Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1894.

The New York Times notes the fact that "the only part of the country which seems disposed at present to invite or encourage immigration is the South."

The Children's Aid Society of New York City takes out of the streets over 10,000 children every year and makes them self-supporting by teaching them trades.

The London Times says that the only time at which Mr. Gladstone has succeeded in commanding the unanimous sympathy of the whole British nation was when he had his eyes operated on.

It is said that so much farm land in England has lately been allowed to lapse from cultivation that wild animals, which ten years ago were in danger of extinction, are now flourishing and increasing. The badger and the otter, for instance, are reported to be thriving greatly on agricultural depression.

Henry L. Higginson, who generously gave Soldier's Field to Harvard College for athletic sports, has written a letter to the captain of the college baseball team that other ball players might read with profit: He says: "Good manners and a sense of justice call for a change or two in the ways of Harvard students at the games. Cheering a bad play of an opponent is unkind. Cheering to worry an opponent is shabby. Cheering in our home for our men only is at least ungraceful and very selfish."

In the Forum is an interesting article telling how Baltimore satisfactorily disposed of the tramp nuisance. It established a comfortable lodging house, to which male lodgers were admitted on the condition that they paid for the accommodation in work. The police stations were then closed against the tramps, and they were all referred to the lodging house. The result was that many poor and worthy men were satisfactorily assisted, while the useless, idle beggars, horrified at the thought of having to work for anything, have drifted away to find communities that will give them something for nothing.

Undismayed by their experience in the Suez and Panama enterprises, the French are undertaking to build another great canal. They have now determined to connect the Bay of Biscay with the Mediterranean by a canal over 400 miles long, from 144 to 215 feet wide and from twenty-eight to thirty-four feet deep, and with widened passing places every eight miles. There will be twenty-two locks, each 650 feet in length and eighty feet in width. The cost is calculated at $100,000,000. It is, however, safe to say that it will be much more. It is claimed by its promoters that besides greatly expediting commerce, this waterway will be of vast political significance. If it could only be kept open in war, Gibraltar, the strongest fort in the world, would be rendered useless, and France, instead of England, would hold the "Key to the Mediterranean."

Paul Bourget, the wonderful Parisian author of "Cosmopolis" and other romances, speaks of America as the greatest example of audacious modernism, the creation of democracy and science, which are the grand, mysterious, gloomy disturbers of the old world. Over against its vast, black, unaesthetic, almost rude concentration of superlative power called Chicago, this terrible democracy erected in a moment of play, a white city as beautiful as a poet's dream, whose vanishing palaces were not merely colossal, but also in a grand way simple, ingenious, graceful and symmetrical. The prosaic spirit of the age has built its rude western cities, and now turns to manifest to the world that it is competent, nay, eager, to conceive and love the most superb and admirable ideals. The golden sunlight of Illinois, the gray-green waters of Lake Michigan, the illimitable verdure of the prairies, saw in the fair the creation of an imperishable new object lesson for the ages, by American artists, foreigners and executive leaders, from [illegible] banks.

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE'S STIRRING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "The Royal Garden."

TEXT. "I have come into My garden."—Solomon's Song v., 1.

The world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Charlemagne added to the glory of his reign by decreeing that they be established all through the realm—decreeing even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV. at Montpellier, established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Shenstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world, but his garden, "The Leasowes," will be immortal. To the natural advantage of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor and terrace and slope and rustic temple and reservoir and urn and fountain here had their crowning. Oak and yew and hazel put forth their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious than that of Shenstone, and all that diligence and genius were brought to the adornament of that one treasured spot. He gave £300 for it. He sold it for £17,000.

And yet I am to tell you of a richer garden than any I have mentioned. It is the garden spoken of in my text, the garden of the church, which belongs to Christ, for my text says so. He bought it, He planted it, He owns it, and He shall have it. Walter Scott, in his outlay at Abbotsford, ruined his fortune, and now, in the crimson flowers of those gardens, you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last £100,000 sacrificed him. But I have to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the church of which my text speaks. Oh, how many sighs and tears and pangs and agonies! Tell me, ye women who saw Him hang! Tell me, ye executioners who lifted Him and let Him down! Tell me, thou sun that didst hide, ye rocks that fell! "Christ loved the church and gave Himself for it." If, then, the garden of the church belongs to Christ, certainly He has a right to walk in it. Come, then, oh blessed Jesus, this morning, walk up and down these aisles and pluck what Thou wilt of sweetness for Thyself.

