

A

FUNERAL ORATION

ON

REV. THOS. STARR KING,

DELIVERED AT

PLATT'S HALL, MARCH 10, 1864,

BY

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ORATION.

FRIENDS:—The occasion on which we meet to-night is one that annihilates all differences of sect or creed, politics or party. Together we come here on common ground, for we come to think and speak of one whose life was so devoted to the common interest of humanity, and the universal welfare of his kind, that each one of us had their share in his life, their interest in his acts, and their bereavement in his death; so that the ties of tender sympathy that bound us up with him becomes this night the bond of union with each other, when thus assembled to do honor to his memory and to rehearse to one another the deeds that made him ours. It may be, that, like your speaker, many here were not bound to him of whom we speak by ties of personal acquaintanceship. In California, where his name shines out a polar star, by whose guiding light our friends, acquaintances, citizens, and statesmen have oftentimes steered their way, we must all know Starr King—have felt his influence—lived in its blessing—shared through some other hands than ours his hand's warm clasp—beheld some other ones instructed, aided, cheered, and strengthened by him; and, therefore, here we meet no strangers to Starr King—no individual voice, but a general world cries in echo to the tones of nearest and dearest friends, "God bless him!"

Speaking of him as California's heart's beloved, the theme can take no shame nor add one jot of lustre to the speaker; it is itself intrinsic worth, and would not disgrace the best in the land, nor fade in value treated by the weakest. I have no apology to make, then, for offering my humble tribute to his honor. You love to hear of him. Who would not esteem it

as a privilege to offer to his memory the humblest flower, when such acceptance waits it? And yet we do not seek a grateful theme alone to dwell upon. Life's histories are acted pages of life lessons, wherever we can con them and understand the the page; but oh, how noble are the teachings which these fresh volumes read us when they record the history of the Patriot and Scholar, Teacher, Pastor, Orator, and Scribe, united in the man whom we have known and followed, whose gallant struggles on the waves of life's tempestuous ocean our eyes have witnessed, whose triumphs we've beheld upborne from the depths of life's most stormy waters, whose wrestlings with the Angel of Adversity we've watched until we saw him conqueror, and bear off the blessings which alone should crown the victors of the fight!

Such passages in time as Starr King's life are beacon fires on the mountains of eternity; nor should we draw the dim veil of forgetfulness around the friend of yesterday until we've armed ourselves for our to-morrow, by tracing up his footprints on the sands of time, and measuring our own possibilities with his achievements. The life of a public man belongs to all—is food for all in warning or example. Thank God! our subject affords us all the latter. 'Tis often urged, by those who either lack the elements of power for greatness, they would be something they are not, if man, or God, or fortune, would permit. They ask for an open path, a way chalked out, an arm to bear them up, a place to fill. What shall we say to these, when we see the Patriot whom the nation honored, the Scholar whom the schoolman praised, the Orator whom all men heard in rapt and listening admiration, and, above all, the true Philanthropist whom all men loved, arising from obscurity where no path lay before him, chalking his own way out by the brain's bright mathematics, lifting up others with his own strong arm, and rarely leaning on another's strength; in short, the carver of his own surroundings, the architect of his own greatness, a circumstance unto himself, a creator, not a creature, of his fortunes.

With such a living witness of life's possibilities behind us, and such a memory still to go before us, our peurile plea for destiny is hushed, our poor excuse for littleness rent from us,

