A WORTHY TRIBUTE.

ADDRESS OF REV. SAMUEL MAY OF LEXICON,
AT THE FUNERAL OF MRS. ABIGAIL KELLEY FOSTER, JANUARY 17, 1861.

The meeting is closed. It would be well for us to think of our friend Mrs. Foster and her husband dwelling together for years so graciously and generously, crowning lives of unparalleled self-denial, strictness of conscience, and a life constructive of which the highest motives, principles, and ideas were ever cherished and constantly illustrated, and this home also where her husband's life was passed amidst so much restful and happy, and where they came to a close—are places of especial mark and interest, are ground which all who knew her must tread with reverence and ever feel the presence of the image of the divine being. Bunson said to his wife, as their lives neared the end, "I see you as a saint." The words have had a deep-reaching influence. In such a life as that, whose close brings us to God, whose spirit is so pure, whose qualities and the spirit which, in infinite perfection, are the Deity himself. When they were first married and they were gathered around the remains of Mr. Garrison Wright, in the midst of the crowd, and dress he then spoke, hesitated not to say the hand that signed the act of emancipation lived out in the greatness of those there were few, if any, in that vast assembly. He was a quiet, gentle, unassuming man, but his total thoroughness and comprehension of language, he spoke the truth.

Something of the kind might be truly affirmed of her who has just left us for the hereafter.

Few Americans can be named—statesmen, scholars, orators, no matter how gifted—whose family relations and the foundation of American slavery as did the woman who was just laid to rest. She was one of the few—the marked few—whose words startled and roused the hand; who communicated her ideas through the vehemence of speech, but by genuine, unadorned sincerity of purpose. She was the philosopher, the poet, the oracle who made the guilty tremble; who forced elevating presence to awake and forbade that they should sleep, until slavery or their lives ceased.

She was to me in her life, her death, and in her last request, as to that great, uncompromising agitation. Its call came to her in her youth, with a voice in the work of educating the girl who had diligently fitted herself, and which she was successful in accomplishing, a career of honor and of just rewards was given to her. Then the slave's cry came to her. Her husband had been deified every human right, even to their own existence. The brave man, that cry, the bitter, fearful certainty that she, and the whole American people, were the holders of those rights, and that those men in all their woes. Was it indeed so? Yes, said she, and she felt it. And a voice, mightier than that of earthly hopes or hopes, said to her, "Open thy mouth for the constancy of the safety and care not; set up, cast up, cast a highway for the Lord; and make thy ways straight for their impending destruction." Without a murmur she turned away from all her thought; she did not comprehend her fixed purpose and her untiring deeds replied, "Help me, Lord; speak, Lord, thy servant heareth!"

But few are living now who can remember her at her death, and the loss of a soul is a sweet and winning one. It is of a kind, to the conscience of the world, and a living human soul of the moral and moral expression; of a voice clear, full, musical, penetrating; of a slender, graceful, yet commanding figure; of a clear, unadorned face; of a mind with its hearers and felt at once that she was changed. It was a woman's voice, and they soon passed beyond, wondering at her courage—and audacity, as some would have said—and at the strength of the perfect truths she spoke. In the last that general power dominated the people even more than now. Yet the voice, very generally, exercised for good ends, within, and I have been un- announced by themselves, of what the people reh toward it. But sometimes that church power was so selfish. "Upon the subject of slave-
A WORTHY TRIBUTE.
ADDRESS OF REV. SAMUEL MAY OF LEICESTER
AT THE FUNERAL OF MRS. ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
JANUARY 17, 1887.

The home in this city in which our friend Mrs. Foster and her husband
dwelt together for years so grandly and generously, crowning lives of
unparalleled self-dedication to the noblest ends – a home in which the high-
est motives, principles, and ideas were ever cherished and constantly illu-
strated, and this home also where her later years have been made restful
and happy, and where they came to a close – are places of especial mark
and interest, are ground which all who knew her and him must tread with
reverence and ever consecrate in their hearts. And this for a like reason to
that for which Moses of old was warned of holy ground where he stood – the
very presence of the holiest and highest. For it is in pure, and true, and
consecrated human lives, that “before all temples,” before all else, we see a
living image of the divine being. Bunsen said to his wife, as their lives
neared the end, “In thee I have seen the eternal.” In such a life as that,
whose close brings us together today, we see incarnated the qualities and
the spirit which, in infinite perfection, are the Deity himself.

When the great company were gathered around the remains of Mr.
Garrison, Wendell Phillips, in the memorable address then spoke, hesitated
not to say: The hand that signed the act of emancipation lies in that coffin;
and I suppose there were few, if any, in that vast assembly, to question that,
in all but the mere literalness of language, he spoke the truth.

Something of the same kind might be truly affirmed of her who has just
left us for the heavenly land.

Few Americans can be named – statesmen, scholars, orators, no matter
how gifted – who did so much for the abolition of American slavery as did
the woman whose worn-out frame lies before us. She was one of the few –
the marked few – whose words startled and roused the land; who compelled
attention (and that not by mere vehemency of speech, but by genuine
earnestness of heart and soul); who made the guilty tremble; who forced
sleeping consciences to awake and forbade that they should sleep again,
until slavery their own lives ceased.

She was one of the earliest in that great, uncompromising agitation. Its
call came to her, in her fresh youth, while engaged in the work of teaching,
for which she had diligently fitted herself, and which she was successfully
pursuing. Doubtless a career of honor and of just rewards was before her.
Then the slave’s cry came to her. Fathers, mothers, children denied every
human right, even to their own existence evidently; and, with that cry, the
bitter, fearful certainty that she, and the whole American people, were the
holders of these slaves, and accomplices in all their woes. Was it indeed so!
Yes, she saw it; and she felt it! And a voice, mightier than that of earthly
hopes or honors said to her, “Open thy mouth for the outcast and the dumb;
cry aloud, and spare not; cast up, cast up a highway for the Lord; show this people their sin, and their impending destruction.” Without a murmur she turned away from all her thoughts and plans for herself, and by her fixed purpose and her untiring deeds replied, “Here am I. Send me. Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth.”

But few are living now who can remember her at that youthful period. The vision is a sweet and winning one. It is of a face beautiful in feature, in intellectual and moral expression; of a voice clear, full, musical, penetrating; of a slender, graceful figure, simply arrayed. Her hearers saw and felt at once that she was charged with a momentous message, and they soon passed beyond, wondering at her courage – or audacity, as some would say – to weigh the stirring words and portentous truths she spoke.

At that time ecclesiastical power dominated the people even more than now. Often, let us even say generally, exercised for good ends, within the limits, as announced by themselves, of “what the brotherhood would allow and protect.” But sometimes that church power was used selfishly. Upon the subject of slavery, with few exceptions, it was used basely and wickedly, with a most disgraceful spirit of compromise of the demands of [remainder of article missing.]