood. More than any one I ever knew, she made me believe in the possibility of regenerated humanity, lifting up Christ in their daily walk and conversation so as to draw all men unto Him. For the Christian church to live one year on the plane Frances E. Willard lived on would mean the conversion of the world.

She absolutely thought no evil. We who were closely associated with her used to tell her that to receive double at her hands one had only to persecute her. Bishop Vincent showed himself a student of human nature when he said "she was the best exemplification of the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians he ever knew." I was never in her presence socially, but her gentle, child-like simplicity made me remember that they who would enter into the kingdom of heaven must become as little children. She was so perfectly transparent that designing persons could not understand her. She carried her point by her straightforward candor.

Her most unique characteristic was that she always forgot an injury and always remembered a kindness. With such regal grace did she bestow a favor that she made the recipient feel that she was the one blessed, and I doubt not that her Godlike nature revealed far more in the opportunity to give, than the beneficiary did in receiving. She was a revelation of the possibility of womanhood, and women for all time will be larger, nobler, more useful for the inspiration of her life, while men will be gentler and purer for the standards that she raised. Great in her life, she is hardly less great in her death. To-day not a state or a nation, but a world mourns her loss. When she was gone New York and Chicago honored themselves by vying with each other as to which should pay the greatest tribute to the greatest of women.

Lexington, Ky.

Tributes.

FOR lack of space, only a very few of the hundreds of tributes and resolutions which have been received can be printed. Expressions of loving appreciation and deep sorrow have been received at National Headquarters and THE UNION SIGNAL office from all the state presidents and a very large number of other officers and members of the W. C. T. U. We would gladly publish every word, but our constituency will realize that it is impossible to do so. For the same reason we are obliged to pass by the many accounts of memorial services which have already been held by white-ribbons and churches throughout the country.

THE white-crested waves of this inland sea, Lake Michigan, flowing so near the earthly home of our translated leader, remind me to-day that beyond the seas in every land the hearts of our young white-ribbons are sorrowing with ours. They will be watching by each mail to learn about her last days on earth.
Some one once asked Miss Willard if she would like to be here "at the finish," when victory should come to the temperance forces. Her reply was, "I would rather fall in the heat and dust of the battle, for it's victory all along." So, in the midst of her years, at the height of her mental vigor, in the center of America's greatest city, where the highways meet, in a public hotel, the earthly armor was put off and the victor's crown received. She had fought a good fight, she had finished her course, she had kept the faith. At the close of this century, called "woman's century," it seems fitting that such a matchless woman should be the theme of uncounted eulogies which the Y's of the world will read; but just now they will wait eagerly for personal details.

(Continued on page 14.)

Everybody Says So.

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It is a frequent experience to meet people who firmly believe that no remedy exists that will cure rheumatism. They have tried a dozen or two "sure cures" and still they suffer. Some are in hospitals, others at home hopelessly helpless, while others are hobbling about on crutches. John A. Smith, of Milwaukee, cured himself of just as bad a case of rheumatism as one will find in a month's journey. At times he was so helpless that he had to take morphine. After considerable doctoring with leading physicians, who were unable to help him, he gave up in despair. He began studying into the causes of rheumatism and after much experimenting and repeated failures, he finally found a remedy which cured him in a short time. After this glorious escape from the clutches of rheumatism he called the remedy "Gloria Tonic." Then he went to work and cured his friends and neighbors and now proposes to cure the world. But Gloria Tonic cured him, so that he hasn't had a twitch of pain. He sends a trial package of his remedy free to any one who will take the trouble to write for it. The remedy cured an old man in Texas who had suffered forty years. It cured H. Bucholz of Norborne, Mo., who had suffered 25 years and although 70 years of age at the time was practically given a new lease of life. Mrs. Persohn of Amsterdam, N. Y., tried a free trial package and the result induced her to get more of it. She was entirely cured after having suffered for years with the most intense pain. Mr. Smith has a wonderful array of testimony to show that Gloria Tonic will cure any kind and stage of rheumatism, and he wants every one who has even a touch of this painful disease to write him for a free trial package. Don't be skeptical about this remedy. Remember it costs you nothing to try it and it is good evidence that Mr. Smith would not go to the expense of sending trial packages free unless there was real merit in the remedy. Mr. Smith's address in full is John A. Smith, 281 Summerfield Church Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

K C FLOUR
Contains entire digestive substance of 3 choice wheats, *Patented* for die cakes, gems, etc. Prevents and relieves Constipation and Liver troubles. *Patented* for white. Please send for sample about 1 cent. **FAIRWELL & HILLING, Waterbury, N. Y., U.S.A.**

1898 High Grade BICYCLES
for Men, Women, Girls & Boys. Complete line. *All brands new models.*
\$75 Oakwood for \$22.50
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Others at \$15, \$17 and \$20
WRITE TODAY for SPECIAL OFFER. Juveniles \$7.00 to \$12.50
Shipped anywhere C.O.D. with privilege to examine. Buy direct from manufacturers, save agents & dealers profits. Large Illus. Catalogue Free. **CASH BUYERS' UNION, 168 W. VanBuren Street, E. 60, Chicago, Ills.**

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just what you want, a really good and stylish
MACKINTOSH
If you will sell a few dollars worth of our Toilet Soap, Fine Perfumes, Flavoring Extracts, etc. You will be surprised how quickly you can do it by just calling on your friends and neighbors. All our goods are guaranteed first-class. Write today for circulars and full particulars. Address, **CROFTS & REED, 242 Austin Ave., B-17, Chicago**

SEND FOR A BICYCLE
High Grade '98 Models, \$14 to \$40.
GREAT CLEARING SALE of '97 and '98 models, best makes, \$2.75 to \$12. *Send us approval without a cent payment. Free use of wheel to our agents. Write for new plan "How to Earn a Bicycle" and make money. SPECIAL THIS WEEK—\$9.95 each. "W. Underings Wheel," a souvenir book of art, \$1.25 for stamp while they last.*
MEAD CYCLE CO., 279 Ave. F., Chicago

This Is the Kind.



Illustration is 3/4 Size Original Package.

MRS. HELEN M. BARKER, Treas. says: "Rumford Baking Powder is used in my own house, and I know that the baking quality is fully equal to other high-grade powders which cost much more. The manufacturers guarantee its purity and healthfulness, and that it will retain its strength unimpaired in any climate. I can therefore recommend it as a superior powder."

