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McKinley Memor

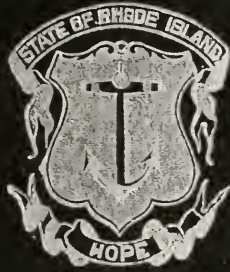
Providence, R. I.
Sept. 19, 1901

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McKINLEY MEMORIAL

SEPT. 19, 1901



*Presented by Henry M. King
Editor*

Service

IN MEMORY OF

OUR DECEASED PRESIDENT

William McKinley

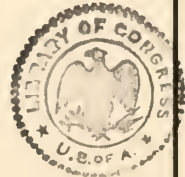
APPOINTED BY THE GOVERNOR
OF THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND

AT THE

FIRST BAPTIST MEETING-HOUSE

PROVIDENCE

SEPT. 19, 1901, AT 1 P. M.



E. M. King
H. M. King

EDITED BY
HENRY M. KING.

PRINTED BY
R. I. PRINTING CO.

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The Editor,
18₉₀'02

ORDER OF SERVICE



I. Organ Voluntary

Miss EMMA J. WILLIAMS, *Organist*

II. Anthem—"Come ye disconsolate" *Dudley Buck*

QUARTETTE OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Mr. EMORY P. RUSSELL

Miss ELIZABETH T. NORTHUP

Mr. ARTHUR L. KIMBALL

Miss GRACE E. BAKER

III. Reading of the Proclamations of President Theodore Roosevelt and Governor William Gregory

By Rev. HENRY M. KING, D.D.

Pastor of the First Baptist Church

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BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

A Proclamation

A terrible bereavement has befallen our people. The President of the United States has been struck down; a crime committed, not only against the Chief Magistrate, but against every law-abiding and liberty-loving citizen.

President McKinley crowned a life of largest love for his fellow-men, of most earnest endeavor for their welfare, by a death of Christian fortitude, and both the way in which he lived his life and the way in which, in the supreme hour of trial, he met his death, will remain forever a precious heritage of our people.

It is meet that we as a nation express our abiding love and reverence for his life, our deep sorrow for his untimely death.

Now therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, do appoint Thursday next, September 19, the day on which the body of the dead President will be laid in its last resting place, as a day of mourning and prayer throughout the United States.

I earnestly recommend all the people to assemble on that day in their respective places of Divine worship, there to bow down in submission to the will of Almighty God, and to pay out of full hearts their homage of love and reverence to the great and good President whose death has smitten the nation with bitter grief.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have herenunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.



Done at Washington, the 14th day of September, A. D. one thousand nine hundred and one, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-sixth.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

BY THE PRESIDENT :

JOHN HAY, *Secretary of State.*

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STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

A Proclamation

BY HIS EXCELLENCY WILLIAM GREGORY

William McKinley, twenty-fifth President of the United States, died on Saturday, September the fourteenth, nineteen hundred and one, at about two o'clock in the morning, in the city of Buffalo, New York, from the effect of a revolver shot fired by an assassin, at the time of a public reception of the nation's Executive on the afternoon of Friday, September the sixth, at the Pan-American Exposition.

The announcement, which it is my sad duty to make, records a monstrous crime the circumstances of which are to all of us familiar. No words can sound the depths of our common grief, no eulogy express the fullness of our affection for the citizen whom we distinguished as first among us. Because he was our President he was murdered. The motive is without a parallel in our country's history, and to the cry of horror at the act is added a free people's mighty denunciation of the abominable doctrine that it is claimed to represent.

By proclamation of Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, Thursday next, September the nineteenth, the day on which the body of the dead President will be laid in its last resting place, is appointed a day of mourning and prayer throughout the United States, and the same shall be a holiday according to the General Laws.

On that day let us assemble in our respective places of worship, there solemnly to participate in heart and spirit in the last services to the dead. In our devotions may we be sustained and comforted by the profound thought conveyed in the words of our President, dying: "God's will be done, not ours."

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the State to be affixed at Providence, this fifteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and one, of the founding of the State the two hundred and sixty-sixth, and of Independence the one hundred and twenty-sixth.



BY THE GOVERNOR:

WILLIAM GREGORY.