and Starr King, like a shining meteor, gleams on our path, turning our own eyes inward to discover there his secret and our own—himself the center of his power over men and fortune, ourselves our only failure. Yes, the brief reviews of his career, which are now, without infringement of the sacred shadow of the domestic hearth, the world's, afford us sure evidence God, the Creator, has endowed his child and creature with something of His creative attributes in life and destiny. Entering on life's great arena in the undistinguished sphere of a widow's son, with home to make and keep, fatherless brothers and sisters to provide for, education, name, and fame—aye, even bread—to win for others and himself, through poverty's most bitter struggles, if it is sad to see the generous youth, whom life beckons on with the flowery finger of joy and gladness, already old in care and taxed with the heavy load which strong, tried manhood only should sustain—if we begrudge to see earth's earliest, fairest buds borne down by the rains of winter before they've hardly warmed them in spring's sun—we turn the picture, and find a glory in youth's manhood, and surely predicate the greatness of that boy who toils as husband to the widowed mother, father to the brother and sister orphans, and faithful in the few things, giving the fullest assurance that he is fit to be entrusted with the many. Yes, the Patriot in the home, the Statesman in the family, the Philanthropist of the fireside, will be all these to the world when fully exercised in his part at home, but never aught on the larger stage of public life unless he first experiments successfully in private. Therefore, when we see the noble young schoolmaster teaching so patiently all day, toiling in the hard, dry fields of literature all night, enduring honestly, obscurity, privation, effort to teach the ignorant, maintain the home, yet store his eager mind with gems of knowledge for a wider field of usefulness, who could behold him thus, and not, like Theodore Parker, the noble pioneer, who himself fought and conquered in that same strife he saw the young Medford schoolmaster engaged in, predicate for him a great and distinguished field of public usefulness.

Those who beheld Starr King for the first time as the pastor of a church, and connected with this character old stereotyped

opinions of the office, were ill prepared to see in the fearless eye, bold brow, and manly port, or hear in the words of poet, statesman, scholar, artist, musician, orator on all things, their beau ideal of the solemn, one-ideal priest, the minister whose piety was gloom and formalism, whose sacred calling cast a shade of awe on all around him, and who looked on life as a vale of tears, and a minister as a walking rod, to chasten smiles and frown away God's sunlight from the heart. Perhaps the young man, before his ordination, cherished these misgivings for himself; no matter—earth, life, and man himself move on. Our forefathers' opinions of what a clergyman should be, daunted him for a while, and in the world's eyes even now, through many a theologic pair of spectacles, would have driven him from God's altar. For ourselves, like the prophet of old, we see him standing before God's angel, behold him take from the altar a burning coal and put it on his lips, and consecrate that clear strong mind, that busy brain and varied intellectual soul, to the service of humanity and God. Different, oh, far different, from the ordinary training of "*divines*," as they are termed—from those who are set apart from the world's uses, required to stand as some holy thing, too sacred for humanity to grasp or the world's rude touch to sweep by—oh, far different was the training of this noble man. In the city and the street, in the school and in the rostrum, in the discipline of private life, its poverty and struggles, until, amidst its sternest lessons, we find the busy student duly fitted, fully armed, and manfully arrayed for the larger fight of public life that was consecrated to God and the welfare of humanity. These are the degrees through which he graduated to the office of divine; learning life's bitter lessons before he presumed to teach them; feeling life's keenest sorrows before he attempted to soothe them; realizing God's goodness before he strove to impress it on the minds of others, and practising in every phase the soul's experiences his office called on him to guide in others.

In Boston, America's Athens, where the stars of art, science, intellect, and theology cluster in the firmament of mind, till the eye fails often to distinguish individual luminaries, not wealth of intellectual life generalized our subject, except in most honorable and itself distinguishing connection with the

beloved name of Theodore Parker. Following in the track of this great apostle of mental and physical freedom, we find Starr King so often identified with the action of this noble pioneer of a working religion, that we forget the leader in the closeness of the following, and become accustomed to hear their names coupled together in all great progressive movements for the welfare of mankind. Thus, when we see the black man in the brand of color, bearing the curse of slavery, and ask of the shrinking teachers of popular religion why this is so, it is from the pulpits of Theodore Parker and Starr King that the bold annunciation goes forth so fearlessly that *man, not God*, has changed the color to a curse, and tramples on his brother for a difference in skin. When proud usurpers over human minds warned back their fellow men from approaching the Shekinahs of religion to search out God for themselves, it was the strong hands of Theodore Parker and Starr King that rent the veil of mystery in twain, and broke the chains of modern bondage from the neck of the white man's soul. The pulpits of Theodore Parker and Starr King were never closed by fear against the utterance of truth from any sect or creed. Their ministry was never denied to any flock who asked for light in all sincerity. All who knew these men perceived they felt their truth was founded on a rock which yielded not beneath the fires of persecution or the hammer of investigation, which took no taint from falsehood from without, and never feared to match itself with searching scrutiny from any quarter. The larger and more public grasp of life which circumstances gave to the pioneer in the religious warfare of the nineteenth century, Theodore Parker, may identify his name more prominently with the moral triumphs of his cause, but add new lustre to his younger colleague, when we find him swerving from the smooth broad road of popular favor, to follow in the rugged pathway of unpopular religion.