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Every comfort and attention which loving friends could bestow was offered before her eyes closed. Skilled physicians, trained nurses, the hotel proprietor, his wife and every attendant gave of their best to allay suffering and retain life; but most of all, did the nearest and dearest one, Anna Gordon, minister day and night. Her tender thoughtfulness and constant care were superhuman; even the doctors looked on in wonder; to those who for years have linked the names, "Miss Willard and Anna," this was not strange. It was no transitory consecration made by Anna Gordon when she came forward in that Boston church to perform the first office of Christian love for Miss Willard. The friendship was heaven-born, and who shall say that the untiring attentions and self-sacrificing devotion of the younger to the elder were not blessed to the continuance of that life and its great achievements.

The National Y's, through their general secretary, sent long sprays of ivy leaves with lilacs of the valley for the service in New York. The World's Y's sent feather palms, symbols of victory, thenceforth to be their emblems. These floral offerings were taken with the casket to Churchville, Chicago, Evanston and Rosehill.

Our promoted leader has said, "Bring flowers to the living also," and in the midst of our mutual bereavement the Y's of the world would pay grateful tribute to Anna Gordon, and by their prayers and proffered services seek to bring some surcease to her aching heart.

Dear young women, a star of wondrous magnitude has crossed the vision of this world and still shines on from the world above. We must follow the gleam.

FRANCIS J. BARNES,
World's Supl. Y Branch.

To all of us this is a most sorrowful and irreparable loss. She died as I am sure she always wanted to do in the harness. And she has been spared the long years of uselessness that so many have to go through. Blessed Frances! What do we not owe her for having lived and been our friend? She was more to me, far more than any other woman ever was or could be and never, I am sure, either in this world or the next shall I see her like. I have often said she was the sweetest and grandest woman God ever made. I cannot tell how empty the world feels without her and as to the work all heart seems taken out of it. But for her sake we must go steadily on and make everything she began a true success. My heart is full of untold sorrow, but I force myself to think of her side of the question, and in the face of what must be her joy and content in the presence of the King, I feel it is selfish to grieve.

HANNAH WHITALL SMITH,
Westminster, London.

YE women of the sad earth's greatest, sweetest hope, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Frances Willard which is taken up from you into Heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen her go.

God takes no chances with this universe. The distributions of its forces are forever in balance to a hair. The way to heaven ascends thither no more than thither it descends. No holy life goes up out of our sight but it comes down before our eyes, a Holy Ghost, a comforter, a guide into all truth.

So, get ye down with your wide, tear-stained eyes from Olive! Gather your whole enterprise into an upper room, and from there "work" your own hard-hearted, poverty-stricken, sin-cursed, hopeless, pitiful Jerusalem, and "wait for the promise of the Father!"

JOHN G. WOOLLEY,
En Route New York, Feb. 19.
(Continued on page 16.)

DRUNKENNESS IS A DISEASE.

Will send free Book of Particulars how to cure "Drunkenness or the Liquor Habit" with or without the knowledge of the patient. Address Dr. J. W. Haines, No. 439 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

Why She Smiles Sweetly.

Sparkling eyes, quick beating heart, and the rosy blush of pleasure on the cheeks, makes the strong man happy when he meets his lady love. That's the kind of a man whose very touch thrills because it is full of energy, vigorous nerve power and vitality. Tobacco makes strong men impotent, weak and skinny. No-To-Bac sold by druggists everywhere. Guaranteed to cure. Book titled, "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

I HAVE WORK FOR YOU IN YOUR OWN HOME.



Read the following very carefully; it will keep yourself and your home.

PAYING EMPLOYMENT AT YOUR HOME

EXPLANATION.—I have agents in every State of the Union and Canada; also do I furnish newspapers, magazines and stores with Crayon Portraits which they give to their customers as premiums. I am under contract to furnish two of our leading magazines with Crayon Portraits; one magazine in New York with 30,000, and the other in Washington, D. C., with 40,000 Crayon Portraits. I am considering additional contracts. My experience has been, for the last five years, to teach good reliable parties at their homes, and send my work to them or let them come to my studio.

HOW CAN I DO IT? In the first place I teach them my own method, and so can depend on their doing good work rapidly, thus saving money for myself. My method is easy—a child can learn it. I would be pleased to have you take up a branch of my work, which consists in the making of Crayon Portraits. These portraits are pictures which my agents, magazines, etc., send me to enlarge, and are copied in Crayon by the aid of my copyrighted printing system.

You can send your Print back just as soon as you can finish it. If you have the time finish it the first day, and if fairly done I will return the print the same day with a box of work and payment for same. You do not need to practice all day, but only one hour, or less time; and after I have taught you I can get my work cheaper by you than if I employed a first-class artist at a big salary. This is the reason I can offer my work to agents, etc., cheaper than others, and I have agents in every State and Canada, and at the same time you can make big wages from the start. An ordinary person can earn eight to sixteen dollars weekly, some do better still. You can execute the work by day or lamplight; it can be taken up and laid aside at will. If you will engage with me, and will work faithfully, I have all the work and more than you can do. I do not ask you to give me ten hours a day of your time, but whatever time you can spare. No matter if you can spare but an hour a day so long as you do spare it. The work calls for no special talent, and if a person can read and is willing to follow my instructions, I guarantee you success from the start.

MEN AND WOMEN.

I send a Crayon Portrait free of charge as a Guide to each student. I send each of my students a Crayon Portrait of any person. The best of some one dear to you, or of some one you know well, because you would learn quicker a face you know. Also I send you a print of this person for you to work with all material and instruction. The Portrait will be a sure guide for you and is painted the same as my instruction teaches, and as Portrait and Print are of the same Photograph, any person can do the work if they only try. Send for my book at once; it will be sent to you the same day when I receive your letter or card; so that you do not need to wait too long for the work.

To Whomsoever It May Concern—I, the undersigned, take pleasure in saying that Mr. H. A. Gripp, the German artist, of Tyrone, Pa., has furnished my wife with work amounting from \$30.00 to \$50.00 a month, since she has learned to do satisfactory work.

