Wed. 12.

For report of Conv. Reads Office Days.

Talk of Col. J. Custon t o start 2nd next Sunday.


Very uneasy here alone.

Thur. 13.

Judge Stevens calls with maid. Saw in 20th Bap. Davis reads p m p m een hour. Look after parties. - found he needs one fore t o do so. "Wave's Sick"

Tells stories - repeats Barbara Mickie

John at a loss thanks - "Praise & let Lc t"

Both & horrid sing. Currie's

Suppe. Notes tables.

Fri. 14.

Russ' & Marshall. M t tea. Home,

Swednor's, "Comcell Ld."

Sat. 15.

Pres. Lincoln assas t last night in Ford's Theatre. M. Wash. Seward in his

Let f Laura. Chk. -

Wed. 12.

Thur. 13.

Fri. 14.

Sat. 15.
ORDER OF SERVICES
AT THE
FUNERAL OBSEQUIES
OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
Sixteenth President of the United States,
AT THE
CITY HALL, LAWRENCE, APRIL 19, 1865.
Order of Services.

1.—INVOCATION, . . . . . . . . Rev. J. H. Wiggin.

2.—VOLUNTARY,—"Misereor," . . . . . . . Choir.

3.—SCRIPTURE, . . . . . . . . Rev. C. E. Fisher.


5.—HYMN, . . . . . . . . Rev. G. S. Weaver.
  Servant of God, well done!
  Rest from thy loved employ:
  The battle fought, the victory won,
  Enter thy Master's joy.

  The voice at midnight came;
  He started up to hear:
  A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
  He fell, but felt no fear.

At midnight came the cry,
  "To meet thy God prepare!"
  He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye;
  Then, strong in faith and prayer,

  His spirit with a bound
  Left its encumbering clay:
  His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
  A darkened ruin lay.

6.—SERMON, . . . . . . . . Rev. C. M. Cordley.

7.—PRAYER, . . . . . . . . Rev. H. A. Cooke.

8.—HYMN, . . . . . . . . Rev. J. B. Davis.
  Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will!
  Tumultuous passions, all be still;
  Nor let a murmuring thought arise:
  His ways are just, his counsels wise.

  He in the thickest darkness dwells,
  Performs his work, the cause conceals;
  And, though his footsteps are unknown,
  Judgment and truth support his throne.

In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
  He executes his firm decrees;
  And by his saints it stands confessed,
  That what he does is ever best.

  Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
  With reverence bow before his seat;
  And, 'mid the terrors of his rod,
  Trust in a wise and gracious God.


*The Sermon of Rev. Mr. Cordley, will be published entirely in the Lawrence American of this week.*
Sunday Services,—To-morrow.


Easter Sunday to-day. Morning: "Resurrection of the Nation." Public invited.


Mon. 17.