CHARLES P. BENNETT, *Secretary of State.*

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IV. Introductory Remarks and Invocation

Rev. HENRY M. KING, D. D.

In compliance with these Proclamations, by the President of the United States and the Governor of this ancient Commonwealth, we, fellow-citizens, representing every walk and station in life, have assembled in this historic sanctuary, whither the people have often come in times of public sorrow or rejoicing, to express our appreciation of the high personal character and the distinguished public services of our late Chief Magistrate, to give utterance so far as our poor words will permit, to our profound sorrow at his tragic removal from us, and to implore the blessing of Almighty God upon his bereaved family and the afflicted nation. Let us invoke the divine blessing.

Invocation

O Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Thou hast been the shelter of thy people in their hours of sore distress and need. We bow our heads to-day under the shadow of an inexpressible grief, and we trust, also, under the shadow of thy protecting wing. Thou art not a God afar off, but near at hand. We need but to feel after thee to find thee, and to find thee is to find light in our darkness, and comfort in our distress, and courage in our despondency. Thou hast been our fathers' God in the past, in trial and

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temptation and like sorrow. We look to thee as our God in this terrible calamity which has come so suddenly upon us, and together with our fellow-citizens throughout the land we humbly seek thy face and favor.

Be pleased to manifest thyself unto us in this sanctuary to-day, and unto all thy waiting people who turn at this hour with mourning hearts to thee. Comfort, we beseech thee, those most tenderly bereaved, and overrule this mysterious event to the spiritual good of this great nation. Grant peace and wisdom unto all the people, and the submissive spirit which will say in the words that fell from the lips of the dying President: "Not our wills, but thy will, be done." May we be still, and know that thou art God.

We invoke thy presence and blessing in all these services in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

v. Responsive Reading of Psalm 90

Rev. GEORGE W. KENT

Pastor of the Westminster Unitarian Church

vi. Scripture Lesson

Isaiah xl. 1-31.

1 Sam. vii. 15; xii. 1-4.

Job xxix. 1-17.

2 Pet. ii. 1-22; iii. 17, 18.

Rev. EDWARD O. BARTLETT

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VII. Hymn No. 708

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on ;
Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead thou me on ;
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone ;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

VIII. Prayer

Rev. AUGUSTUS M. LORD

Pastor of the First Congregational Church

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver

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us from evil. For thine is the kingdom and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, on this day of mourning and prayer our hearts go out to the group of kindred, friends and fellow-workers who see all that is mortal of the leader they followed and the man they loved consigned to its last resting place.

We mourn with them and we mourn for ourselves. We mourn because at the beginning of this new century ignorant hate and brooding passion, revolting against all law and order, still select as their victim a man of pure life and honorable intent.

We mourn because he had to meet this fate as our representative, for our sake, standing for the principles of a free state, to which this great republic is consecrated.

And we pray that this noble and uncomplaining sacrifice may bear fruit in our lives, the lives of rulers and people, of leaders and led; that the sorrow of this hour may deepen into a steadier loyalty to all that is just and right, a stronger abhorrence of all that is cowardly and envious and mean.

In us and through us may our beloved country be guarded against the unchartered liberty of destruction and set free into the constructive freedom of the truth, not the freedom of our own unreasoning desires, but the liberty wherewith Christ hath set us free.

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Father, heed our prayer, guide us, receive us, and bless us. We ask it in the spirit of him whose disciples we try to be. Amen.

IX. Hymn No. 606

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee ;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

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x. Address

Rev. WILLIAM H. P. FAUNCE, D. D.

President of Brown University

“It is better,” said the Wise Man, “to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.” For in the house of feasting we sometimes forget God, but in the house of mourning we always come back to him. Our beloved country has been through many feast-days in the last few years. Visions of unparalleled power and progress and prosperity have floated before our eyes. Triumphs and congratulations and glowing prophecies have filled our minds and hearts. Our country’s story has been a tale of victories by land and sea, victories in the harvest-field and mine, victories in the factory and the mill and the exchange; and some of us have been tempted to think that the expansion of trade and the growth of commercial power would of itself usher in the millennium and establish the everlasting Kingdom of God. But suddenly out of the clear sky the blow falls—nay, not out of the sky, but up from the depths of hell the dastard arm is stretched; and the flags of a continent sink to half-mast, from Narragansett Bay to the Golden Gate the land is draped in black, the call to prayer is echoed by every Governor

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of every State, and millions mourn as when in ancient Egypt there was hardly a house in which there was not one dead.