The church in my text is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of choice flowers, of select fruits and of thorough irrigation.

That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere else, they will be along the borders or at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be the old fashioned holly hook or dahlia or daffodil or coreopsis, but if there be larger means then you will find the Mexican cactus and dark veined arbutilon and blazing azalea and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to His garden, and He plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. Some of them are violets, unconspicuous, but sweet in heaven. You have to search for such spirits to find them. You do not see them very often perhaps, but you find where they have been by the brightening face of the invalid, and the sprig of geranium on the stand, and the window curtains keeping out the glare of the sunlight. They are perhaps more like the ranunculus, creeping sweetly along amid the thorns and briers of life, giving kiss for sting, and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble has found that they have covered it all over with flowering jasmine running in and out amid the crevices. These Christians in Christ's gardens are not like the sunflower, gaudy in the light, but whenever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted there they stand, night blooming cereuses. But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus—thorns without, loveliness within—men with sharp points of character. They wound almost everyone that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them notwithstanding all their sharpnesses. Many a man has had very hard ground to culture, and it has only been through severe toil he has raised even the smallest crop of grace.

In this garden of the church, which Christ has planted, I also find the snowdrop, beautiful, but cold looking, seemingly another phase of the winter. I mean those Christians who are precise in their tastes, unimpassioned, pure as snowdrops and as cold. They never shed any tears; they never get excited; they never say anything rashly; they never do anything precipitately. Their pulses never flutter; their nerves never twitch; their indignation never boils over. They live longer than most people, but their life is in a minor key. They never run up to C above the staff. In the music of their life they have no staccato passages. Christ planted them in the church, and they must be of some service or they would not be there. Snowdrops, always snowdrops.

But I have not told you of the most beautiful flower in all this garden spoken of in the text. If you see a century plant your emotions are started. You say, "Why, this flower has been a hundred years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be a hundred years more before other petals come out." But I have to tell you of a plant that was gathering up from all eternity, and that 1900 years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the passion flower of the cross! Prophets foretold it. Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the bud, the rocks shook at its bursting, and the dead got up in their winding sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crimson flower—blood at the roots, blood on the branches, blood on all the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its touch is life. Its breath is heaven. Come, O winds, from the north, and winds from the south, and winds from the east, and winds from the west, and bear to all the earth the sweet smelling savor of Christ, my Lord.

His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love Him too.

Again, the church may be appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of select fruits. That would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no plums, no peaches or apricots. The coarser fruits are planted in the orchard, or they are set out on the sunny hillside, but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the church Christ has planted a great many beautiful things—patience, charity, generosity, integrity—but He intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there then shame on the church. Religion is not a mere flowering sentimentality. It is a practical life giving, healthful fruit—not posies, but apples. "Oh!" says somebody, "I don't see what your garden of the church has yielded." Where did your asylums come from, and your hospitals, and your institutions of mercy? Christ planted every one of them; He planted them in His garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus, He laid the cornerstone of every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demoniac of Gallipo, He laid the cornerstone of every lunatic asylum that has ever been established. When Christ said to the sick man, Take up thy bed and walk!" He laid the cornerstone of every hospital the world has ever seen. When Christ said, "I was in prison, and ye visited Me," He laid the cornerstone of every prison reform association that has ever been formed. The church of Christ is a glorious garden, and it is full of fruit. I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there are some weeds that ought to have been thrown over the fence. I know there are some crabapple trees that ought to be cut down. I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uprooted, but are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little gnarled fruit? You will find worm eaten leaves in Fontainbleau and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down or destroy the whole garden because there are a few specimens of gnarled fruit. I admit there are men and women in the church who ought not to be there, but let us be just as frank and admit the fact that there are hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of glorious Christian men and woman, holy, blessed, useful, consecrated and triumphant. There is no grander collection in all the earth than the collection of Christians.

