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In Memoriam.

True Greatness and Goodness

Exemplified by

President Garfield.

Memorial Hymn and Addresses,

—BY—

THOMAS NELSON HASKELL.

With awe profound this day,
The Nation bows to pray
In bitter grief;
All through the stricken land
The broken hearted stand,
And mourn on every hand
Their martyred Chief.

The Almighty Ruler hears
His sorrowing people's tears
Full at his feet;
Makes our just cause his care,
Indites and hears our prayer,
And for us still makes bare
His mercy seat.

O, Thou who hast removed
"Him whom the people loved"—
Thy servant rare—
Who gavest him strength and light
To see and guard the right,
Still grant Thy holy might
To men of prayer.

Bless still our Nation's head—
Successor of the dead—
And keep his life;
While armies cease their tread,
And those who fought and bled
Rest in their peaceful bed,
Heal all our strife.

Comfort each stricken one,
O God, the Father, Son
And Holy Ghost;
While in our hearts we own
That here Thy love is known,
And Thine the only throne
Of which we boast.

Denver, September, 1881.

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Prof. Washell's Impromptu Address

To the Assembled Citizens in the Denver Court-House the day after
Garfield's Death.

September 30, 1881.

Mr. President: I rise to move the adoption of the programme presented for the open air meeting to-night. As your committee are aware I went to Indiana and Ohio at Garfield's request last fall, and risked my life and lost my health by speaking to large assemblies out of doors, and I could not therefore safely speak this evening if I would. Nor can I now do justice to the occasion when the nation has scarcely risen from her knees at prayer that our great, good President might be preserved, and is mingling tears with all the civil world about his lifeless form, as if everybody on earth had lost in him an able, a brave, benign and most trusted friend. This is an occasion of almost universal sorrow. Her Majesty, the widowed Queen of England and Empress of India, weeps to-day with the widow Garfield's as if they were her peers and good indeed as she. Emperors and diplomatists dispatch their words of sympathy with us. The poorest freedman also weeps as if he too had lost a peer and friend. Humanity seems utterly heart-broken at this hour. Every man mourns apart and every heart and home is draped because of our dreadful loss. And yet the people meet in masses to mourn and pour forth their mingled grief because Garfield, after all his achievements, usefulness and Gethsemane prayers, is dead and passed from the presidential chair to be cherished only above our sight and in the loving memories of them that mourn. I knew him well and loved him much, and I feel as one indeed bereft. Raised in his Congressional District, educated on its scholarship, fitted for college only four miles from his Mentor home, his familiar life-scenes are to me like holy ground. The consciences of his constituents are the most exacting in the world and yet he early won and kept their confidence by his ability and worth, and they all weep as if they ne'er would see his like again; 'tis so the Nation weeps. I admire the grandeur of the mountains, and vie with Dr. Holmes in his veneration of the tall, mighty trees of the forests that lift their tons of timber so well balanced and so majestically toward the stars; but Garfield rises before me more grand than these from his widowed mother's log cabin in the woods of that frontier town where the wolves howled by night and the woodman's axe echoed in his ears by day, calling his powers early to wake to work and to patriotic and pious duty. I cannot go over his history, you are familiar with it. The world knows it all by heart, and it is wonderful. The children have all learned it and love it, and it will ennoble their natures and their lives. Young men will look to him as a model and move onward and upward. Young women will so admire his wife that Miss Rudolph will be remembered with almost a religious veneration for her modest virtues, while, as Mrs. Garfield, she will lead millions of wives and mothers throughout the world to wish to be and to become as worthy in all their ways as she. And O how pitiable is mother Garfield's cry under her weight of grief and fourscore years, as she tremblingly exclaims, "Why should they wish to kill my baby boy!" as if the strong man were back again an infant in her arms of hope and faith and love. Of the miscreant assassin I have no words to say. If Cain had sevenfold punishment, greater than he could bear, surely seventy-seven fold is for the murderer of Garfield. May God send his ^{own} Holy Comforter to console Garfield's kindred and to sanctify his life and death to the greater good of our dear country he loved and served so well and died to save. I hope the programme of addresses for this evening will be adopted and be useful to our people at large.

Governor Evans seconded the motion and it was adopted. The mourning assembly at night was immense and impressive.

