

It is a trite lesson which often falls upon unheeding ears, but which finds illustration in the song and story of the literature of every nation. We are admonished that what we would do we should do quickly, while we mourn the untimely death of our brother Senator may we all be inspired with the desire to cherish his memory, and in other feelings to consecrate ourselves in earnest devotion to the "True, the Beautiful and the Good."

Remarks of Mr. Getty;

*Mr. President:*

I rise with feelings of mingled emotions. In the long period that I have had the honor of a seat in this Body, never have I rose to my feet to ask recognition of you, Mr. President, with a heart so sad, as now when I rise to attempt to pay my humble tribute to the memory of our departed brother Senator. His seat, so near my own, now vacant, "draped in mourning," bring to me a sorrow that I cannot conceal. True, I had only known Senator Talbott during this brief session, but that was long enough for me to not only to admire him, but, Mr. President, I had learned to love him, modest and unassuming; genial and courteous to all and at all times. The embodiment of the noblest work of God. The Master had need of him. "He called, our brother was there, and answered to that higher roll-call. To us his voice is hushed. He has gone from our midst, gone from us in the prime of his manhood, at the zenith of his usefulness. We bow in submission to the will of Him that doeth all things well. We mourn with his grief-stricken family. I can say for myself and for my people (though so widely separated in our Commonwealth) to the bereaved family we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

A beloved husband, a kind father from them has gone, while the State has lost one of her noblest representatives.

In the language of the Psalmist we cry out "Lord, what is man that "Thou art mindful of him, or the Son of Man that Thou art mindful of him."

Mr. President, my heart being too full, my silence must attest my deep grief.