There are Christian men in the church whose religion is not a matter of psalm singing and church going. To-morrow morning that religion will keep them just as consistent and consecrated on "exchange" as it ever kept them at the communion table. There are women in the church of a higher type of character than Mary of Bethany. They not only sit at the feet of Christ, but they go out into the kitchen to help Martha in her work, that she may sit there too. There is a woman who has a drunken husband, who has exhibited more faith and patience and courage than Hugh Latimer in the fire. He was consumed in twenty minutes. Hers has been a twenty years' martyrdom. Yonder is a man who has lain fifteen years on his back, unable even to feed himself yet calm and peaceful as though he lay on one of the green banks of heaven watching the oarsmen dip their paddles in the crystal river! Why, it seems to me this moment as if Paul threw to us a pomologist's catalogue of the fruits growing in this great garden of Christ—love, joy, peace, patience, charity, brotherly kindness, gentleness, mercy—glorious fruit, enough to fill all the baskets of earth and heaven.

I have not told you of the better tree in this garden and of the better fruit. It was planted just outside Jerusalem a good while ago. When that tree was planted, it was so split and bruised and barked men said nothing would ever grow upon it, but no sooner had that tree been planted than it budded and blossomed and fruited, and the soldiers' spears were only the clubs that struck down that fruit, and it fell into the lap of the nations, and men began to pick it up and eat it, and they found in it an antidote to all thirst, to all poison, to all sin, to all death—the smallest cluster larger than the famous one of Eshcol, which two men carried on a staff between them. If the one apple in Eden killed the race this one cluster of mercy shall restore.

Again, the church, in my text, is appropriately called a garden because it is thoroughly irrigated. No garden could prosper long without plenty of water. I have seen a garden in the midst of a desert, yet blooming and luxuriant. All around were dearth and barrenness, but there were pipes, aqueducts reaching from this garden up to the mountains, and through those aqueducts the water came streaming down and tossing up into beautiful fountains until every root and leaf and flower was saturated. That is like the church. The church is a garden in the midst of a great desert of sin and suffering. It is well irrigated, for "our eyes are unto the hills, from whence cometh our help." From the mountains of God's strength there flow down rivers of gladness. There is a river the stream whereof shall make glad the city of our God. Preaching the gospel is one of these aqueducts. The Bible is another. Baptism and the Lord's supper are aqueducts. Water to slake the thirst, water to restore the faint, water to wash the unclean, water tossed high up in the light of the sun of righteousness, showing us the rainbow around the throne. Oh, was there ever a garden so thoroughly irrigated? You know the beauty of Versailles and Chatsworth depends very much upon the great supply of water. I came to the latter place (Chatsworth) one day when strangers are not to be admitted, but by an inducement, which always seemed as applicable to an Englishman as an American, I got in, and then the gardener went far up above the stairs of stone and turned on the water. I saw it gleaming on the dry pavement, coming down from step to step, until it came so near I could hear the musical rush, and all over the high, broad stairs it came foaming, flashing, roaring down until sunlight and wave in gleesome wrestle tumbled at my feet. So it is with the church of God. Everything comes from above—pardon from above, joy from above, adoption from above, sanctification from above. Oh, that now God would turn on the waters of salvation, that they might flow down through His heritage, and that this day we might each find our places to be "Elims," with twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm trees.