Starr King came at length to California. Departing from his native land, with the freight of a people's love and honor, bound by a chain of admiring affection to the hearts of the State he had served so well, which stretched across the width of the two vast oceans, and still gave Massachusetts a share in California's Starr King, he came to you as the supply to a vas

demand. This fresh, young country, springing into sudden life, teeming with wealth existing in its own unmastered energy, and plethoric of life, resource, and riches, needed a clear, calm mirror of true wisdom to see its fevered image reflected in, the strength of a mighty reigning arm, and a living, walking sermon of a good, true life of reason to minister to her, and still the fever of her wildly throbbing pulses. No merely Sabbath-day instruction would have aided California; her duties fill each moment of every six days. The priest commands her reverence, but living men and women are needed to aid the shaping of her life in every department. Far from the scene of war and death, and all the whelming ruin the hideous conflict brings on the homes of bleeding America, securely wrapped in her ocean cradle, and inclosed in the garrison of golden fortunes, our California needed the tongue of fire to unlock the ties of sympathy for her suffering fatherland, needed the vivid word-painting of inspired oratory to re-unite her with duties, almost lost in the ocean's separating wastes. California asked for a minister whose manhood sympathized with her external interests no less than with her soul; a priest in the streets, and a counsellor on the mart; a poet-soul to point her eye to beauty, a scholarly head to inspire her brain with love of learning, an outstretched hand to aid the friendless victims of sudden breaks in fortune in this wild and homeless land; in short, a seven days, not a seventh day, minister. Starr King came, and California's need in him was answered. For me to rehearse what he has done among you, would be for the scholar to inform the teacher. I can but waken up the tender chords of memory by a sweeping stroke across the harp on which his masterly hand has played life's oratorio in California.

In many an Eastern city, I've seen the wounded soldier borne, with mutilated form, from the battle field to hospitals and ward, where tender nursing, healthful balm and ministry, offered their poor part recompense for shattered limbs and ruined constitutions; and well I know that much of this compensation was given with California gold, which brave Starr King has pleaded for in public and in private. I've seen the taxed and harrassed States impoverish themselves till, the last dime gone, they turned on either side in vain to purchase

clothes for the brave defenders of the land, and exchange worn shoes and tattered garments for the needed coverings which ceaseless toil and the bitter hardships of war's campaign made trebly urgent. How many times, when we women plead with exhausted poverty for more and yet more aid, the bountiful supply poured in from California in answer to the fiery tones of commanding appeal Starr King made here for the Sanitary Fund. Tender women, who went forth on the ghastly battle field, to wipe the death damps from the dying brow, and give earth's last cup of cold water to the parching lips of our martyrs, sped to their work provided with the gold of California, amongst which ever sparkled the gems of Starr King's eloquence. I have seen poor women—wives of mechanics, clerks, and operatives, once happy in the home, full wages earned, now almost beggared in the loss of husband, father, brother, and not less in the exchange of the plentiful supply of labor's due for the scanty pay of the private soldier—standing in patient groups around the doors of the Relief Funds for the soldiers' families, waiting for the dole of bread and clothes and fuel which alone could save the little ones from starving, whom the warrior father left a legacy to you. How much of California's gold supplied their wants, their blessings on you prove; how much of Starr King's labors in your midst has crystalized and shaped your generous aid into effective working order, the Sanitary Fund in California owns. I know your mines are rich, your hands outstretched to dispense your rich mines' products; but I also know the solution needs the crystal to give it organic shape, and this was found in the wise, clear brain, and full, warm heart our friend supplied, and to him we owe much of the bounteous shape and blessing this golden land has assumed to the suffering ones at home.