It is fitting that at such a time the State should hold its memorial service—not for oration or eulogy, elaborating a grief that lies too deep for tears, but for simple honest words of loyalty and affection, for prayer to the Father of the living and the dead, and for renewing our high allegiance to our common country. The State which was the last to adopt the Constitution of the Republic will be the last to desert it. The State which gave to the nation Nathanael Greene and Oliver Hazard Perry sorrows to-day with her sister State of Ohio, and yet congratulates her on the high distinction of giving to the Republic two martyred Presidents, who by their death, as by their life, have brought strength and glory to every State whose star gleams in our American flag.

We mourn to-day for William McKinley, the man. We thank God that he left, as one great bequest to the young men of America, the record of a stainless private life, a manhood unsullied and sincere. We have not always ventured to inquire too narrowly into the private life of great leaders. We have admired their public virtues, but as regards their personal life have kept enforced silence. But we mourn a man to-day whose inmost private life will bear the fierce light which now beats upon it. No divergence of

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political views—and some of us have diverged at times sharply from his policy—can hide from us the fact that this was a good man, free from guile, chicanery and intrigue.

And that goodness shone out in geniality and kindness toward all his fellow-men. Some of our leaders are inaccessible, mysterious, sphinx-like. He was bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. His habit was home-spun, and his dignity of manner could not hide from us the native urbanity and kindly interest in every human being. That little porch of the modest home in Canton has become almost as well known to us as the steps of the White House, and we have liked to think of him there, the simple unaffected American, as devoted to his home as to his country. We have liked to think of him, and of her who has stood beside him so many years, almost preceding him into the world of light, but still remaining in the land of mystery and shadow. For thirty years he watched over her with rare tenderness and devotion ; she now watches over all that is mortal of him ; and the nation guards them both. Together they gave to America the best thing that can be given, the influence of a Christian home. While such homes are scattered over our land, leaders will not be wanting at the crisis of the Republic. Let the great cities have this week their great funeral pageants. It is fitting that the end should come where

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the life was lived, in the simple American home at Canton.

We mourn also a man who possessed a distinct kind of greatness. It is often said that a great man in this country cannot reach the Presidency. But there are various types of greatness. There are men who by sheer force of will and dominance of personality compel our reluctant admiration and subdue us into following them. These are the Alexanders and Napoleons of the State, the Augustines and Hildebrands of the church, the Michael Angelos and Wagners in the world of art. But there are others, great in their power of reception and interpretation. They absorb into themselves the longings of their generation, they catch the inarticulate cry of humanity, and then they interpret those longings and cries, and express them in words and deeds, as did John Bunyan and Phillips Brooks, as did Abraham Lincoln and William McKinley. They move the world, not perhaps as an original force, not as an irresistible wind, bending the forest before it; but they come as the sunlight, evoking, revealing and explaining, and they bless the world by their shining. And while the great original spirits often stand cold and isolated, the interpreters of the soul to itself are our friends and brothers. We admire the philosopher, we love the man. Therefore, even if men do not, in the histories of the future, call President McKinley, as some rulers have been called,

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“the Great” or “the Bold,” they will call him, as the people have already begun to do, “the Well-beloved.”

That such a man should be struck down, is it not a demonstration of the powerlessness of civilization to protect itself against disorder, and the incapacity of human governments to deal with anarchy? Is it not a complete triumph of the powers of darkness on the earth? On the contrary, it is a demonstration, never to be forgotten, of the futility of violence, of the folly of crime, of the fact that the assassin succeeds in only one thing, in earning the everlasting execration of all humanity. This murderer—whose alien name ought never to be pronounced again in America—has miserably failed to advance by one iota his inhuman creed, and has succeeded only in blackening his own name through all coming centuries.