STREBEN TRAEVET, Pastor Lutheran Church, Petersburg, Pa. Tyrone, Pa. To Whom It May Concern—H. A. Gripp, of your city, has done business with

Brookshire, Waller Co., Texas. The beginning of my letter I want to thank you over and over again for the abundance of work I have received during the past eight months. I have been, to quote an expression from one of your other pupils, "mowed under with work from Mr. Gripp." In two days I received \$30.00 worth of work. Oh! dear Mr. Gripp, I can never show you how I appreciate your goodness. Some of my friends thought that because I lived so far away I would not get any work, and I am so glad I can say they were mistaken. I am learning so much faster, too, and my eyes did not trouble me I could make \$50.00 every one of these long Summer months, but in the cloudy winter days I simply cannot see well enough to do that much work. I would not change my present occupation under any circumstances, and if every young girl knew of your work there would be fewer in other vocations. But as you well know, there are so many transient advertisements nowadays, that the much imposed upon public must take up the truth when they see it. If you wish, Mr. Gripp, you may publish this letter and perhaps it will influence some one. If any one wishes to ask anything concerning the school and will enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope I will gladly answer all questions.

Your grateful student,
LEILA MAUD LESLIE,
Gardenville, N. Y.

H. A. GRIPP, Dear Sir: I enclose a picture of myself just after finishing a picture for you. I always dreaded the possibility of having to go to work, but since I learned how to make Crayon Portraits by your method and received both my work and pay promptly my anxiety ceased. I thank you for employing me and paying me so well.
Most respectfully,
Berna, Ind.
ANNIE SCHULTZ.

MY DEAR MR. GRIPP: I cannot speak too highly of your method of teaching Crayon Portrait Painting by mail. I have found it as represented in every respect and would advise any one wishing home employment to take up the work. I received your check for \$18.00 and I am very truly yours,
H. H. LEMMING.

Mr. H. A. GRIPP, Dear Sir: Please accept my thanks for check of \$14.50, received this a. m., in payment for last week's work. I also return the roll of work which I finished yesterday. I am not working today, although I have another roll of work lying here. I want to have a few days' lay-off after working for you a year without missing a day. Please do not send me any more work until further notice. I want for my orders which I have from friends, and am going with a party to Lake Park in the greatest summer resort in the north. And, just think of it! the idea, being as poor as a tramp when I started to learn your system a year ago having no hopes whatever of succeeding when I answered your advertisement, leading you to a cash-penny concern to learn your system of portraiture in three weeks, as I have done, although I had to study your instruction book while I was learning. I am now at the top of the ladder. Everyone calls me an artist and I can associate with the best class of people which I could not do before I knew that there was any one in Tyrone whose name was H. A. Gripp. You may use this letter as a testimonial and I will gladly answer any inquiry for information in any way you may desire. Thanking you again for past favors, I am
Very respectfully,
JOHN DIETHELM.

I have issued a little book which will instruct you how I send my work, and explains how to finish the work, and how much I pay for each print. Also gives name and address of lots of my students, who have learned and are working for me now all over the United States and Canada. If you really wish to make some money in spare time or wish to devote all your spare time to the work, send for the book at once and I will send you a free of charge. This is no bogus advertisement, but necessary for me to engage good persons to work for me and a godsend for many homes. Address plainly,
H. A. GRIPP, German Artist, 288 Gripp Building, TYRONE, PA.

H. A. GRIPP, German Artist, 288 Gripp Building, TYRONE, PA.

1898 BICYCLE FREE TO ANYONE
Taking orders for 100 Boxes
of our Soaps at 25 cents each.

NO MONEY REQUIRED
after obtaining samples and outfit with which to take orders.

AUTHOR FREE with 20 Boxes at 25 cents each each Violin, 18; Mandolin, 30; Guitar, 25; Banjo, 25.

LADIES' WASH guaranteed to keep your complexion white and clear. Free with 18 Boxes at 25 cents each; 6 Nipples and 6 Forks, genuine 187 Rogers Bros.' goods, Free with 20 boxes; Hygienic Couch, 40 boxes; Rooking Chair, 20 boxes; Iron Bedstead with Writing Wire Springs, 35 boxes; Book Case and Writing Desk, 35 boxes; Parlor Desk, 40 boxes; Beautiful 100 Pieces Dinner Set Free with 60 boxes; A Barrel of Table Glassware (30 pieces) Free with 25 boxes. Ladies', Boys' and Girls' Mackintoshes, 35 boxes; Columbian Graphophone, 75 boxes.

A LIVE PARROT
(Guaranteed to learn to talk) and a Strong Cage, FREE TO ANYONE taking orders for 60 boxes of Soaps at 25 cents each.

LIBERAL CASH COMMISSION if preferred. All these Premiums and scores of others are illustrated and fully described in our large Catalogue of Premiums; it contains full particulars, and we mail it Free to anyone. Write for it to-day. We send complete outfit of Samples with which to take orders. Express paid on receipt of 60 cents.

THE MEDICATED CREAM SOAP CO.
Dept. U. S. 277, E. Madison St., CHICAGO.

The appearance of this Ad in "The Union Signal" is a sufficient guarantee of our responsibility.

THE EASY FOOD
Easy to Buy, Easy to Cook, Easy to Eat, Easy to Digest. Easily the Best Cereal Food in the world.

QUAKER OATS
Delicious, healthful and economical. At all Grocers in 2-lb. packages.

Drinking Fountains
FOR MAN AND BEAST
Manufactured by
The J. L. Mott Iron Works
84-90 Beekman St., NEW YORK, N. Y.
311-313 Wabash Av., CHICAGO.

Catalogue with special prices to the W. T. U. mailed on request.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
GURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Fastest Goods. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

WANTED
RELIABLE MEN in every locality local or traveling to introduce a new discovery and keep their names and addresses on file. They will be employed on commission or salary. \$65.00 PER MONTH AND EXPENSES not to exceed \$2.50 per day; money deposited in any bank at their desired. Write for particulars.
THE GLOBE MEDICAL ELECTRIC CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

TURKISH BATHS AT HOME!
FOLDING, HOT-AIR AND WALKER
QUAKER BATH CABINET
Nature's Health Producer and Preserver. Absolute Home Necessity. Superior to Water Baths. Saves Medicine and Doctor Bills.

Enjoy Turkish, Russian, Sulphur, Perfumed, Medicinal Baths in the privacy of your room at home or abroad.