Your speaker is a child of another continent, and in her European education has fully realized the hatred, discord, war, and wrong that grows out of the disunited forms of Europe's broken kingdoms. On this small continent of Europe, the brotherhood of man is swallowed up in the rival interests of foreign sovereignties. Instead of the general weal which a common humanity allots to all, the disjointed interest of European kingdoms resolves its peoples into opposing factions,

whose preying upon each other is only restrained by the cannon's destructive fear or the bristling arms of war. To save America from such a sad disruption, to fulfill the purposes of God in her noble brotherhood of States, and preserve intact the irresistible force of her strong, unbroken Union, our Starr King's noblest efforts have been poured out amongst you. The scathing shaft of satire, the fearless bolt of defiance, the earnest plea of reason, and the holy fire of patriotism—these are the weapons with which he fought and triumphed in your State for Union and America; for which not only you, but the poor, oppressed, and king-bound slaves of every land, will cry, "God bless him!"

The triumph of pure republicanism is the triumph of the people's rights, the assurance of their chance for life and every good. The success of republicanism in the nineteenth century depends alone on the power of the Western world to inaugurate it under that full and complete state of unanimity which, strong within itself, is impregnable from without. The wealth and power of California is America's true balance wheel. Who can estimate too highly, then, the work of him who helped to engrave the sacred name of UNION on California's heart? It is such work as this that makes of him we celebrate to-night a world-wide blessing, an individual and general good; and when all human interests in the fate of one great nation are trembling in the balance, O, bless our God, that raises up a strong and noble champion of this holy cause of Union! And bless the noble voice that speaks beneath the inspiration of the coal of fire, taken from off God's altars, to proclaim throughout the length and breadth of loyal California that union, republicanism, and liberty are forever one!

But it is not alone in public life that we must follow him. In California, as in Boston, the poor and sorrowful, those who are ready to perish, the widow and the orphan who look abroad for friends, and justly seek out those who stand upon our public platforms to teach God-given principles—such as these have often crowded around your speaker, and such as these have never come to her without the tale of ministry and blessing rendered by kind Starr King. And when her power failed, her purse was empty, and her hand too weak to save,

it was ever the last resource to send the beseeching applicants to kind Starr King. I never met with him; but on life's highways, those poor and suffering creatures created a link that bound me to him, and I knew the depth of that man's heart and purse-strings better than my own.

If California has made him rich, she only made a steward to dispense her bounty; and I, and the poor, can testify the blessings he received he gave again in a tenfold measure—standing amongst us as an elder brother, in whom we all felt strength and confidence, to whom in our distresses and our griefs we felt we had a right to go—not alone because he was *our* Starr King, but because he was God's Starr King.

Review him in the rostrum. You may not believe with him, or see the way to Heaven as he pointed it out. You may take a different road, but how do you know your road is right? Listen to his voice, and you have heard the promptings to inquiry. Listen to his bold sentences; each one was a suggestion to search and find the truth. He heeded not fear or favor of man in his ministry as a churchman. You know he stood amongst you, not as a scholar alone, not as the hireling of a certain church, or the mouthpiece of a sect or institution; you know he stood amongst you as a representative of whatsoever truth his God gave him to see. Whether he might have perceived with those clear and searching eyes ALL the truths that exist in life is not for us to inquire; but what he did see, that he nobly taught. Wheresoever he perceived the false, he unscathingly exposed it; where recognized the truth, there did he point the way.

We may not in this century appreciate half the value of the efforts those noble pioneers are making who open up before us new paths in metaphysics; but whilst all art and science, intellectual, physical and material life is marching onward in the ever widening paths of progress, man's highest interests, his immortal welfare, may not, in popular creeds at least, be believed from any other standpoint than the embryonic past. The floods of light which illumine all things else with ever brightening and increasing revelation, man's fear or pride, selfishness or bigotry, wave back from the soul's most urgent interests, with the awful ban of fear, closing the volume of

inquiry from him with the clasp of "*sacred mystery*." Thank God for him who dares re-echo God's great command, "Let there be light!" and brings the earnest soul face to face with its immortal destiny, and calls upon it to exert the dawning light of reason and each unfoldment of truth's continuous stream, to penetrate God's ways and laws and attributes, compare "*the word*" and *works*, and in the holy volume of religion answer the sacred charge with "And there is light."

