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April, '81

A EULOGY.

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON THE LATE VICE PRESIDENT HENDRICKS.

Dr. Talmage devoted his lecture Friday night to a eulogy of Thomas A. Hendricks. The late Vice-President was a warm personal friend of the Tabernacle pastor. There was a very large audience present Friday night. Dr. Talmage spoke as follows:

While the Nation was assembling to celebrate the incoming of the fruits of the earth the black reaper, death, swung his sharp sickle and with keen blade cut down the second of the high officials of the land. In the sweet cup of public rejoicings there was pressed the wormwood of bereavement, and the bright national wreath was intertwined with cypress, and there was a clash of hal-lelujah chorus and dead march. The sudden demise of Thomas A. Hendricks, our Vice President, has saddened the Nation. Great and magnificent soul, hast thou gone forever beyond the world's praise and blame? Pure as a woman, unaffected as a child, yet mighty in the counsels of State and Nation and church! From the time when at an out-door meeting in the West I said in going upon the platform: "Where is Governor Hendricks?" and he put his hand on my shoulder and said: "Here I am," until I met him in a glee of spirits at his rooms in Washington at the close of his last spring's work as presiding officer of the United States Senate, I loved him more and more. Many did not realize his greatness, because he had such equipoise of character, such rounding and symmetry of nature, no one faculty projecting itself until it became a protuberance and out of proportion to other faculties. Great as a lawyer; great as a Governor; great as a Congressional Representative; great as a Senator; great as a Vice President, he has suddenly ascended to higher spheres, for he was a Christian, and about his destiny there can be no dispute. Our Vice President is with God. The time of his going, if it had been decided by anything else than divine wisdom, would seem inopportune and a mistake. Just after the jolt and jar and irritation always felt at the going out of one party from power and the assumption by another party had passed away, and public affairs seemed completely settled for another four years, by this startling providence agitating questions are aroused, and on the 7th of next month we shall practically have another Presidential election, the Senate called upon to do that which last March the people had fixed, as they thought, for years to come. President Cleveland's continuance in life and mental capacity is the only barrier between us and a complete revolution in the administration of public affairs. When there are so many malarias floating up from the Potomac Flats, and so many Wilkes Booth and Guiteaus and unreformed cranks, political and religious, who remain unshot and unchanged, we do well, with more emphasis than ever before, to pray God to bless and protect the President of the United States. But that which might seem the wrong time for such a decrease is the right time, because the Infinite God makes no mistakes, and, trusting the nation to His hands, we devoutly study the lessons of this life that has now disappeared, leaving the nation in grief. First of all, he was a good man amid all the temptations of political life. Any man that can live at Washington through two Congressional terms and a term as Commissioner of the General Land Office, and a Senatorial term and part of a Vice Presidential term, as did this man, and have his morals undamaged is fire proof and hail proof and lightning proof. The test is terrific and tremendous beyond anything imagined by any one who has not either experienced it or had intimate friends describe to him the perils

through which they passed in Washington political life. The trouble is that so many men of great talent have been great in their dissipation, and their misdeeds have been made the subject of jocosity rather than of loathing reprehension. Men honest at home have at the capital gone down under Credit Mobilier infamy, and men pure at home have at Washington bowed to habits of dissipation. Two years in the House of Representatives or six years in the Senate have been the temporal and eternal damnation of many of the grandest men in this country. The Congressional Burying Ground at Washington and the city and village and neighborhood cemeteries North, South, East and West contain the bones of a great many Congressional drunkards. Amid all these fires for many years Thomas A. Hendricks walked unsinged. He never got on board that popular rail train which has its depot in every city, namely, "Dead River Grand Trunk Railroad," which is said to have for stations Grappleton, Quarrelville, Guzzlers' Junction, Debauch Slough, Dismal Swamp, Dark Tunnel, Murderer's Gulch, Hangman's Hollow, and Perdition. In this day when we have so many factories in the land making drunkards by the wholesale, physicians by reckless prescriptions, apothecaries by false labels of bitters, and Congressional halls by overworking their members, what a grand thing it was we had so long in high places this man whose life was a perpetual protest against all styles of dissipation. He died with only a moderate estate, after many decades of unlimited opportunity. The bribing railroad schemes that ran over half of our public men always left him on the right side of the track. Along all the coasts strewn with the hulks of political adventures he voyaged without the loss of rudder or spar. If there ever was a man fit to be carried out amid the acclamation and conclamation of a grateful people, that man was Thomas A. Hendricks. Dear and generous soul, may he be held in everlasting remembrance! He was one of the few old men who knew how to treat young men. Many old people in dealing with their juniors make the mistake either of patronizing them or snubbing them; by patronizing them seeming to imply that they, the seniors, are bestowing a great favor; by snubbing, implying that they, the juniors are not worth noticing anyhow. Mr. Hendricks met you as a man ought always meet men, without any airs of superiority, or without any appearance of being bored, and a coal heaver could get from him as polite a bow as a Chief Justice. Another commendable characteristic was that he kept his patience while being persistently lied about. Speeches were put in his mouth which he never made, or taken out of their connection so as to advocate something different from what he meant. Interviews were reported the language of which he never used. He had thrown at him the charges of being a coward, a hypocrite, traitor, and all the vocabulary and abuse of Billingsgate was exhausted upon him by men who will be among the chief mourners at his obsequies. Alas, for the dishonest eulogiums of orators and editors who lie about a man while he lives, and then put their papers in mourning after he is dead, attempting by a graveyard atonement to undo the miscreancy of many years. There are some men appointed in different places to attend next Tuesday the memorial services at Indianapolis who had better stay away and employ those hours when the Nation's flag is at half-mast in reviewing their old campaign speeches and newspaper articles which tried to make a scoundrel out of this man whom they would make out a saint. But amid all the vituperation heaped upon him he kept his patience with mankind and never gave up to feelings misanthropic, and died in good humor with all the world. Mighty achievement that! Aye, as I intimated at the start, Thomas