35c

Dispel Colic, Eczema, Skin Diseases and Eruptions. Cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, Obesity, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Quinsy, Exema, Catarrhs, Indigestion, and many other ailments in her own home. Headaches, Female Complaints, Menstruation, Piles, Dropsy, and all Blood, Skin, Nerve and Kidney Diseases. Endorsed by the most eminent physicians and over 97,000 Users. Ladies are enthusiastic in its praise. No side effects. Shipped to any address. Ready to use. No preparation, formulas, etc. Guaranteed as represented or money refunded. Order today. No experience. \$10.00 a month and expenses. We start you. New plan. You work at home or travels. Every body buys. Business men, families, physicians, stores. Over 97,000 sold. \$400,000 to be sold. Patrons delighted. A lady in Pa. made \$44.50 in 15 days besides attending to her household duties. Mr. Oelde writes: "I will make \$800 this year." Ship 50c more quick. Mr. Russell sold 250 Quakers in 27 days in Canada. Agents all free money. Ladies very successful. Nature's Health Producer. Capital \$200,000. Largest Manufacturer. Write for particulars. Largest Manufacturer. Write for particulars. M. R. WORLD MFG. CO., Cincinnati, O.

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Carts, Surries, Phaetons, Spring Wagons, Harness and Saddles shipped C. O. D. Write to anyone with privilege to examine at lowest wholesale prices. Guaranteed as represented or money refunded. Send for illustrated catalog and testimonials free. Address (in full) CASH BUYERS' UNION, 138 W. Van Buren St., B3 CHICAGO

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The Silent Teacher.
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A beautiful book, giving history and interpretation of the literature of the Holy Grail from the earliest medieval stories to the Parsifal of Wagner. The interest is held from beginning to end.
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Sample pages Free. Prepaid. \$1.00
ALICE B. STOCKHAM, CO.
277 Madison St., CHICAGO.

AGENTS WANTED Men, Women, Boys or Girls for the sale of KIDD'S NON-ALCOHOLIC FLAVORING POWDERS, with liberal arrangements will be made for territories.
KIDD CHEMICAL CO.
2314 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

FOR SALE VERY CHEAP, fine Magic Lanterns for Gas or Oil or Ether light, with Temperance Slides. Address **BOX 104, MADISON, OHIO.**

CUT IN TWO Price of Sewing Machines, Safes, Scales, Blacksmith's Tools, Road Cars, Buggies, and many other things. Write for particulars. **CHICAGO SCALE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.**

WRITERS WANTED do copying at home. Iaw College, Lima, O.

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In response to a large demand we have placed in stock the following pictures of...

FRANCES E. WILLARD

Picture on title page of Memorial number, large size . 40c

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Union Signal, Feb. 14.

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WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
THE TEMPLE...CHICAGO

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We trust our friends will excuse the unavoidable delay in promptly filling demand for supplies, books, electrotypes and photographs. Large orders have been placed with our photographer, but unpleasant weather has prevented rapid delivery. We shall soon be prepared to promptly fill all orders.

PICTURES

...OF...

NEAL DOW

FOR

Memorial Service

LARGE SIZE, 15c.



IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

It is already known to the White Ribbon constituency that an authentic...

MEMORIAL VOLUME OF THE LIFE OF

our beloved President

Frances E. Willard

Is to be written by her private secretary...

Miss Anna Gordon

Miss Gordon will be assisted in this work by the ablest talent in ENGLAND and AMERICA, eminent men and women who desire to pay tribute to the greatest and grandest woman of the age.

This volume, entitled, "The Beautiful Life of Frances E. Willard," which will be in the hands of the reading public at an early date, will be brought out by the Woman's Temperance Publishing Association, each copy bearing the official stamp of the W. C. T. U. on the title page.



We have placed this priceless work in the hands of the...

Monarch Book Company

of this city, which has exceptional facilities for bringing this beautiful volume within the reach of all.

It is hoped this prompt announcement will prevent any unauthentic edition from being placed on the market.

WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, THE TEMPLE...CHICAGO

This book will also be for sale through the leading Subscription Book Houses in the United States.

MEMORIAL NUMBER

...OF...

The Union Signal.

PRICES.

Single Copy,	\$.10
100 Copies,	7.50
50 "	4.00
25 "	2.25

WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,
The Temple, CHICAGO.

Important

We desire to call attention to the advertisement of the new Memorial volume soon to be issued by the Woman's Temperance Publishing Association. Will our readers kindly note the importance of securing the authentic volume with the official stamp. For further particulars, address personally, C. F. GROW, Bus. Mgr.

WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,
The Temple...Chicago.

Glimpses of Fifty Years.

PRICE, CLOTH, \$2.25.

A Great Mother.

PRICE, \$1.50.

Increasing orders for these beautiful books by Miss Willard have led us to issue a new edition and orders will be promptly filled.

Woman's Temperance Publishing Ass'n,
THE TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

The Danger Before Us.

We have already alluded to the importance of housekeepers paying more attention to the kind of baking powder used in leavening their bread. This is a matter to which we cannot draw attention too often, because it is something which involves the most serious consequences to the general body of mankind. Temperance apostles tell us—and there is ample foundation for the statement—that there is disease both moral and physical in the intoxicating cup; and in the same way there is disease slow, perhaps, but certain, in the leavening agent which is employed in one-half the homes on this continent; sickness, perhaps death, in the bread we eat at every meal—slow poison, placed there, too, by loving hands, by mothers whose every thought is for the health and happiness of their children, by wives whose chief solace is the life and comfort of their husbands. The victim of intoxication goes to his fate with a full consciousness of what he is doing; but the victim of the adulterated and poisonous baking powder falls and knows not whence comes the blow that struck him. The certificates of chemists with high sounding titles have been read in confidence; the toothsome cake has been given in generous abundance to the children; the daily bread has been eaten in fancied security. But all the time the poison has been working its slow effect. There come spells of headache, loss of appetite, a fluttering of the heart; the child is seized with an apparently causeless cough. The coating of the stomach is destroyed, perhaps; one of the vital organs is rendered almost useless; the kidneys are attacked with Bright's disease. The health of the child is irreparably broken down; the adult becomes a chronic invalid. These are the doings of the modern cheap baking powders that are composed of lime, alum, acids and other vile things.

In view of these facts surely all housewives should exercise the care that is, we know, now exercised by some in their selections of a proper brand of baking powder. She who does not do so, whether the neglect is the result of ignorance or recklessness, cannot free herself from the responsibility for the health, perhaps life thereby endangered. No housewife need be ignorant of the quality and composition of the article which she uses to leaven her bread, biscuit and cake. The official reports of the government chemists, who are certainly unprejudiced, have been published and show very clearly the quality and strength of all the baking powders in the market. The Royal Baking Powder, which is accessible at every hand, is reported absolutely free from lime, alum, phosphatic acid, or any injurious ingredients. It is further stated by the most eminent authorities on food hygiene that food leavened with it is more wholesome than when raised by any other method. Its use is therefore to be commended. It is to be regretted that no other baking powder, when there are so many in the market, some of which will find their way into use, is free from all of these substances. They all contain either lime or alum. The housekeeper who regards the health of her loved ones should not only order the Royal, but make personal examination to be sure that no other brand is sent her in its place.