A clear, suggestive reasoner, a reverend thinker, a fearless preacher, and a practical demonstration of his theory's worth, Starr King might be the antagonist of *sect*, but never that of TRUTH—which from investigation has nought to fear, from mystery everything. Thank God for him who aids to break the chain of the black man's captive body, the white man's fettered soul!

Remember, too, the many glowing pages of God's gospel that he read you! Not only the venerable scriptures of Hebrew days and writ; he taught you to contemplate that ever living page that God himself inscribed—the works and ways of Him who fashioned all around us in order and in beauty. God's works are all around us. The heaving billows of the ocean, the towering mountain heights, the lowly flowers and the tender grasses, the smiling rivulet, the rushing torrent, the wildly leaping cataract—all these are works of God, all these his gospel, all these come fresh from Him, and these were scriptures on which the clear and reverend eyes of him we love read Deity. He loved to walk amongst them, and send his searching glance far, far across the glorious panorama his Father and his God marked out, and then come back with burning inspiration on his lips to tell us of their holy meaning—to ascend the mountain heights, those great cathedral spires that God hath reared, then stand upon earth's platforms and tell us what God said to him in nature—interpret the murmuring breeze and sighing winds, speak of the voice of flowers, and repeat the solemn anthems of the forest. Have not your hearts within you burned as his eloquent tongue rehearsed these passages in God's great natural Bible? and though men dare not label this as *sacred*, lest haply their neighbor's prejudice be shocked, have we not *felt* it so, as His minister proclaimed its holiness?

Nor did he forget the noble lessons of antiquity. Earth's classic heroes lived again in his vivid speech; their noble deeds, great crimes, great virtues, warning, and example, made a part of the wide instruction our scholarly, *inspired one* showered upon us; and thus did he spend one half of his industrious life, in gathering up the mighty harvest of great truths, written on rocks and stones, and midnight skies writ over with their world-letters—shouted in hoarse, tempestuous tones of wind, and murmuring in the brooklet—marching along the battle grounds of life, from dim antiquity to modern sidewalks—breathing out inspiration in the deep, prophetic strains of David, and urging on fervid action in defense of a bleeding country; whilst the other half was devoted to the wide outpouring on the millions of what the individual scholar had thus in ceaseless effort stored in mind. Was not this to be a minister in the widest sense of the term, from a working God to a world of his working creatures?

And now that we have rehearsed the past of this great and useful life, we have the right to ask of God and man, what is its issue? God closes not the gate against us of inquiry by any canon of his revelation in which finality is even implied. Pardon your speaker, then, if many gathered here do not recognize that man's command alone has closed the mausoleum gates against us, and denied our heart's aspiring yearnings to pursue our loved one into the eternal issues of his noble life on earth. We know he lives—our facts and your religions alike declare it; who forbids us, then, to follow him through that triumphant gateway which he passed as to his bridal bed, while others linger trembling as on the threshold of a nameless horror.

If God lived and worked in his noble creature—if his patriotism, genius, goodness, and bright intellect were scintillations of the spark divine, the eternal, never dying—he, like his Author, is immortal—he, like his Maker and partaking as effect of the mighty cause, preserves all of his beauty, worth, and excellence, his love for country, love for us, and with it the heavenly privilege of acting out his highest. If I address sectarians, who see no God's command outside their Bible, the last charge of the Master whom ye honor should suggest to

you our ministering spirit's occupation now. The highest proof that Jesus could require of love for him was to obey the charge, "Feed my sheep." What more can angels do than Him whom you call God? What more can risen spirits or good men accomplish than this your Master's last and sole demand of worship from his creatures? "Feed my sheep." The great and useful spirit while on earth fed God's sheep, in their ignorance with knowledge, in their trespass and rebellion with strong words of counsel and rebuke, in their hunger with his bread, and in their bondage with his efforts for their freedom. Thus lives he still and labors; where and in what condition many may disagree upon, but all must own such sparks divine as made up the glowing sunlight of his soul cannot be quenched by death.