REV. PROFESSOR T. N. HASKELL'S

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

—ON—

True Greatness and Goodness,

AS EXEMPLIFIED BY

PRESIDENT JAMES H. GARFIELD.

Delivered in Denver, Colo., Sept. 25, 1881.

We stand to-day on a sublime and solemn eminence in the history of the world. Never before have the civil wants and welfare of the human race risen so clearly to our view, nor popular goodness and greatness been so plainly seen as a national necessity and the goal of everybody's best ambition. At no former time has the civil world been brought into such tender proximity to one and the same scene and subject of sorrow, and animated by one common sympathy, induced to study together a new human example so noble and worthy of general imitation. Never was there a more conspicuous instance of that Christian excellence in private and public life which is essential to good civil institutions, than has been presented by the late martyred president of the United States for the admiration and imitation of all classes. The secret of his success and the ennobling elements of his history and character are now made the study of all the peoples of the earth in its present and coming generations, and rendered more emphatic and influential by his mode of life and the manner of his death. I stand in awe of his example in the midst of a universal sorrow, and imagine myself again seated by his side on the lawn shaded from the sun by the then happy home mansion at Mentor and

listening to his words as he showed me the leaf of the New Testament handed to him by one of Moody's messengers on his way to the convention hall the morning of his nomination as the chief magistrate of this great country. I cannot, indeed, do better than to shape my address after the teachings of that passage in the fourth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, to which he pointed, as the first printed words he saw after his nomination to be president. It seemed even then to set before him the mission of the Messiah as his motto and model, and was placed in his hat as if to be worn upon his forehead as a sort of frontlet or Hebrew phylactery. It reads as follows: "Be it known unto you and to all the people of Israel that by the name of Jesus of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by him doth this man stand before you whole. This is the stone which was set at nought of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other—for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." As he said to me, in tones surpassing the tenderest emotions ever uttered by the immortal Lincoln, "Is it not remarkable that such a passage should be handed to him"—our second martyr presi-

dent—"just then!" when he was going with "an anxious heart," as he assured me, to be laid a living and dying sacrifice upon the most sacred altar of civil morality and freedom? From this circumstance in the historic use of this sacred passage I have of necessity, as it were, put before me my subject, which is "Sympathy with God in Christ—the secret of Garfield's Exalted Character and Success." Perhaps it were better to put this in the form of a problem, and in the method of gradual approach inquire

WHAT CONSTITUTES TRUE GREATNESS

and goodness in public and private men? And where is Garfield's rank among them? The eloquent Massillon opened his address over the dead body of Louis XIV of France, by exclaiming: "God only is great." And this so filled the vast assembly with awe that they instinctively bowed their heads with the profoundest homage. Another master of assemblies, mightier and better than Massillon, hath said: "There is none good but one, that is God." Absolute greatness and goodness are seen only in the infinite and perfect President of all peoples, and before him we would here bow our chastened hearts in humblest adoration. There is perhaps no event which so impresses upon the popular mind the superiority of the Supreme Ruler, as the death of a distinguished human magistrate in the midst of his most momentous duties. At such a time all loyal hearts exclaim: "Let the Lord alone be exalted!" But by acknowledging the incorporation of his imitable perfections into human character we thereby contribute to his own exaltation and honor. Every example of such imitation is to the praise of the divine model, and is comparatively good and great according to the degree of the divine approximation. So when one of our senators said to a reporter on the morning of the assassination, "President Garfield was a great and good man," he meant as we all mean by those words to assert comparative excellences only, and then the assertion is eminently truthful. We are to inquire then, for true greatness and goodness in private and historic men, in the negative, relative, resultant and real or absolute senses. In doing this let us remember the question relates to the public good and to our personal welfare, since worthy examples are mighty and immortal.