Hark! I hear the latch at the garden gate, and I look to see who is coming. I hear the voice of Christ, "I am come into My garden." I say: "Come in, O Jesus; we have been waiting for Thee. Walk all through these paths. Look at the flowers. Look at the fruit. Pluck that which Thou wilt for Thyself." Jesus comes into the garden and up to that old man and touches him and says, "Almost home, father; not many more aches for thee. I will never leave thee. I will never forsake thee. Take courage a little longer, and I will steady thy tottering steps, and I will soothe thy troubles and give thee rest. Courage, old man." Then Christ goes up another garden path, and He comes to a soul in trouble and says: "Peace! all is well. I have seen thy tears; I have heard thy prayer. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; He will preserve thy soul. Courage, O troubled spirit." Then I see Jesus going up another garden path, and I see great excitement among the leaves, and I hasten up that garden path to see what Jesus is doing there, and, lo! He is breaking off flowers, sharp and clean, from the stem, and I say, "Stop, Jesus, don't kill those beautiful flowers." He turns to me and says: "I have come into My garden to gather lilies, and I mean to take these up to a high terrace, and for the garden around My palace, and there I will plant them, and in better soil, and in better air. They shall put forth brighter leaves and sweeter redolence, and no frost shall touch them forever." And I looked up into His face and said, "Well, it is His garden, and He has a right to do what He will with it. Thy will be done"—the hardest prayer a man ever made.

I notice that the fine gardens sometimes have high fences around them, and I cannot get in. It is so with the king's garden. The only glimpses you ever get of such a garden is when the king rides out in his splendid carriage. It is not so with this garden—the King's garden. I throw wide open the gate and tell you all to come in. No monopoly in religion. Whosoever will. Choose now between a desert and a garden. Many of you have tried the garden of this world's delight. You have found it has been a desert.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

VIRTUE is always paying dividends.

ANYTHING that hurts man, hurts God.

"THOU shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

A MAN'S true spirit is what he is under fire.

THE man who forms a good habit helps God.

COVETOUSNESS is the mother of all other sins.

WHEN love works it never looks at the clock.

THE Christian who complains finds fault with God.

A LOOK toward the devil is as dangerous as a leap.

IF God had no penalties his laws would not be laws.

"WHATSOEVER a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

NO BURDEN is ever heavy that love gives us to carry.

EVERY good man knows that there is a personal devil.

THE unconverted man sees no higher than he lives.

WHAT is the good of good that is not doing and being?

THE man who works for the devil never gets a vacation.

THE man who is religious anywhere is religious everywhere.

IT never does anybody any good to give away rotten apples.

YOU can't check the devil's baggage on the Lord's railroad.

WHEN sin hides, it forgets that it cannot cover up its tracks.

IF you have no trials, how do you know you have any faith?

THE Christian's God is the only god who wants the children.

THE smallest sin is big enough to keep Christ out of the heart.

A LIE is one degree worse than the sin which it tries to conceal.

CHRIST will not remain in any heart where sin is a welcome guest.

THE wickedest man on earth demands that God shall be good.

PERHAPS there is more kindness in every heart than we look for.

THE greatest enemy that any man can have is sin in his own soul.

THERE is no promise in the Bible for people who borrow trouble.

THE only right way to start out to be religious is to do it publicly.

WHEN a bad man reads the Bible the devil looks over his shoulder.

THE devil is a living lie, and he makes his followers just like him.

UNLESS a man has poor health, he helps the devil when he wears a long face.

ELEPHANT STORIES.

Barnum and Jumbo—The Sacred Elephants of India.

The recent execution of Tip, the New York man-killer, has given currency to many stories about elephants. A man who was once connected with a show said: "I had a slight acquaintance with the lamented and beloved Jumbo, who was killed in a railroad accident while traveling with the Barnum show. I knew Jumbo in London and saw him arrive in New York, and so, one day when I was dining with Mr. Barnum at a hotel in this city, just before the official opening of the Brooklyn bridge, I was much interested when he suddenly stopped reading a letter which a servant had brought to him at the table, and, exclaimed in a tone of the deepest irritation: 'Why, confound their old bridge! It can't advertise Jumbo, for he's known to millions of people who never heard of the Brooklyn bridge.'