We will not reason to-night upon the evidences many of us possess that the spirit never sleeps; that the untiring soul demands no rest; that the overworn and weary body alone becomes a burden, and when it is cast off the leaping soul springs up into a new life. What, then, is our heart's beloved's employment now? Where is he? What are our relations to him? Gaze over the realm of nature, and you shall see Death everywhere; naught but a tender friend, nothing but a liberating angel. When the doom of decay is pronounced upon the things of earth, when these are unfit for use and their mission is ended, when some higher form or nobler thing is demanded, then comes kind Death, stealing on in the quiet steps of gentle decay, and breaks apart the prison bars of matter, and lets the life go free. This is the action of death everywhere. Even the materialistic man, that cannot pierce the tomb and follow the triumphant soul in God's eternity, even he acknowledges matter is immortal; even he discovers that all transformations are progressive, that all atoms grow more fine, more pure, more excellent, in that perpetual series of changes we call death. All nature, philosophy, learning, science, religion, acknowledge this. Think, then, where the great bright soul, the mighty sparks that fired the atoms of his body—where these are burning now. If, indeed, the soul is immortal, a child of God—if, like our Author, we are quenchless—if, like our Cause, we partake of His immortal nature—

then our patriot is not lost ; that great and burning heart that throbbed with patriotic fire in Boston streets, and carried the links across the far ocean to bind them like a chain around your hearts, and make you love his poor, torn, bleeding America ; then this tender love is throbbing for his country still ; that clear and piercing judgment that discovered America's strength was Union, that cast his eyes over the great body politic, and recognized its membership clustering around the warm, great, noble heart of a central republicanism—then that judgment, that could see thus clearly through the prison bars of mortal clay, becomes in that noble vista which he takes from the mountain tops of eternity, gazing upon our earth and all its interests with the wide perception which the spirit world has given him, only more luminous and patriotic. Surely, the kind hand stretched to save the stranger, and give out his store, and labor for the fallen, is not withdrawn. That clear eye that saw in all earth's beauties God's handiwork, that called upon all his listeners to praise their God for beauty, to worship in the summer's sun, with laughing hearts, and smiling faces—surely he, in a brighter and better land, in the home of never setting suns, has not forgotten beauty, and will not cease to pour the inspiration of the lovely land in which he dwells upon us as heretofore. We may believe that, when our hearts are full of praise, and we go forth in the summer glory of our earth, and feel these throbbing hearts too full for expression, and gaze into the shining skies and offer our speechless gratitude to God for beauty, he is with us still. We may not see him, may not hear his tender spirit tones, for we are in the one world still—he in the experience of the two ; we are behind the veil that he has passed—enshrined still in the prison walls of earth that he has broken through ; and though all present may not have the same conclusive evidence your speaker realizes, to comfort her with the assurance his telegraphic message still may reach her, and from the land of light which he has gained the open ear of spirits still enshrined in flesh may hear him calling, still your reason, piety, and faith assures you He who gathers up the beautiful has left not in the wreck of death one noble gift behind. Moreover, 'tis a happy thought to cherish faith in that supreme wisdom that adapts

all means to ends, and gave his minister and ours a mortal frame fit to outwork the special duties that belonged to him, and that while no sparrow falls, or unnumbered hair exists, which God's laws do not rightly place, the earthly tenements that shrine immortal spirits cannot break without his law of wisdom incident in death, decay, and life. All is well with him, for disease is but the key by which the lock of mortal life is opened, death but the entrance to the higher life, and pain and grief fit ministers of wisdom.