IVORY SOAP

Is sweet and clean, Careful housekeepers will have no other in the kitchen.

99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ per cent PURE

"THERE IS SCIENCE IN NEATNESS."
BE WISE AND USE

SAPOLIO

Rising Sun and Sun Paste

Stove Polish
DUSTLESS, LABOR SAVING,
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

Durable, Economical
DOES NOT BURN RED,
DOES NOT STAIN THE HANDS,
DOES NOT CAKE ON THE IRON.

Ask for RISING SUN in cakes for general blacking, and SUN PASTE for quick use—and don't be fooled with any other.

(Continued from page 14.)

BY the death of Miss Frances E. Willard, one of the noblest women of the age as well as one of the grandest representatives of the principles of temperance, has been called from the scene of her toils, trials and triumphs.

She was a noble woman; unswerving in her fidelity to the cause of righteousness and truth. Her self-devotion to the temperance reform won for her the affectionate admiration of millions of people in all lands and of all sects and classes, while her education, culture and womanly graces enthroned her in the heart of the best people of America.

She had the courage of her convictions; she "dared to do right"; she was the friend of the oppressed everywhere, neither her pity nor her sympathies were controlled by the color of the skin or the grade in social life. She was the brave champion of the rights of the people irrespective of color, creed, condition or nationality. This beautiful woman has won a name which deserves to be written in letters of light in the annals of every righteous reform. As the foremost of her sex in advocacy of total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the state, and whose leadership tens of thousands of the best women of the land followed as an inspiration, her loss will be greatly felt, and our prayer is that He who gave to her wisdom to direct, a voice to speak, a pen to write and hands to work so efficiently, will raise up some one to fill her place and carry on the work she loved so well and in which she so faithfully labored. She has gone, but her works do live, and for all time to come her influence will be felt, and a magnificent harvest will be the result of her years of seed-sowing. Words are wanting to adequately express our profound sense of the loss to our National Temperance Society, of which she was a vice-president, and from its existence had been its fast friend and helpful co-laborer. But infinitely greater than any selfish loss, is the loss to the whole country and to humanity itself, for her sympathies were as wide as the world, and her large heart and beneficence reached out to every class and clime.

The Board of Managers express their deepest sympathy for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at this sad bereavement. To the God of all comfort and consolation we commend that grief-stricken organization.

BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.
JAMES B. DUNN, D.D., General Secretary,
New York City.

WE join the multitude of those around the world who grieve to-day over the loss of one of the foremost women of the century, Frances E. Willard, and to her closely associated fellow-officers and co-workers, we give our heartfelt sympathy. We have long recognized

in Miss Willard those commanding and exceptional qualities which make the great organizer and leader; and we have been witness to the entire devotion with which she has spent her life in efforts to crush out wrong, to lift up those who have fallen and to hasten the reign of righteousness throughout the earth. We rejoice to live in the same day with a woman of abilities so consecrated, of life so Christlike; one in whose great heart there was no room for selfishness or resentment or bitterness, and who realized in her own character our finest ideals of all that is womanly. The eloquent voice is hushed, the inspiring presence is gone; but in spirit Frances Willard is still the loved chieftain, and we pray that the influence of this rare and noble life may move us and women everywhere to higher purpose and larger faithfulness in the work of helping to make the world better.

THE FACULTY OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE.
ELLEN HAYES, }
SARAH F. WHITING, } Committee.
ANGIE CLARA CHAPIN, }

Wellesley, Mass.

THE intellectual powers of Frances E. Willard were unusual, but the harmony and balance of those powers were still more unusual. One finds many men of rare gifts to one man of large and sober thought. Perfect symmetry is the supreme excellence everywhere. The admirable proportion, the even poise of Miss Willard's powers, were most remarkable.

She owed this largely to the predominance of a spiritual purpose. Her mind was full of light because she looked upon the world with a single eye. She had a clear insight into spiritual life, and made of it a ruling, harmonizing motive. This is well illustrated in the steadiness with which she pursued temperance as her primary work. She gave a large meaning to the word. She saw how much it involved. She gathered in its many accessories, but she allowed none of them to divert her from the primary purpose.

She did as much for prohibition as those who make it their exclusive end; yet she was never simply a prohibitionist. She entertained a liberal opinion of the political rights of woman. She was a suffragist and advanced the cause as much as its most ardent advocates; yet she entertained it always as a part—and only a part—of a larger purpose.

It was this fact, of mind, heart and life, perfectly reconciled and supremely ruled, that gave her at once a rest within herself, and a power over others altogether her own. She left an abiding sense of fulfillment and hope in every household she touched at all. We found it so while she lived, and even more do we find it so, now that she has gone forward.

Her presence was one that gains an omnipresent power and blesses every moment it illuminates.

JOHN AND EMMA C. BASCOM,
Williamstown, Mass.

VICI
LEATHER DRESSING

It is easy to see which side of this shoe has been polished with Vici Leather Dressing. The lustre, the softness, the look of newness, all testify to the merits of this great medicine for leather.

VICI
Leather Dressing

is prepared for all kinds of leather—all kinds of shoes. Sold by all dealers. It is made by the makers of Vici Kid, known and worn the wide world round.

A n instructive book, handsomely illustrated, about shoes and their care, mailed free.

Robert H. Foerderer,
Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR RENT.—In Evanston, Ill., a fine eleven room house furnished. Wide verandas, shade trees, large yard, etc. Five minutes' walk from the station, ten minutes' from the woods. Most desirable for a summer residence. Owner wishes to rent from three to five months. Can give possession May 1, if desired. For particulars address, Dr. Alice B. Stockham, Evanston, Ill.

BROWN (to political friend)—"Hello, Jones! I see you're back from Washington. What appointment did you get?" Jones—"Dis-appointment."

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

The ten plagues of a newspaper-office: Bored, poets, cranks, rats, cockroaches, typographical errors, exchange fiends, book canvassers, delinquent subscribers and the man who always knows how to run a paper better than the editor.

Perhaps You Have Heard

of a railway system running between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, known as the Wisconsin Central Lines. Before making a journey to any of these northwestern points, inquire relative to the Fast and Elegantly Equipped Trains which leave Chicago daily via the Wisconsin Central. Your nearest ticket agent can give you complete information. JAS. C. POND, G. P. A., Milwaukee, Wis.