Anarchy aims to destroy the government. But the headship of the Republic has passed, with tears, but without misgiving, into other and most competent hands, and the government was never stronger than to-day. The loyalty of millions has found expression this last week, and the deed we mourn has made the land to glow with patriotic fervor.

Anarchy aims to destroy human society and break the bonds of home, neighborhood and church. But to-day we realize the brotherhood of rich and poor, black and white, great and small, as never before, and with one common impulse we stand together.

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Anarchy aims to destroy the fraternity of nations and prevent co-operant action of human governments. But to-day all civilized nations hush their strife, and forget their divergencies, and bow with us in prayer to God. Messages of grief and sympathy pulsate through the Atlantic. Every crowned head of Europe sends some token of sorrow, differences of race and religion vanish in the common bereavement, the republics of South America hasten to lay a chaplet of flowers on the bier, and the nations seem "confederate to one golden end." We have had a demonstration such as the world has not hitherto seen of the enduring strength of republican institutions, of international sympathy and good-will, of the growing brotherhood of man.

We believe in our government and in our country as never before, and in this historic building, in the hour of prayer and hymn punctuated by the booming of cannon, let us rise, not in body but in spirit, not in formal resolution but in silent self-dedication—let us rise and renew our fealty to the Republic, and pledge to President Theodore Roosevelt the loyal, unswerving support of every man, woman and child in the State of Rhode Island. In the solemn scenes of this day party lines fade, our country looms large and fair and invincible, and we address to her the glowing words of Lowell spoken just after another sore trial of the nation's faith :

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"Thy God in these distempered days
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of his ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace.

* * * * *

What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee,
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare."

The influence of President McKinley over his countrymen is greater to-day than ever. "It is expedient for you," said Christ, "that I go away," for he knew that while with them he was misunderstood, when parted from them he would enter forever as moulding power into their lives. Sometimes the western sky is brighter just after sunset than even when the sun stood in meridian splendor, and the radiance of the heavens is greatest when the sun itself has vanished. So this simple, loyal citizen, this martyred President, this devoted patriot, has vanished, but his life shines on to illuminate and to inspire. He was standing in the sunset light, though he knew it not, when the day before the assault he spoke those words which we shall never forget: "The period of exclusiveness is past. . . . Commercial wars are unprofitable. . . . Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. . . . Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happi-

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ness and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth."

Thus breathing peace and benediction on the whole people and the civilized world, he met his end. Crying: "Let no one hurt him," he faced his murderer. Praying: "God's will, not ours, be done," he entered beyond the veil. And God's will shall be yet done in and through our beloved land. The Almighty has not finished with this people. He who led our fathers through the bitterness of Trenton and Valley Forge, he who preserved the nation through the fires of Bull Run and Gettysburg, has still for us a mission unachieved, a destiny yet to be realized. In his name we set up our banners. We thank him for the leader who was till yesterday with us, and now is forever with him. We thank God for the kindly, gracious, noble life, and then we turn to silent prayer.

"Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down;
In the solemn temple leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him."

XI. Hymn No. 934

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

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Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing ;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us with thy might,
 Great God, our King !

XII. **Benediction**

Rev. D. W. FAUNCE, D. D.



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A Report of the Services

WHICH APPEARED IN THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL, SEPTEMBER 20, 1901

AT THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

The Governor and State Officials listen to Addresses

The State of Rhode Island paid fitting tribute to the memory of the murdered President in a service appointed by His Excellency the Governor at the old historic First Baptist Meeting House. The edifice was thronged with people, and many stood outside, unable to gain admittance, but throughout that vast multitude the spirit of full appreciation of the solemnity of the occasion made a stillness that seemed almost deathlike. The people were overawed with feelings too deep for expression, and the services were truly in keeping, and afforded utterance to what was welling in the hearts of all.

Rev. W. H. P. Faunce, D. D., President of Brown University, made an eloquent address, which appealed to the sympathies of the great audience and held all rapt in the closest attention. The booming of big guns at minute intervals punctuated the observance with a spirit of grim reality, forming a solid background for the soft music, and with sad precision keeping the awful tragedy uppermost.