THE NEGATIVE INQUIRY

exposes the false estimate too common among men. All materialistic methods of judging men must be more or less injurious and absurd. For example we read, "There was none goodlier than Saul; from his shoulders and upward he was higher than any of the people—" and yet his

memory is abhorrent. "In all Isreal there was none praised so much as Absalom, for his beauty. He weighed the hair of his head at 200 shekles." Still to this day "Absalom's pillar in the king's dale" is actually stoned in utter detestation. Goliath of Gath, who filled the armies of Saul with terror, was some ten feet tall, clothed in nearly 200 pounds of brass and steel, and yet was slain in single combat by a small stone from the sling of a mere God-fearing stripling. Sardanapolis was so fair that he sometimes passed himself for a female, but he was so voluptuous that his epitaph and motto were: "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die!" and he perished at last on the funeral pyre with all his effects and his family in the midst of a siege, raised by his insolent subjects, whom he had insulted. Alexander, to demonstrate his greatness, determined his own death as a drunkard—and, in the midst of his greatest achievements, was scarcely less proud of the curve in his neck and the curl of his lips than poor old Diogenes of his tub and lantern when commanding his king to keep out of his way with his shadow. Common everyday wisdom ought to teach better than to judge men by their mere fleshly weight and proportions—and history is strangely silent here in her most important cases. She has generally said little or nothing about the bodily presence of men most distinguished for great souls and important service, and Jesus of Nazareth has not a genuine likeness in all the world except in the character and lives of sincere Christians. We have no account of the bodily appearance of one apostle. We must not forget, then, it is neither the ounces nor the inches of men, but rather

"The lives of great men that remind us
We may make our lives sublime."

The beauty of Sardanapolis was good merely as an example of basest effeminacy, and Goliath of Gath was great only in the grossness of his nature.

A little more refined but scarcely less fallacious is the assumption that every man carries the key to his capacity and character in the contour of his face, expression of his countenance, as seen when living or represented in histrionic mementoes. Although we instinctively judge of living men by their looks, and cherish fondly and very properly the busts and portraits of those who have deceased in the midst of great deeds or after useful examples, still we have to answer, it is "the lives of great men" not their physical likeness by which we learn their proper measure. Some propose judging all men by the shape and size of a single organ, the brain, as measured by the solid bones that contain it—and such are of course both historians and prophets—

but they can never reveal by this method the worth of a mummied Pharaoh nor the future susceptibilities of a single educated Modoc. Admitting the useful hints of this handy method, we still distrust its arbitrary inches and their arrangements, as grossly material, if not unjust and injurious, and we look for more satisfying methods if haply we may find them.

Even when we have emerged from these materialistic means and modes of judging men, we have still indefinite and discordant ideas of the attributes we would determine. What is great in the eyes of one is often ignoble in the esteem of others. Some regard men good for their greatness, that massive mental energy by which even bad men bear down before them all opposition, suggesting the exclamation: "O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength!" Of course these omit the antithetic part to this quotation. Others esteem men great for their goodness and more wisely say:

"However it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good."

Some suppose greatness and goodness are unlike, but always associated together, while others assume that they are seldom united in one person. Napoleon and Alexander are usually called great without thinking of goodness, while John Howard and Florence Nightingale are as often regarded good without a thought of greatness. Some parents set apart their sons of talent for the law, and of tender conscience for the gospel, as if talent and truth were incompatible. One distinguished writer says: "The good may be weak, be indolent." And yet another gives the sentiment:

"There were some soul of goodness in things
evil
Would men observingly distill it out."

Some discover the highest goodness in courtliness of bearing, honoring most a Chesterfield's accomplishments, or the grace and dignity with which a man may don his robes and read his ritual or perform the ceremonies of his order, while others still, with friend-like simplicity, would assert in their broad hats and narrow coats:

"My prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, is simply doing good."

Graceful, ungrudging hospitality, is justly regarded indicative of a large heart and a generous nature. The good Samaritan is set forth as a model in this respect, even by our Saviour; yet one very careful observer declares that much of apparent hospitality is hollow and assures us

"Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
Must sigh to think how oft he's found
The warmest welcome in an inn."

The idea of greatness with some is inseparable from ostentation and wealth, with others from royalty or rank, but both irrespective of right. The most disgusting de-

velopment of "shoddy" shows the highest esteem of the one, while the veriest sot or simpleton, if he have an illustrious sire, secures the best graces of the other. Some would make notoriety a test and esteem Thomas a' Kempis as great, simply because his little book about "Imitating Christ" had a big run, but such would consider quite superior still the bloody Timur with his hecatombs of human skulls. It is not always safe to judge of men by the public sentiment of their times concerning them. In some respects historic men may be measured by contemporary opinion—but it often happens that the greatest and the best are esteemed during life, as the worst and the least. In nearly every period there have been some "despised and rejected of men" of their time, who have risen "to glory, honor and eternal life" in the subsequent annals of the world.