As a Boston street car was blocked a woman was heard confiding her domestic cares to a neighbor, "Yes, I keep a girl awhile to rest my body; then I go without for awhile to rest my mind."

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" give relief in all Bronchial Affections. A simple and safe remedy. Avoid imitations.

"A DEMAGOGUE," said a small boy who builded better than he knew, "is a vessel that holds wine, gin, whisky or any other liquor."

Change of Chicago Passenger Station, Nickel Plate Road.

Beginning March 6, all passenger trains will arrive at and depart from the Van Buren Street Depot of the Rock Island and Lake Shore Railroads.

A man sent this answer to a bookseller who sent in his account for a book sometime before delivered, "I never ordered the book. If I did, you did not send it. If I got it, I paid for it. If I didn't, I won't."

THE OPIUM AND MORPHINE HABIT.

"What We May Do to be Saved" is little book, giving full particulars of a reliable cure. Free. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. E., Lebanon, Ohio.

THE UNION SIGNAL.

there seemed no end to the heart-broken messages which came from individual white-ribboners. We should be glad, if space permitted, to print quotations from all these, but it is an impossibility.

Some of the cablegrams and letters from foreign countries were from the following:

Lady Henry Somerset, President World's W. C. T. U., England; D. W. T. A., through Vice-President, Mrs. Eva C. McLaren, London, England; South Australia: Misses Vincent and Cummins, National Organizers of Australia; Misses L. Ardill and Ada Murrutt, National Organizers of Australia; Dominion of Canada: Mrs.

In addition to these official and semi-official communications hundreds of letters and messages have been received from relatives and personal friends. Without doubt no other death ever carried in its wake such universal heartache and sympathy.

Miss Gordon received the following telegram, as we go to press, from Booker T. Washington, Tuskegee, Ala.:

I send you by to-day's mail a tribute to Miss Willard. She was a great and good woman. We all loved her.

Extracts from Letters to Miss Anna Gordon.

I want to share with you and with all Christians and philanthropists, the world round, in grief for the great and beautiful one who has been taken to her beatitude in the Lord. It seems to me besides a kind of personal and family bereavement, for Miss Willard inspired in me a fraternal affection and the many little notes and messages she has sent to me in the last fifteen years have seemed so cheery and sisterly that I see what a great deprivation my life has met with, now she is no more. When I learned she was sick in New York I was afraid and wanted to send some greeting to her and now she has gone beyond the reach of mortal greeting! May the Lord comfort us all.—J. E. Rankin, Washington, D. C.

The holiest service that can come to any soul is the privilege of attending a Saint in her last moments. * * * It would afford me great joy if I could speak a word of comfort this day to every woman who wears the insignia of the white ribbon in this and every land.—Dr. John Hall, New York City.

I cannot tell you how my heart aches for you in the loss of your noble leader and dear friend—there is hardly a relation that two noble women may possess for each other, that yours and her friendship did not stand for. I thought so much of you those dear last days when all our hearts turned to that New York hotel and all who loved her sat weeping with you at her bedside praying the good Father to leave her yet awhile with us. It was a selfish prayer. Surely she had stood enough of the heat and burden of the day and watched enough of the reapers fall from her side. Leadership has its sorrows and its isolations as well as its terrible responsibilities and complications. I am sure Miss Willard needed rest.—Fanny Casseday Duncan, Louisville, Ky.

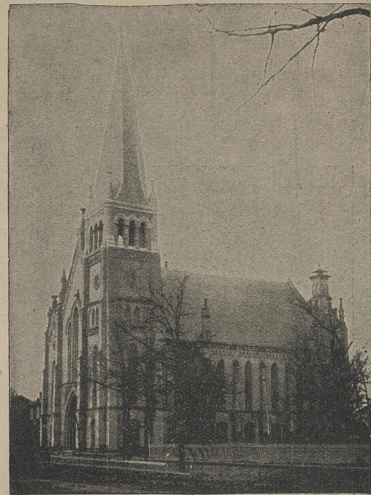
The blow has fallen. From the world has been taken another lover of humanity—from you, your soul's friend. There are no words to express the grief you feel—none to express the loss to the world and to the world's workers, and none to portray the glory into which the beautiful soul has entered. May a merciful Father comfort you in your unspeakable loss.—Helen Douglass, Anacostia, D. C.

You have so long been identified with Miss Willard that you seem a part of her. And you more than any one else will sorely miss her presence, her inspiring personality, and the large and varied ministry which she fulfilled, and in which you were yourself so constantly and actively engaged. I sympathize with you in the loneliness and the sense of loss you are bound to experience. And yet I must turn condolence into congratulation! How rich your life in memories, in assurances of sincere affection from one of the purest, most loyal and most loving women the world ever knew, and in continual opportunities for useful service.—John H. Vincent (Bishop M. E. church) Topeka, Kas.

"Peace and glory are hers!" What a heroic life, what a full life, crowded into the few years! The "well done" is hers, and those left must earn it—work for it. We have sent a wreath, that our name and color may have place among those who will express love and gratitude for the life that is the "loved one gone, not lost."—Susan B. Anthony, Rochester, N. Y.

It is with profound sorrow that the Janesville chapter D. A. R. have learned of the death of Miss Frances E. Willard, one of the most distinguished members of the National society. We greatly regret her untimely departure especially here in her childhood home where her sweet voice was so recently heard in her last public address. We tender to the members of her family and to Miss Anna Gordon, our condolence in their great affliction and our sympathy is extended to the W. C. T. U. in the loss of their loved president. We as loyal daughters will imitate her virtues, and strive to possess the same Christian spirit shown throughout her entire life of unequalled earnestness and purity, that it may be said of us, as has been said of her, "Well done, good and faithful servant."—Janesville, Wis., Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. Fannie H. Wright, Regent.

The heart-breaking news of Miss Willard's death has just reached me. The world has suddenly become poorer, how much so God only knows; for all over the world a great loneliness, a great sense of loss will be felt; her kingdom amongst us was founded on love, her talents were beyond those of any woman I ever knew; but greater still was her love for our work, for all of us, for every white-ribboner all over the globe. I am all undone and heart-broken. Our loss is so immense, it is altogether impossible for me to give any expression to my feelings. She was the greatest leader any woman's movement ever had. We were arranging to give Miss Willard a delightful welcome at our annual B. W. T. A. meeting in May and our dear Lady Henry was looking forward to welcoming her. Alas! what this translation



FIRST M. E. CHURCH, EVANSTON.

means to her!—Agnes E. Slack, Secretary World's W. C. T. U., Ripley, Derbyshire, England.