People began to arrive an hour before the services began, and the church steps, the broad lawns and the street in front were dotted with groups of people. There was no unseemly noise, but an all-pervading reverence, and the hush like that which precedes the breaking of a storm. It was a period of sad expectancy, awaiting the moment when, throughout the length and breadth of this great nation, services would begin contemporary with those which committed all that was mortal of William McKinley, the martyred President of the United States, to earth.

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The first of the official representatives of the State to appear were the Justices of the Supreme Court, whose flowing black robes were fitting cloaks of sorrow. With Judge Brown of the United States Court they occupied seats in the front of the church.

The main delegation assembled at the State House and marched on foot two by two. Two policemen in dress uniform came before and the line was led by His Excellency Governor Gregory leaning on the arm of Adj. Gen. Sackett. The general staff of the State came next and then the personal staff of the Governor in dress uniform with crepe badges on their sword hilts. Then followed Brig. Gen. Kendall, commanding the Brigade of Rhode Island Militia, with his staff. The regimental staffs were next in line, Col. Matteson and staff and Col. McGann and staff of the 1st and 2d Regiments. The rest of Gov. Gregory's military escort was formed by Maj. Tingley and staff of the 1st Battalion of Cavalry, with Capt. Maynard of Troop B; Capt. Weaver and his officers of Battery A, Light Artillery, a detail from which fired the guns during the day; Capt. Blunt and his officers of the 1st Separate Company; Col. Eccleston and staff of the United Train of Artillery and Col. Harrington and staff of the Kentish Guards of East Greenwich.

The officers were all in dress uniform with the insignia of sorrow draped on their swords.

Ex-Governors Dyer, Davis and Brown were in the line, and Gen. Brayton leaned on the arm of Congressman Bull. All the general officers of the State were present, Secretary of State Charles P. Bennett, General Treasurer Walter A. Read, Attorney General Willard B. Tanner, State Auditor Charles C. Gray and representatives of all the Boards. The General Assembly was represented by a large delegation from both houses and they made almost an unprecedented showing for such an occasion.

Several military organizations attended in bodies. The Department of Rhode Island Spanish-American War Veterans were present in command of Department Commander Lewis F. Burrough. The Sons of the American Revolution and the Commandery-in-Chief of the Sons of Veterans, with the Ladies' Auxiliary, were also represented. The official State

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representation and the invited organizations occupied nearly the whole body of the church, and the gallery and sides held as many more people as could find room.

Mourning draperies were arranged in a very tasteful manner. Behind the pulpit the carved woodwork was covered with folds of black, against which and surmounting all was an excellent picture of President McKinley. Big flags stretching from black bindings were draped back with mourning ribbons on each side of the pulpit, and reaching out below from the knots were smaller flags, on the right the flag of the nation and on the left the flag of the State, showing pure and bright in its white and gold, surmounted by a bow of crepe. From the gallery hung decorations of black and white in flowing folds.

Deputy Secretary of State J. Fred Parker was the chief usher, and the vast throngs were skilfully and quietly cared for without the slightest confusion either in emptying or filling the church. The other ushers were Walter Sturges, John Tillotson, Howard Jencks, Harry Wood, E. L. Sprague, Charles C. Gray, Jr., and John Henshaw.

Rev. Henry M. King, D. D., pastor of the church, occupied the pulpit, and on his right sat President Faunce of Brown University. The other clergymen on the platform were Rev. Augustus M. Lord, Rev. George W. Kent, Rev. E. O. Bartlett and Rev. D. W. Faunce, D. D.

The services opened with an organ voluntary and an anthem by the church quartet. Dr. King then spoke briefly on the occasion, and read the proclamations of the President of the United States and the Governor of Rhode Island, appointing the day as one of mourning, to be observed by special memorial services. Rev. G. W. Kent then conducted the responsive reading of the 90th Psalm, and Scripture was read by Rev. Edward O. Bartlett. President McKinley's favorite hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," was then sung by the congregation, and prayer was offered by Rev. Augustus M. Lord. The whole congregation rose and sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," after which President Faunce delivered the address, a complete report of which will be found on another page.

The congregation joined in singing "America," and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. D. W. Faunce, D. D.



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