Nor may we judge of living and historic men wholly by their surroundings, or visible success in life, or subsequent events of which they were the movers. Two twin brothers have been known to share the same bed and bench in college, graduate with like honors and enter the same profession with equal promise. But when a great good man is sought for public service, "one is taken and the other left." An English woman once said to me, when looking at Abdul Aziz and Albert Edward at the same time, "The sultan certainly seems superior, but we must think of the noble prospects of our prince." The rule by which she judged was just, and yet no prophet can unfold the future of the prince of Wales, while Abdul Aziz fell almost unmourned at the hand of a distinguished but dastardly assassin. It is also sometimes true, as Solomon says, that "A wise child is better than an old and foolish king."

Men are sometimes found to be according to their own early anticipations and hopes. The patriarch Joseph had in the dreams of the night and the aspirations of the days of his boyhood most wonderful ideas of his future greatness. Nor is this confined alone to the good. Alexander and Mohammed on the one hand, and Michael Angelo, Henry Havelock and Abraham Lincoln on the other, all had like presentiments of prospective importance. And yet we now see that many a youth and hale alumnus of the schools fancies the whole world within his sling waving round his hand at will; but others perceive his world is but an inflated child's balloon that in his giddy presumption may slip from his hand and sail off among the spires and trees. Even good men and great have also often failed to find or feel the true measure of themselves until the very last. Some, like Cicero, have thought more highly of themselves than men ought to think; others have been distinguished by their unconscious capacities of good, while many more no doubt have never known their real worth to the world, like the nameless authors of "Now I lay me down to sleep," and "The curfew must not toll tonight."

We might continue this kind of inquiry to any length, but we have now gone far enough to see that true ideas of excellence must exclude the false in every form and rise gradually into the absolute and true.

WE LOOK NOW AT THE WORLD,

relatively to find real worth. Here we see men must be estimated, as themselves, in their varied responsibilities. The inherent ability of each, his education, attending influences, 'providential position and potential purposes of good, engrafted on the current events of successive ages, should all come into our account in estimating him. He must be considered great and good in comparative degrees, passing up in our estimates from the material to the mental, from the mental to the moral and from the moral to the divine. Men have learned in this enlightened age and especially throughout this Christian land, to consider citizens and public servants in their relations to society and to the Supreme Ruler, and history has also for centuries refused to say that all princes, popes and presidents, are *ex officio et examine*, great and good.

There are the intrinsic worth or weakness, and the extrinsic aids or disadvantages to be associated in our estimates always. The element of Providence must be admitted as pre-eminent.

"There's a Divinity which shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

The idea of a strictly "self-made man" is simply absurd. We may not thus deify any man's individuality. We cannot easily eliminate any character from its extrinsic concomitants and causes. Also, there is often much doubt as to the auxiliary facts. We know John Faust or some one, aided by various antecedent suggestions, invented the printing art. About the same time some other person, in a like manner, invented common paper to receive the printers' impressions, which was almost as important to the public. When asked which was the greater and better of these two contemporary and coadjutant benefactors, we can only say: He who obeyed the best impulses and suggestions and accomplished the best purposes was the greater and better man.

Columbus, inspired with ideas of other explorers, became one of the best and bravest of Christian benefactors. His grandeur of plan and persistency of purpose to find "the new heavens and new earth," predicted for the use of God's people, show that he was a man of immense moral motive power, and so when he discovered this western hemisphere he consecrated it to the will of his heavenly father and called it San Salvador after the name of his "Holy Saviour." His historic worth is usually weighed by the vast world he won from oblivion and opened to the virtues and joys of Christian civilization. His work seems born of his own indomitable will—it was born of God's providence, which had been obeyed by his predecessors and which prepared him for the purpose and made him physically and morally as fearless as a martyr.

The highest honor, here and always, is due to the divine purpose that is seen everywhere pressing forward the process of ripening this whole round world, that hangs clustered among the stars, on that invisible gravitation stem—the divine volition, which

is at the same time weaving the lives of all useful men into the *liber vera*, the true bark of history's living tree, which works the grandeur of their faith into even government affairs, forming the divinely welded links of succeeding ages, the intertwined and well-protected strands of that electric cable, which lies imbedded in the sea of time and runs from land to land, connecting in one age most distant shores and epochs, bringing together all human hearts, mingling in the Heavenly Father's bottle all humanity's tears, and linking the first paradise of earth with the farthest paradise of heaven, by means of that subtle and ceaseless providence that presses even human wrath into heavenly service and makes "all things work together for good to them that love God." So we see all men of worth are weighed with the providential hand pressing on the scale, and there they must be aggregated with the public mass as self-controlling and component parts. Thus, Washington, Franklin and Jefferson, Webster, Wilson and Lincoln must all be estimated, and none felt these essential facts so much as they.