"Then he handed me the letter, and I found it to be a letter from the Board of Trustees of the Brooklyn Bridge regretting that the Board could not accept Mr. Barnum's princely offer of $5,000 in payment for the passage of the elephant Jumbo from New York to Brooklyn on the evening before the official opening of the structure, and returning him the check he had sent in advance payment for the extending of that privilege to that big beast. The letter was very courteous and explained that as President Arthur was to open the bridge the morning after the desired passage of Jumbo was asked for it did not seem proper that so very distinguished an animal should be accorded that privilege, as such an incident would, it was feared, detract from the dignity of the ceremonies on the following day, especially as the passage of Jumbo, if allowed, 'might by some oversight' on the part of Mr. Barnum, 'get into the newspapers.' The letter concluded by saying that after the Pressdent of the United States had opened the bridge the Board of Trustees would take great pleasure in passing the mighty Jumbo over from New York to Brooklyn free of any charge whatever.

"Perhaps the greatest show elephants in the world," continued the gentleman, "are those which the government of India provides for the viceroy when he has occasion to use elephants on an occasion of state. When I was in Calcutta during a globe-trotting tour an army officer who was high in authority took me to see these magnificent beasts and had all their superb trappings of crimson velvet and gold placed on their backs and heads. There were five in the group, and not one of them was so small a beast as Jumbo, who, while a very tall elephant, as elephants go in Europe and this country, was not much to boast of for figure when compared with those the viceroy and his suite use, or which can be seen in the elephant compound of any great East Indian prince. The war elephants used by the army in India also are in many cases much larger than Jumbo, who was, as I say, very tall, but had not the bulk of the finest Indian elephants. Jumbo, in fact, was a very thin and narrow specimen.

"But the traveler in India who wants to see elephants can do better than by going to see the viceregal beasts if he will visit one of the military stations where large numbers of them are kept during times of peace. When I was in Lucknow at the time of the last Afghan war there were eighty really splendid elephants there, and if it had been in times of peace there would have been 150, for seventy had been sent to northern India as pack animals to carry canned provisions and small mountain guns. The first time I went out to the elephants' headquarters at Lucknow the entire eighty, save for perhaps four or five that were off in a corner of the big inclosure bathing, were formed in two lines facing each other and eating their supper. The lines were about fifteen yards apart and at the left foot of each elephant sat his mahout or keeper and driver, who was feeding him with sugar cane and flat cakes the size of an American pie, made of corn meal. Walking between these two lines of giant elephants for the first time was. I assure you, a somewhat nerve-rasping experience, but the sense of absolute insecurity and helplessness soon wore off. Some of the oldest and best-trained had been taught to salute an officer and whenever one did so by raising its trunk and touching the side of its head the officer I was with always returned the salute, as he said he felt called upon to acknowledge the courtesy of such noble brutes, for of course they did so from a sense of elephantine good nature and would not have been punished if they had not exercised their learning in that direction."

NO SALOON KEEPER NEED APPLY.

It is reported that Postmaster-General Bissell has determined that no man shall be appointed a postmaster who is in any way connected with the retail liquor business, whether as proprietor or barkeeper. He says that he has reached the conclusion that a saloon is not a good place for educating a person to handle postal business, though he has no ironclad rule barring the appointment of those who have been connected with the liquor business. He said: "We have appointed men as postmaster who permitted bars in their hotels, though not interested themselves, but we prefer not. It is not a temperance question nor a moral question; it's a business question purely, and the post-office department is a business institution. From my observation and experience I am convinced that any man directly or indirectly interested in the liquor business is in a measure unfitted by his occupation, and that his interest in that business necessarily interferes with a full and capable discharge of his official duties in any branch of the postal service."—Picayune.

A cheap table may be beautified by having the shelves covered with China silk, with yellow flowers. The legs are gilded or enamelled with white enamel.

More people die in spring than in any of the other seasons.

M. CARNOT'S FUNE

All Paris and Thousands

Others Witnessed th

Imposing Pageant.

From Myriads of Windows and B
the Draped Flag of the Repu
was Displayed—The Stars
Stripes in Conspicuous Positio
An Impressive Illustration of
Nation's Grief—Formation of
Procession—Eulogies of the M
tyred President Delivered at
Pantheon—Mme. Carnot Atte
in Private at the Services in
Cathedral of Notre Dame.