It is so impossible to imagine Frances not in this world—she whose love-inspired task it was to make it a better world. We shall not look upon her like till we greet her glorified self in the heavenly country.

Dear heart, she was so ready to go, so full of the life and spirit of heaven that at last she breathed her native air.

For you, for the work she loved, it is loss unspeakable. God help us all!—Mary B. Willard, Berlin, Germany.

Mrs. Shaffer and I have had for many years a strong and warm affection for Miss Willard which broadened and deepened during the recent visit at our home.—J. C. Shaffer, Evanston, Ill.

"The sweet and consecrated spirit has passed on and it is ours to say, 'Thy will be done.'" Of all the mourning hearts now struggling to say these words of resignation my loving sympathy goes out most keenly to you, dear Miss Gordon, for I feel that this loss is more to you than to any one else in the world. I trust it will not hurt but comfort you a little to know my most heartfelt gratitude to you as the one who contributed most of all to the help and care of Miss Willard during all the years of her great labors. May God comfort you and help the

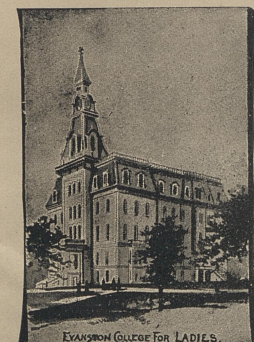


TAKEN JANUARY 8, 1888.

A. O. Rutherford, President; Mrs. Atkinson, Dominion Secretary; Mrs. Mary Sanderson, Treasurer World's W. C. T. U.; President St. John, New Brunswick, W. C. T. U.; Mrs. A. M. Bascom and Miss Lottie E. Wiggins, President and Secretary Toronto W. C. T. U.; Mrs. Kirk Melbourne Keuter, London, England; Anneton, New Brunswick, W. C. T. U.; Miss Lillian M. Phelps, Organizer Canadian W. C. T. U.; Canadian Temperance League; Elizabeth Middleton, President Quebec W. C. T. U.; St. Thomas, Ontario, W. C. T. U.; A. T. Cringan, Musical Director, Toronto, Can.; Mr. Howard Primrose, Pictou, N. S.; Miss Lizzie Riggs Glencoe, Ont.; Mrs. E. Edmund Starr, Dominion Superintendent of Soldiers and Militia; W. C. T. U. of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

Other Societies Sending Telegrams and Resolutions.

National Temperance Society; National Woman's Suffrage Association; United Society of Christian Endeavor; National Council of Women; Order of the Maccabees of the World; National Keeley League; North End Club, Edgewater, Ill.; Minnehaha Club, Chicago; The National Anti-Mob and Lynch Law Association; Independent Order of Good Templars of Nebraska; General Officers Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society, Chicago; Oakland Lodge Independent Order of Good Templars, Chicago; State Convention Y. M. C. A. of Iowa; Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio; Baptist Association, Buffalo, N. Y.; Prohibition Party of Iowa; Faculty of Chicago Theological Seminary by Prof. Graham Taylor; Woman's Club of Denver, Col.; Universal Peace Union; State Sunday-School Union of Pennsylvania; Grand Lodge Independent Order of Good Templars of Pennsylvania; Kansas State Temperance Union; Boston Methodist Preachers' Meeting; Local Council of Women, New Orleans, La.; Good Templar Woman's Auxiliary Suffolk District, Massachusetts; National Non-Partisan W. C. T. U.; International Supreme Lodge Independent Order of Good Templars; Wisconsin Grand Lodge Independent Order of Good Templars; Woman's Club of Maywood, Ill.; Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior; International Board of Women's and Young Woman's Christian Association; Chicago Branch of Council of Jewish Women; Methodist Preachers' Meeting of New York City; Woman's Club, Des Moines, Ia.; Willard Hall Noon Meeting; Ladies' Reading Club of Olathe, Kan.; Seventh Annual Congress Daughters of American Revolution; Chicago Single Tax Club; Board of Managers of National Temperance Society; National Conference of the Liberty Party; The First Grand District of the Royal Templars of Temperance in Convention at Buffalo; State Convention of Prohibition of Rhode Island; International Supreme Lodge Independent Order of Good Templars; Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society of Xenia, Ohio; The Banner of Gold, Chicago; Suffolk District Lodge I. O. G. T., representing 42 lodges and 1,935 members in Boston; Albany County (N. Y.) Lodge I. O. G. T.; Arché Club, Chicago; Royal Templars of Temperance, Chicago.



EVANSTON COLLEGE FOR LADIES.

WHERE MISS WILLARD TAUGHT LAST.

The editors of THE UNION SIGNAL sent the following telegram:

After death, life. God reigns and all is well. Peace and comfort be with you.



TAKEN JANUARY 8, 1888.

W. C. T. U. women to be wise and true.—Anna Garlin Spencer, Providence, R. I.

I cannot tell you how sad I felt when I heard of the death of my dear friend, Miss Willard.

How well I remember the day that I stood in the parlor, at Rest Cottage, by the casket of her dear mother and lay on it a large palm branch, and she asked me to

THE UNION SIGNAL.

sing. "Palms of victory, crowns of glory, I shall wear." It was a favorite hymn with her mother. I sang softly one verse, when she said, "Yes, Amanda, my dear mother is no more, her battle is fought, her victory is won."

How glad I am for the privilege of having known her for the past twenty-five years. It was at a surf meeting at Ocean Grove where I first sang in her hearing what she was ever afterwards pleased to call her favorite song,

"There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea."

May God bless and comfort you.—Amanda Smith, Chicago, Ill.



Dear Miss Willard is now beyond all earthly cares. It is pleasant for me to think that the redeemed spirits are watching with earnest desire for the extension of Christ's kingdom here on earth. May you have heavenly wisdom to guide you.—Mrs. William E. Dodge, New York City.

I cannot tell you how deeply I have sympathized with you during these dark days. The world has met with a loss that will not soon be replaced, if ever. But I have felt that upon you the shadow has fallen darkest and deepest. As for her I feel that she was not sorry to lay down her heavy burden of care and go to rest, and receive her sure reward. "to creep in with mother," as she said, and to be forever with the Lord.—Marietta Holley, Bonnie View, N. Y.

Miss Willard's spirit had grown too large, and her work too large for her to do it any longer on this side—and now she is nearer to us and to the heart of humanity. Frances Willard was never so alive as now. Like her Lord she "so loved the world" that she "gave up her life for it."—Mary A. Lathbury, East Orange, N. J.