We also find that there is something always to detract from the deserts of such distinguished men, some defects of heart or habit to hurt their history. They may be stars of the first magnitude, or even central suns, around which many planets with their satellites revolve—but still the sun has the inevitable spots on the surface, issuing usually from some inherent source. Nearly all, even the best of men, have evinced something that looks bad.

How much we are to detract from the meeds of great and good men on this account, is not easily ascertained. The Greek sophists and Roman senators were great and good, as it were, in one or two directions, and awry in nearly every other way. In the same manner, the biblical believers, though more generally excellent, have nearly all some natural and exceeding faults, unflinchingly confessed, which do detract from their measure as model men. We feel sadly when we read of David's heinous sins, and can hardly accept his costly penitential psalms as a substitute for that life-long victory over every lust which his example should have shown to all coming times.

So, since the inspired ages, no one person, public or private, seems to have been a perfect success. Although we delight in Wesley, we wish he had chosen a more congenial wife. We love to honor the Swiss reformer, and yet we wish John Calvin had not been in the least implicated in the sentence of Servetus. We have to abate something from our veneration of Coleridge, when we read his "Aphorisms," but remember his love of opium. The sad and sunny Cowper, as seen now through his melancholy moods, bordering on a suicidal insanity, and then again through the mellow light of his charming hymns of hope and consecration and the glistening dew drops on that day when he received his "Mother's Picture," is one whom we always wish to put in the balance lovingly and gently. As to himself we can hardly call him great. He thought of himself as never good, yet he stands in some sense a model among

both good and great, through heaven's abounding grace. Milton's motive power as patriot and poet was largely moral, while his thoughts and strokes were also massy, and we admit him to be relatively as good as great. When we find Shakespeare nowhere wrote with an uppermost moral purpose, his meed of honor as a good man is indeed impaired, while Sir Francis Bacon's philosophy on the one hand and bribery on the other lead us to almost excuse the charge of his distinguished countryman that he was the "wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." He was overcome with the blandishments of elegant society for want of the indwelling spirit of God in Christ in his heart and character. We have here then another element still to be admitted to our account. That is the renewing and sustaining grace of God within the individual heart. It was this that made the prophet Daniel—that captive boy and faultless prime minister of several successive emperors and kings—the perfect model to which his Maker twice pointed with almost apparent pride. There is to this day such superhuman aid adapted to the human heart and life, and many historic men have laid hold upon it with a tenacity that teaches wherein they placed their highest hopes. This supernatural system of success and safety, is supremely suited to both men and states, leading individual members of society to see and seek what is right and wise and thereby to incorporate their own convictions and characters into the compacts and constitutions and laws which they originate for the greater unity and good of man. The wisest men bear witness to this superhuman work, and their testimony from experience is the best beneath the sun. They say: "We have been helped along our way and in our work by a wisdom not our own. We have a knowledge of this heavenly help and the conscious reception of its holy truths into our hearts to lead us to success and usefulness. This we acquired not so much from reasoning as from the reunion of our hearts to our Heavenly Father's love and laws." This is a fact, however, we must confess, of which those cannot fairly judge who have not felt it as a new and nobler nature in themselves. The fact is, nevertheless, philosophical and clear. Such principles of Christian virtue invigorate every power and purpose—they strengthen the mind, refine the sensibilities and give divine direction and energy to the will, securing in some sense the very "life of God in the souls" and lives of such great, good men. By this means they evidently more clearly understand the wants of the world and develop a better manhood and work out in themselves and in society nobler destinies, because "it is God that worketh in them to will and do of his good pleasure." The only perfect example, however, of a complete incarnation of the divine will and character was "the man Christ Jesus," who is now become "our Lord Jesus Christ."