PARIS, July 2.—Amidst the intense
of the sun pouring from a cloudless
all Paris and thousands upon thous
of people from the provinces and from
various countries of the continent
nessed yesterday one of the most impo
spectacles the pageant-loving republi
France has ever seen. The streets
thronged from the dawn of the day
every species of citizens, from the gu
soipe to the resplendantly attired offi
all eager to extract enjoyment from a
ical French holiday. It was plainly
dent that under the real sympathy and
row the French love of pageantry was
tensely delighted and satisfied.

Genuine sympathy was shown in a
dred different ways, from the bit of c
on the arm or in the buttonhole to
draping of houses and sending ex
sive wreaths to the palace of the Elyse

Many persons secured desirable pl
on the sidewalks Saturday evening
remained in them all night in order to
them. All of the windows along the ro
of the procession were let out at fabu
prices and in many cases they were pu
possession of caretakers until the les
came to occupy them, lest they should
seized by others less fortunate.

There was a total absence of sta
along the route, though thousands
chairs and step ladders were renting
franc a head.

Throughout the city, and especi
along the line of march, thousands of
borers worked all night decorating bu
ings with crepe and other emblems
mourning. The decorations for the m
part were tasteful and expensive.

Most of the public buildings w
draped.

From thousands of windows and ro
especially in the poorer quarters of
city, the draped flag of the republic
displayed, and the shops and even
small steamers on the river were simila
decorated. Omnibus horses carried su
French flags in groops of three and f
fastened to their bridles and other parts
their harness, and in every other conce
ble way the high degree of taste in Fre
art was displayed in the matter of deco
tion.

Becraped American Flags.

Hundreds of be-craped American f
hung in front of the American shops,
the stars and stripes were also conspi
ously displayed in front of American r
dences.

The street lamps on the line of ma
from the Elysee palace to the cathedral
Notre Dame were also draped with cr
and were kept lighted throughout the d

The streets leading to the Elysee pal
were cordoned with police at 7 o'clock
the morning, and those who held tick
of invitation entered through the door
honor opening into the courtyard.

Over the immense catafalque wh
stood in the center of the courtyard
spread a black band with two large lett
"C" and a black canopy trimmed with
ver and with a silvered summit cove
the coffin. The catafalque was surrou
ed with burial palms and flowers and
countless wreaths which had been contr
uted by friends and members of the fa
ily. A number of candelabra were plac
around the head of the coffin, and arou
it were the wreaths sent by the crown
heads of many nations.

The catafalque, which blocked the ma
entrance to the palace, was guarded
soldiers, and four nuns were kneeling
kind it. The passage on either side led
the grand staircase. The delegates arr
ing passed silently along these passag
after saluting the dead and found places
the rooms above.

A Brilliant Scene.

Although 9 o'clock was the time a
pointed for the beginning of the funer
exercises—the moving of the procession
delegates were still arriving at 10 o'clo
completely filling the tree-lined garde
surrounding the pond and the bird hou
at the lower end. The scene in the ga
dens was a most brilliant one. Men
gaily-colored uniforms, their breasts gl
tering with decorations, mingled wi
civilians in evening dress, be-cloaked
headants, and judges in black and crims
gowns. There was scarcely a person prese
who was not in uniform or evening dre
The presence of a number of cars lad
with wreaths waiting their turn to jo
the procession heightened the festi
character of the scene, and it was easy
imagine that the gathering was for t
purpose of holding a brilliant state festi
ity. The roar of the surging city and t
beating of the drums of the arriving mi
tary were faintly heard in the peaceful ga
dens.

At 19:15 the band of the Republica
Guards outside played Glazier's Carn
Funeral March, especially written for t
occasion, while in the courtyard the cura
of the Madeleine church said the custom
ary prayers, sprinkling the coffin wit
holy water.

As the bearers lifted the coffin to the
shoulders the first gun boomed on the E
planade des Invalides and continued
intervals of two minutes until 101 salv
were fired.

From the Rue Saint Honore and dow
the Avenue de Marigny and through t
Champs Elysees the procession entered th
Avenue de la Concorde headed by Ge
Saussier, the military governor of Paris, wi