All here learn with profound sorrow of the death of our esteemed co-laborer and grand leader, Miss Frances E. Willard. I believe that those who die in Christ are nearer to us after the hour of death than they were while in the flesh.—(Dr.) I. K. Funk, *The Voice*, N. Y.

I am sorrowing with you to-day not only as one of the world of women who are sore stricken because the great leader has been called into the presence of "The King," but as the individual woman who loved and revered Frances Willard.—Isabella Charles Davis, secretary National Society King's Daughters, New York City.

What a blow the telegram of Friday has been to us all. There are not many women whose death would be such a loss to two great countries as that of our beloved leader. For her it is glory and rest unspeakable, for us the deepest sorrow and loss. To know her at all was to love her. If the Atlantic did not roll between us nothing would have prevented my showing my love and reverence by following her to the grave.—Agnes E. Weston, Supt. of Work among Sailors for World's W. C. T. U., Portsmouth, England.

There was very little of Frances Willard that could die. She was a spirit living to a far greater degree than almost any one else the spiritual life. Shall we not enter into her joy?—Lillian Whiting, Boston.

That something of my words (in "Kindly Light in Prayer and Praise") comforted our beautiful sister, so tender, so true to the whole of humanity, is a very sacred thing to me. I bless God for giving her to our world. Her work by the grace of the shadow of death will increase here into an ever greating spiritual power.—(Rev.) John M. Scott, New York

I have been with you in spirit in your lonely journey toward the setting sun and I can see you to-day in the Temple with that precious body. It is not only the women who feel lonesome without Miss Willard who was so dear to all who knew her. Many men who did not know her personally have spoken so tenderly and sweetly of her memory. I sincerely hope that you may be able to bear up under this heavy burden and go on with the work which was so dear to her.—(Dr.) Alfred K. Hills, New York. (The physician who attended Miss Willard.)

The world mourns a grandly equipped leader of all good causes. Her life is a prophecy and harbinger of the good time which has been so long on the way. Miss Willard will be mourned in all the continents. I found her name as familiar and dear in Asia as in America. Twenty years hence her name and deeds will loom up larger than even to day.—John Henry Barrows (D. D.), Chicago.

We as a household are personally bereaved; the whole country, yes, the world, has met with a loss that seems irreparable. God alone understands and will send comfort and help. I write in Dr. Strong's absence.—Mrs. Josiah Strong, Greenwich, Ct.

It is with the profoundest sorrow that we have heard of the death of Miss Willard, the most useful as well as the most loved woman in America.—William Hayes Ward, *The Independent*, New York.

"If ye loved me ye would rejoice." Isn't that what our beloved Miss Willard is saying to every one of us who are mourning her departure hence? A great light in the spiritual sky has vanished making the world seem dark and lonely.—Mrs. Joseph Cook, Newton Centre, Mass.

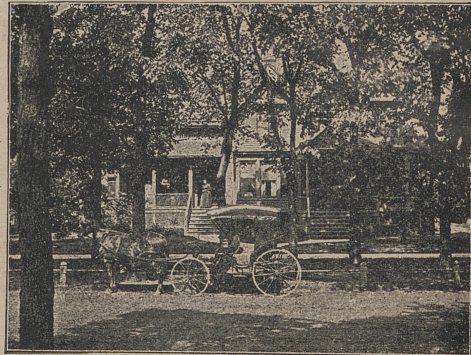
Thank God for faith! Oh, what a happy meeting when all tribulation is ended!—Sarah Hill Hall, Churchville. (Miss Willard's aunt, sister of "Saint Courageous.")

Our hero is fallen, and the pulse of the world will beat in unbroken sorrow and sympathy. She is one of the hosts of witnesses that surround us.—Mrs. Dr. Cullis, Boston.

I am so overcome with the sad news, but God knows best. He gives and He takes away.—Mrs. Westover Alden, New York. (*Tribune*.)

This morning's paper tells the sad, sad story. My tears flow with yours over the sacrifice Miss Willard has made to her noble work.—Mrs. D. O. Lewis, New York.

All I can think of in connection with Miss Willard's life are the words, "Of whom the world was not worthy." She belonged in heaven. The fight has been long and hard, and now she will see by sight the oncoming victory of all her cherished hopes.—Margaret B. O'Connell, New York.



REST COTTAGE, FRONT VIEW.

No international bereavement has ever been as extensive among the women of the world as this for Frances E. Willard. We all rejoice that we have been blessed by her human preparation for the real life just commenced.—Elizabeth B. Grannis, National Christian League for the promotion of Social Purity, New York.

I see by the morning papers that the dreaded blow has fallen and that the busy brain so full of plans for the world's betterment, and the throbbing heart so aglow with love for humanity have ceased to act. Please accept my sympathy and even now my congratulations that you have been so close to one of the world's most peerless characters.—E. J. Wheeler, New York.

OFFERED BY DR. SIMON GILBERT AND ADOPTED BY CHICAGO CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS' UNION:

We, the members of the Congregational Ministers' Union of Chicago, desire hereby to extend to the officers and members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union our deep sympathy in the loss of their beloved leader, Miss Frances E. Willard, and to express our profound sense of the nobility of her character, the value of her personal influence, and the importance of her services to the cause of redeeming the homes of the world through the gospel of temperance, purity and love.

We desire especially to put on record our gratitude to God for the gift not alone to America, but to the world, of a personality so richly endowed by nature; so favored in her early home-life and training; so variously developed by the best educational advantages and associations; so early inspired by beautiful strange impulses deeper than words could express, and fascinated by loftiest ideals of service; so manifestly led on, step by step, by the almost invisible hand of God; so gifted with the prophetic vision in apprehending the meaning of her time and the divine opportunity of it; so ready for utter sacrifice of self; made so fearless as if with somewhat of God's own courage in going the way He leads; so filled with the spirit of an infinite pity in view of the world's sin and sorrow; so distinctly a genius, a genius sanctified by the spirit of Christ, not only for eloquent and persuasive speech and consummate organizing force and faculty, but for friendships—such friendships among the more enlightened Christian women of the world as have served to draw them, during these recent years, into a great new form of world-wide comradeship, itself one of the most shining and impressive tokens of that unity for which our Saviour prayed and which the coming century is sure more and more to reveal in the immensely hastened advancement of the kingdom of Christ among men, in our own and in every land.



THE PARLOR, REST COTTAGE.