ABSOLUTE GREATNESS AND GOODNESS

are in Jesus Christ as a complete model, and in the words of Pilate, when he led him forth to martyrdom, we therefore say of him: "Behold the man!" In his historic life and power we find all the essential attributes of greatness and goodness in full perfection and full play. When the Roman sceptre ruled the civil world and required

that all men honor Caesar Augustus, Jesus of Nazareth was growing up in humble obscurity, working at the carpenter's trade, but preparing to receive "all power in heaven and earth" with the pre-existent glory which he had "with the Father before the world was." In a few years the city of the August Caesar was set on fire by his successor, and Tacitus tells us, "The royal incendiary charged with the crime and punished with the most studied severity that class of persons whom the people commonly call Christians. The originator of that name," he says, "was one Christ, who in the days of Tiberius Caesar suffered death by the procurator Pilate."

Now, this great Latin historian no doubt despised those Christians to whom Nero applied the punishment for his own penitentiary offenses. He as evidently felt no interest in Christ after whom they were "vulgarily called," but long ago the symbol of sovereignty at Rome was the instrument of Christ's crucifixion, and while all the august Caesars are well nigh forgotten, and never had any ennobled and ennobling imitators, Christ's example is filling the world with faithful and affectionate followers, and the divinity that wrought the will of God in him is going forth to-day to govern men and states. We know not which to admire most, the simplicity and sublimity of his model life in the flesh, or the sweetness and supremacy of his influence upon society and time. We see in his experience goodness "hated without cause"—greatness evinced under unmerited suffering and scorn—goodness and greatness poised in mighty condescension on his own conscious innocence and power. Revealing himself in the humblest of human beginnings he teaches the poorest parent to hope for the noblest destiny for their offspring. Being subject to parental authority and yet eager to ask and answer moral questions, he teaches children to obey their natural guardians and to seek to understand and do the will of God. As himself a common working man, he encourages useful industry of every kind. As a faithful, philanthropic minister and teacher, he educated well his disciples and "went about doing good," preaching in the synagogues and private houses, on the hillsides and by the sea, that his followers should do good by all appropriate means. And, choosing his apostles from the various walks and social ranks, he teaches the whole brotherhood of man and adapts his truth, and life and death to all, not forgetting even the mariners in the midnight storm, nor the weeping sisters of Lazarus or the widow of Naim when burying her only son. In his last ascent to the holy city he weeps over his people's sins and the consequent sorrows of their country and destruction of its capital, that all citizens might feel a like solicitude for the salvation of men and states. He teaches even in Gethsemane the grandest lessons of supplicating and yet submissive prayer, ever known, even superior to that sublime example so lately seen when all Christendom uttered the prolonged and prayerful cry that if it be possible our cup of bereavement might pass us by. Yielding to the Father's will he went forth to death, but on his way he turned aside with sanitary touch to heal the wound inflicted by the sword which he had bidden to buy, and in his dying agonies

he addressed his mother a few tender words and then uttered his dying cry: "It is finished!" and his mediatorial martyr life is done—the perfect model of all men is dead! "Being delivered up by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God and with wicked hands both crucified and slain," he shows the sovereignty and sin of every martyrdom before or since that is at all like his, so his posthumous fame with theirs shall last and live forever, with continual and uniting increase of power. As we recall his words we are awed by his conscious as well as his historic goodness: "Which of you convicteth me of sin?" We are helped and humbled before his conscious, as well as his historic greatness: "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world, and will be with you to the end." Thus his principles, his presence and his helping power have, as Lincoln said, "put fallen men upon their feet again," till they are, all round the world, having "Christ formed within the hope of glory" for both society and souls, for men and states. He is thus, as the old Hebrew seers foresaw, "The governor among the nations." The supreme law of the United States is now, with its amendments—the application of his golden rule and its preamble was prompted by himself. Our young men, inspired by his martyr spirit, clasped to their breasts the shafts of death that liberty might live, and our young women are willing to go into all the world to raise up woman to the noble rank of her who by her heroic devotion drove away so long the shafts of death from our dear president's heart, becoming thereby the admiration of all the world, the peeress of both empress or queens and a fitting representative of a million cultured Christian wives and mothers in this western world which Columbus and the colonists first consecrated to the cross.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD

was pre-eminently Christ-like, and therein ranks high as great and good. It were not well to particularize, perhaps, the numerous points of resemblance in their lives and characters—for Christ came into such a human life that it might be so imitated in various ways in all lands and times. Yet we can hardly overlook the faith and hope of the two mothers. Mary of Nazareth and Bethlehem, and Eliza Ballou Garfield of northern Ohio, as they receive their offspring consecrate to the Holy Ghost, one the mother of the Son of God, the other praying that her son might be a follower of the Saviour and a wise and useful Christian citizen. The poverty in which her "baby boy" began the struggle of life prepared him to appreciate the privations of the Galilean child and youth as he grew in stature worked at building houses and blessing his mother's humble lot. O, what language can do justice to these examples of maternal love repaid by filial piety among the praying and industrious poor. In James A. Garfield, like Jesus, the Son of God, from his humble beginning to his high work in educational and public life, it is profitable to see the human-divine example imitated and obeyed with a supreme devotion to the Heavenly Father's will. His steps were so rapid and divinely attended that they almost seem unreal. Descended from English, Gallic and German

ancestry and born as poor as the renowned babe of Bethlehem, we see him watch his wan and widowed mother split rails to fence in her little cornfield, and count the ears to see how long her scanty harvest could keep her children from starving. Then at fourteen we see him shaking the saw and shoving the plain of the carpenter, at sixteen he is driving to and fro the inter-state commerce in the heavily loaded canal boats, at eighteen he is asking a student of human nature to tell whether he has stamina enough to become a student and enter the seminary at Chester. At twenty-one he is a teacher in the public schools of his county, at twenty-three he enters Williams' college, attracted thither by one kind word from its president. At twenty-six he graduates with the highest philosophical honors, at twenty-eight he is president of Hiram college, at twenty-nine he is the youngest member of the Ohio senate, at thirty-one he is colonel of the Forty-second Ohio regiment composed largely of his old friends and students, and soon at the head of a brigade is seen routing the rebels under the rotund Humphrey Marshall, helping General Buel in his fight at Pittsburg Landing, taking a leading part in the siege of Corinth. At thirty-two was made chief of staff of the army of the Cumberland and made a major-general for his courage and ability in the battle of Chickamauga, at thirty-three succeeded the venerable Joshua R. Giddings in congress from the famous nineteenth district of Ohio till at forty-eight he was elected to the United States senate and the next November, at forty-nine, he was chosen president of the United States and in the fiftieth year of his life was shot by Guiteau, the assassin. In his early youth he professed to be a Christian disciple and was never ashamed of the name nor swerved from the most hearty and heroic imitation of the Saviour. As an educator and preacher he was apostolic—as a deliberator, arbiter and legislator, he was eloquent and able, learned and laborious—surpassing in that respect both John Adams and Henry Wilson, who were marvels of influential industry—and as president his short administration is the most memorable in our executive annals—"for its rapid and splendid statesmanship," its reformation of the postal, the civic and the diplomatic service, its indictment and dissolution of a band of conspirators against the public treasury; the refunding of the public debt upon greatly reduced rates of interest, and above all, the vindication of the presidential prerogatives and duties with all due deference to the rights and dignities of his constitutional advisers. For all these wonderful works he was providentially and adequately fitted. He was indeed "fearfully and wonderfully made." His physical frame was large, enduring and full of life and activity. His mental powers were magnificent and his moral, sublime. He seemed the completest man I ever saw. Daniel Webster's person did not impress me as more imposing and his hat in the Pennsylvania museum would have scarcely covered Garfield's brow. But still more magnificent was Garfield's moral courage, modeled after the spirit of Christ and his noblest Christian martyrs. My friend and classmate, General and Ex-Governor Cox, told

me how he and Garfield in the Ohio legislature spent whole nights in prayer to know what God would have them do for the protection of this Christian country at the opening of the war. This statement was made just before Garfield rose to dedicate on the 3d of July, 1880, the soldiers monument at Painsville. In a few moments the nominee for president, aware that his every word would be read and repeated by every voter in the nation, arose above the vast sea of heads and pointing to the new and granite structure before him, said:

"WHAT DOES THAT MONUMENT MEAN?"

"That monument means a world of memories and a world of deeds, a world of tears and a world of glories. You know, thousands know what it is to offer up your life to the country, and that is no small thing, as every soldier knows. Let me put the question to you for a moment. Suppose your country in the awful embodied form of majestic law, should stand before you and say: 'I want your life—come up here on this platform and offer it.' How many would walk up before that majestic presence and say: 'Here am I; take this life and use it for your great needs.' And yet, almost two millions of men made that answer. That is one of the monument's meanings.