To those who realize these views, whilst we in human sense may miss our loved one, we may not, cannot murmur at his removal; we look not for him, therefore, in the voiceless tomb—it only shrines a form, and never held the spirit that has triumphed in arisen liberty from the dust that held it. That dust is our Starr King's; yesterday it was the shape, the mould, the limit of his spirit in its mortal pilgrimage; to-day it is a monument of that alone which has been. To know Starr King, and follow him through to-morrow, we must think of him as amongst Earth's guardian spirits, promoted from the scene where he was ministered unto by angels, to the sphere of their ministry to us who stay behind. And yet we bid you not forget him; one half the purpose of his life is still with you, and instead of the cold, ungrateful charge that the world so often tenders the sorrowing, of forgetfulness, promising them balm for their grief in the consuming flood of time, cherish his memory by the oft-repeated tale of his good deeds. Tell your young men who riot in the wealth of youthful fire unstinted, drink deep the cup of joy in the privilege of youth, and claim the liberty of rushing madly into life to waste and ruin it,—tell them of him who at nineteen years of age was the stay of a widowed mother, prop of fatherless sisters, and father to his brothers,—trace him toiling patiently to teach the lisping tongue of infancy by day, and bending his well-stored mind to the young child's ignorance, and when the night, for other's rest and ease, came, watching with midnight stars through long hours of study, poring upon the page of classic lore and searching the depths profound of learning, unsparing of himself, his youth, health, time or rest, to fulfill the heavy duties of the day and from himself steal a midnight day for

wisdom. Tell the country often of the debt they owe the Patriot, the Soldier, who was their untiring friend. The widow and the orphan need no reminder; nor will yourselves when you require a friend, a faithful minister, wise counsellor, or some kind sympathizing one from out the cold and selfish mass to fly to, then will you know what Starr King was, and what he would have been in this your strait.

Perhaps in such reviews as these, you will deem the mighty hand, that snatched him from the earth that needs such men as him so woefully, was harsh and premature. Thinking of his young manhood, scarcely full, the short career, the years that might have been full of such usefulness as his, you will murmur that waifs are left behind and this noble ship lies stranded. Such thoughts should stimulate you, then, to perform the mission not yet ended—take up the burden he has laid off, and the work he has left unfinished carry on, and in his example guided, in his self-made career assured the cause of greatness lies within, not formed by circumstances, or put on like a robe already fashioned for you, *be you Starr King*, and for humanity, yourself, and him, accomplish all the work he left to do, by following in the footprints he has made to tread in.

If there is another charge that I might urge upon you in his name, 'tis this: Whilst you extend the hand of cordial welcome to every child of light that comes amongst you, oh, suffer not the radiance of new suns to dim the steady light of this bright star that lately shone amongst you. Remember him in your hours of mental conflict, and triumph as he triumphed; think of him when the poor are pleading with you, and, like him, "feed God's sheep." Look on his glorious monument, so strangely built to shrine him. The carping world will gaze on its sculptured beauty, and like the precious ointment poured on Jesus' head, murmur against the waste of so much beauty that might have fed the poor. Answer them, that all that's beautiful is useful. Beauty is the form of use, the expression of a graceful mind, refined and holy appreciation of the great and beautiful model of creation; and by its psychology influence arranges chaotic elements in order, and brings in harmony the scattered links of use, which when arranged take ever the shape of beauty. Thoughts are most sublime in

cathedral cloisters, gothic fanes, and glorious works. Art or nature, whether of stones or trees, sculptured arch or forest domes, are equally impressive to the reverend mind, and elevate us to the soul of the architect, whether it be the Infinite, the Universal, or the finite of the church.

Remember him, and often pause beside the monumental stone that incloses what he was, to think of him, my sisters, as your friend and brother. Go, think of him, oh, mothers, as the husband of the widow, the voice whose young life preached to every son, "Do like as I did." Patriots, think of him, nor spare yourselves or interests when the bleeding country can be served by a single man like him. Theologians, forget your bitterness of creed when you think of him, and be sure that if his form was different to your own, its essence was so God-like in its working, that you well may honor the religion for the sake of the man that lived it.