A. Hendricks was a Christian. That made him invulnerable to violent attack, and confident for the future. For many years he belonged to our own denomination of Christians, afterward connecting himself with the Episcopal Church, but he always during these years had a heart of largest catholicity. He believed in God, the Father Almighty, and in the Divine Saviour and in the judgment day and in two destinies, and he acted upon this belief, not living so that ministers must speak of him as ministers are often obliged to speak of public men—by special pleading, trying to fix up their case for the eternal world, arguing that they must be Christians because some cold morning they threw some crumbs out to snow birds, or did something else equally commendable. In the counsels of the church he was called to sit and plan for the advance of the Saviour's Kingdom, and if religion had been a sham he was a man who would have exposed it, for he hated shams. He lived and died in the faith of the Gospel, an example to all men in public as well as private life and his position a refutation of all the attacks on Christianity, as though it were fit only for the weak minded and imbecile. Parks of artillery have been appropriately sounded over the graves of many of our public men, but it has seldom been so appropriate for all the church bells to chime and all the church organs to sound forth, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," and that ministers of Christ in gown and cassock, in surplice as well as in plain citizen's dress, should surround the altars, crying, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fall from among the children of men." He did not step down, he stepped up. Hark to the heavenly greeting: "I will make thee ruler over many things." The President of the United States Senate has struck the gavel on his desk for the last time. The journey which he began as a farmer's boy at Shelbyville, with his hand upon the plow, and which reached up into the high places of the Nation, has ended. Suddenly called, he was all ready. Strew his catalogue with camellias and immortelles. Let the Nation with reverence carry out its illustrious dead. After the weary journey, a sweet rest, the only good rest he has had for thirty years. His right hand closed, for there are no more patriotic words for him to write; his lips shut, for there are no more encouraging words for him to speak; his brow cool, for his head has stopped aching now; his heart quiet, for it will never break again. I put upon his grave not a single wreath, not a single blossom, but I put upon his grave a scroll, plain and white, half open, that you may read it from both sides: "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Meanwhile, I implore you, be earnest in your prayers for the Nation at this time when there is much anxiety as to what may be the outgrowth of this unexpected providence. I say to you, and to all to whom these words may come, as Moses said to the Israelites on the banks of the Red Sea: "Stand still and see the salvation of God!" Clear to the other bank the way will be open for dry-shod passage into the promised land of higher national prosperity, while the trickery, and the base partisanship, and the demagogism of the country, attempting to follow, will be whelmed in the waters of national retribution until not so much as a stirrup or linchpin will remain to tell where they went down. God save the United States of America!

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Always a Leader.

Boston Post: The life of Mr. Hendricks was busy and eventful. From his early manhood, he was a faithful, consistent, honest public servant. He was a participator in stirring and momentous events. His career as a national man began in the times when the troubles between the North and the South were reaching a crisis. He was a member of the House of Representatives when the repeal of the Missouri compromise was agitated. He participated in the debate over the fugitive slave law. He was a Senator during and immediately after the war, and when the Democrats in the upper chamber of the Federal Legislature were a mere handful. He was Governor of his State when the tide was just beginning to turn in favor of his party. For sixteen years many of his fellow-citizens have desired to see him President. Twice was he elected to the office in which he died, and he was one of the victims of the great political crime of 1877. Always and ever where he was a leader among men, as a legislator, as an executive, as a lawyer, as a private Christian gentleman.

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Capt. Coleman, of Weymouth, plying between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled with a cough so that he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme soreness in his breast. His children were similarly affected and a single dose had the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the Coleman household and on board the schooner.

Free Trial Bottles of this Standard Remedy at F. B. Meyer's Drug Store. 4

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Mr. T. W. Atkins, Glard, Kansas writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by F. B. Meyer.

Good Results in Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs, had tried many remedies without success. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery. Trial Bottles free at F. B. Meyer's Drug Store. 5-

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