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WILLARD MEMORIALS.

Shafts that Point Heavenward in Eternal Honor of the Peerless Leader of a Great and Undying Cause.

As promised last week, the TRANSCRIPT this week gives the eloquent tribute of Dr. David L Greenfield to Frances Willard:

FRANCES WILLARD IN THE WORLD'S MEMORY.

There has been, or there is to be placed in the rotunda of the National Capitol at Washington, a marble bust of Frances Willard, chosen as one of the two representatives of the great commonwealth of Illinois! It is fit that the woman to whom the people gave by acclain the title, "Our Uncrowned Queen," should have unshared, this distinguished honor! And so, as the countless multitudes of this and every clime pass under that majestic dome, and see amidst the effigies of the nation's makers,—its poets, sages, warriors, statesmen and rulers—this memorial of her, the name of Frances Willard will be perpetuated in the memory of the world!

Frances Willard has a place assured to her in the world's memory, in that her public prominence will throw her into relief as one of the most striking illustrations of certain foundation principles of character and success,—principles to which the wise must call the attention of the heedless, so long as humanity shall grow from more to more. Some Emerson must always emphasize the truth, "The world is not clay, but rather iron in the hands of its workers, and men have got to hammer out for themselves a place by steady and rugged blows." So long as indolence or despair need to be spurred to aspiration, so long as there is

The low desire—the base design
That makes another's virtue less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And the occasions of excess?

The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more than truth,
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth,

And thoughts of ill—and evil deeds
That have their roots in thoughts of ill,
What ever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will,

so long there will be need for the ringing gospel, that out of the most unpropitious circumstances a great name, and work and destiny can be forged. Of these truths Francis Willard will be cited in shining proof, with Lincoln, Wilson, Garfield, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Faraday, Stewart, Edison and millions more whose names the world will never willingly let die.

I read in a scrap book this morning these lines of Mary A. Townsend:

To each man's life there comes a time supreme;
One day, one night, one morning or one noon,
One freighted hour, one moment opportune,
One rift through which sublime fulfillments gleam,
One space when fate goes tiding with the stream,
One Once in balance, 'twixt too late, too soon,
And ready for the passing instant's boon.
To tip in favor the uncertain beam.

Ah, happy he who, knowing how to wait,
Knows also how to watch and work and stand
On life's broad deck alert, and at the prow
To seize the passing moment big with fate,
From opportunities extended hand,
When the great clock of destiny strikes Now!

There is a truth for the mother's pupils, for the school-room, and never to be silent in the pupil till the end of time! And for the enforcement of it never will there be found a finer instance than in those memorable days when fired with the crusade enthusiasm. Francis Willard stood eager but selfrestrained, and struck the nick of time to make her all she was to be to the world. Further still this woman must stand, ever to be revered, ever to exert her influence, among the flaming examples of those who by self-surrender to the moral right and for human good have grasped the secret of Christ's hold upon the human heart, and whom paradox as it is, a selfish humanity must adore as nearest to the divine. Self help, self mastery, self sacrifice,—these three, abide, the abutments and foundation-stones of all greatness, all goodness; these three, and the greatest of these is self-sacrifice! It is the secret of beauty, of culture, of character; it is at the root of all progress, all civilization. Frances Willard's renown was through self-renunciation. She stood in that inner circle, next the cross of Calvary, where you see faces like those of Father Damien's and William Carey, like George Washington's and Grace Darling's, encircled by the shining host of the martyrs of science and patriotism, and religion from the infancy of time!

I wish I could, with confidence, say that Frances Willard's fame and worth will have its perpetual, its only legitimate and perfect memorial in a nation freed from the saloon and all its curse! If that is ever to be it, lies far in the future, or if soon, as the result of means that are not operative to-day, or if so, not apparent as yet! The working classes of Great Britain are spending seventy million pounds a year in drink. Ireland spends eleven million sterling, more than the entire rental of the country and wonders at her poverty. In a single year there are 50,000 arrests for drunkenness in New York city, 26,000 in Boston. Within a radius of one thousand feet in a Roxbury neigborhood there are eighteen saloons, sixteen drug stores, and three groceries where liquor is sold. Property owners do not want them, the citizens deplore them, but the authorities, the representatives of municipal order, will have them. No changes in the industrial system, no abrogation of trusts, no advance in wages can help society as long as the liquor traffic continues and the officers of the law co-operate with it in impoverishing the people, impairing the value of property and in developing new centres of vice and crime. The United States, and with few exceptions all the States of the Union, share the blood-money and in requital throw round the business imbruting the nation and wasting its vast resources, the protection of its legislation. You know how, whether the Constitution follows the flag or not to Porto Rico and the Philippines, the whiskey has, landed there in cargoes before the smoke had fairly cleared from Dewey's cannons. The Pope declares "Drink drags down numberless souls to perdition." Cardinal Manning declared that the principal thing he had learned in London in thirty-five years was that the chief bar to the working of the Holy Spirit in the souls of men is intoxicating drink. The Earl of Shaftsbury used this decisive language: "It is absolutely impossible, permanently or considerably, to relieve poverty until we get rid of the drink curse." Mr. Chas. Booth, the statistician, regards it as "the most prolific of all the causes of misery and wretchedness." Bishop Potter says that "prohibitionists are hypocrites," and favors an open saloon on the Sabbath. May God have mercy on him in that day! I cite these as indicative facts! This is the outlook! These the messages of those who look on from the high watch towers! "As yet struggles the twelfth hour of the night!" O, for a nation of homes unmenaced by the saloon from sea to sea! That would be the fitting monument, the due pean of this woman! But if it may not be, at least in the loving remembrance of all those who have pitied the sorrows and loved the goed of their fellow beings, she will have her renown, as one who led the only organized attempt of womanhood, and the greatest of all organized attempts of man or woman to rid the earth of the blackest, most withering curse with which greed and lust have ever dammed it. Nobler, diviner that one woman, daring to breast the stunning tide, than a million of the cravens, who with folded hands, in selfish indifference, let wrong riot and shame and misery deluge homes and hearts, without protest and without effort. Many rise to greatness on the crest of great success, to the credit of humanity be it said, the few who are embalmed in its highest honor, are those who failed, in daring to attempt for love's sake and for right's sake, and for Christ's sake—a task too greatly good to be done. Such was a Savonorola, a Huss, a Kossuth, and such was Francis Willard.

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie,
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
Of God's occasions flowing by!
Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than in the lap of sensual ease forego
The godlike power to do, the godlike aim to know.

In her sculphured face in the capitol, in memorial tablets, in all biographical records of the gifted and the brave who were great in the great service they did their kind; in the citation, in all literature of the nervous words with which a few years ago she thrilled the thousands who hung on her lips, the name of Francis Willard will be perpetuated. But her truest possible monument, that which she would choose rather than memorial pane, or "storied urn or animated bust," rather than anniversary service or "monumental shaft of lofty fame," will be the perpetuation of the Society, of which, for so long, she was the peerless leader; and the prosecution of the cause to which she gave her prayers, her talents, her toil her health, her life—herself. You remember the immortal speech of Abraham Lincoln on the field of Gettysburgh. "It is for us, the living, to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is for us to be dedicated here to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain." That, followers of Frances Willard, is the note I would have you hear like a bugal call! Wherever there shall be a woman, inspired by her, to live after that ideal of womanhood she loved and exemplified; in whatever respect the great renaissance of womanhood the last half century has witnessed—the enlargement of woman's sphere in literature,

(Continued on Third Page.)

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