Religionists, if any here there be who have deemed that the church was a shrine whose excessive holiness could not bear contact with the things of daily life, look back on this priest of God, and ask yourselves whether the solemn pride which shuts itself away from life and usefulness in the idle pomp of sanctity will bear comparison with him, who put on the priestly robe in everything, at every place and time, made of each day a Sabbath, of city streets a church, of human hearts an altar, of life a ceaseless prayer. You may think our tone exaggerated in speaking of our priest, the beautiful, the useful, and the kind. What if it is? Death has claimed his imperfections all. Death pays the wages of his sins, and sweeps off the frail and transient. What she leaves is the gift of God—THE GOOD, which is eternal. His imperfections, like his crumbling form, sleep in the grave. God only gathers up the beautiful, and this we will honor, dwell on, take as our beacon light and pole star, and therefore we rehearse the beautiful he did, and commit his errors to the tomb.

And now, farewell to his life on earth amongst us! And here alone the sadness of our task falls on our tongue—for, despite the eternal links that bind our souls to his, our human nature suffers, and our senses weary of his human absence and sensuous loss. Something, we know, has gone from out our

atmosphere; something is wanting in our city streets to-day; his mortal presence filled our air with fragrance, and makes us feel in its loss that something is missing. Something has gone from us; our streets are more cold; our eyes are dim, and a painful throbbing at our hearts seems like an invisible knocker asking to come in to tell some painful tidings. Why, why has California cherished this mournful guest? Because that man was a strength amongst us. Because that power was in the air. Because those who never directly tasted of his bounty, or clasped the hand of his friendship, tasted of it through example, and clasped it through a brother. Because the fine and tender links that bind humanity together includes the world; and it is not here in California, nor yet in broad America—it is not in the lands of setting suns alone that our star is dim, and only shines in the night of our adversity, when we are compelled to look to heaven to find him, it is throughout the world; for when a great and good man has laid his burden down, and finished up his work on earth, and all his mission with us seems to end, when we see his face no more, nor wait upon the sound of his dear voice, it is not here alone we miss him. All nature feels the blow. The echo of that tone vibrates through all eternity, and when its music ceases, we marvel not a funeral bell seems sounding in our ears. 'Tis then we turn to heaven and immortality for comfort. 'Tis then we remember how he died, and arise from the couch of sorrow, assured of his Paradise and ours (if like him we earn it,) by memory of his triumphant passage through death's gate. We know the dying stand between the darkness of the closing earth-day and the brightness of eternity's to-morrow. We know the presage of the coming morning is already on their eyes; and as these close to the mortal, so they open wider to the immortal world. Can they mistake life's issues then? Why, then, do the dying never mourn when all around are sorrowing? Their love remains, and yet they never seem to feel the pang of separation that rends our hearts in twain. His friends, his baby boy, and his heart's treasured love; all these were cared for—tenderly remembered. Friends, wife, children, earth, and its honors! All were fading from his mortal eyes, yet in this unselfish and still loving nature no sting

of grief was there. Surely, this is a testimony *no cause for grief existed*—not because he rejoiced in the coming glory, but because he realized the nearness of the world of which he should be a dweller to the home of those he loved; because he beheld how thin the veil of separation truly was, and at last could understand the Divine assurance, “And there shall be no more death!”

Thus the mortal lamp went out, quenched in the greater glory of an eternal sunlight; a speechless rebuke to the cold hearted bigot, who deems there is no other gate to heaven but through the narrow portals of his creed; a never dying tone of consolation to the faithful, who realize like him that life is worship, and death to the good man victory eternal.

Let me conclude, then, this poor tribute offered by one who in the world's phrase was a stranger alike to him and you, but in the ties of that humanity which he threw out around him, cables for other souls like mine to cling to, an elder brother, friend on earth, and polar star in heaven, in the words of the anthem paraphrased from the ancient patriarch's lay:

“When the ear heard him, then it blessed him; when the eye saw him, it gave witness unto him;

“Because he delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

“The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.

“He was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame was he, and the cause which he knew not he searched out.”

God keep his memory green in our hearts; make his sweet voice a living echo in our mortal ears; his bright smile still a sunbeam gilding life's tempestuous waves; his triumphant death a beacon light to guide us through death's shadowy vale; and his assured ministry from spheres of light eternal a consolation and a teaching to earth, forever and forever.