"But, my friends, let me try you a little further. To give up life is much, for it is to give up wife, and home, and child, and ambition, and all—almost all. But let me test you this way again. Suppose that awful majestic form should call out to you and say: 'I ask you to give up health and drag yourself, not dead, but half alive, through a miserable existence for long years until you perish and die in your crippled and hopeless condition. I ask you to do that.' And it calls for a higher reach of patriotism and self sacrifice. But hundreds of thousands of our soldiers did that. That is what the monument means also.

"But let me ask you to go one step further. Suppose your country should say: 'Come here, upon this platform, and in my name and for my sake consent to be idiots, consent that your very brain and intellect shall be broken down into hopeless idiocy for my sake; how many could be found to make that venture? And yet thousands did that with their eyes wide open to the horrible consequence. One hundred and eighty thousand of our soldiers were prisoners of war, and among them, when death was stalking, when famine was climbing up into their hearts, and when idiocy was threatening all that was left of their intellects, the gates of their prison stood open every day if they would just desert their flag and enlist under the flag of the enemy, and out of 180,000 not two per cent ever received the liberation from death, starvation, idiocy and all that might come to them; but they took all these sufferings in preference to going back upon the flag of their country and the glory of its truth. Great God, was ever such measure of patriotism reached by any men upon this earth before? That is what your monument means. By the subtle chemistry that no man knows, all the blood that was shed by our brethren, all the lives that were thus devoted, all the great grief that was felt, at last crystalized itself into granite and rendered immortal the great truths for which they died, and it stands

there to-day. That is what your monument means."

As he thus spoke, so near that his very breath fell upon me, he seemed himself all radiant and again ready if need be for the altar, and I felt like adding the exclamation:

God! how this land grows rich in royal blood,
Poured out upon it to its utmost length,
The incense of a nation's sacrifice,
The wrested offering of a nation's strength!
It is the costliest land beneath the sun!
'Tis priceless, purchaseless! And not a rood
But hath its title writ ten clear, and signed
In some slain hero's consecrated blood!

And this declaration is rendered more intense by the manner of Garfield's death and the specific principles for which he laid down his life at last. He seemed, indeed, to have some high presentiment of his prospective sacrifice. He said to me, when we sat in the shade of his house, June 21, 1880, "I did not want to run this race for the presidency, which means either to be defeated and perhaps laid aside from public usefulness forever, or to be elected to the most overwhelming work ever laid upon a willing public servant." He then spoke of the particular duties that would devolve on the incoming president, prominent among which would be the establishment of cordial relations between the national legislature and the executive, and maintaining the rights and meeting the responsibility of the chief magistrate in the matter of the civil and diplomatic service. He said the old Roman senator and republican Martyr Cicero, in his work *de Officiis*, had suggested to him many grand principles concerning what public servants owed to their country, and he hoped if elected to hold all his appointees to a faithful appreciation of the responsibilities of their respective positions. It was, no doubt, because of his deep sense of his duties as president, and his obligations to all the people, that his life was at last again put in jeopardy. Whether he anticipated this when he opened his heart so plainly to me I know not; but when he sent his son Irwin for his hat to show me the words which I first quoted, he said, with great solemnity and simplicity, "I of course have not the vanity or the profanity to apply that passage to myself, except so far as I am in sympathy with the Saviour, as his representative and servant;" and his words, "Is it not remarkable that that passage should have been handed to me just then?" were tremulous with emotion. Now I could see a sort of premonition in his accents. That he had martyr-like forebodings will be readily admitted. Even the night before his inauguration his words to his college classmates were wonderfully predictive. He said:

"Classmates, to me there is something exceedingly pathetic in this reunion. In every eye before me I see the light of friendship and love, and I am sure it is reflected back to each one of you from my inmost heart. For twenty-two years, with the exception of the last few days, I have been in the public service. To-night I am a private citizen. To-morrow I shall be called to resume new responsibilities, and on the day after the broadside of the world's wrath will strike, it will strike hard! I know it, and you will know it. Whatever may happen to me in the future, I shall feel that I can always fall back upon

the shoulders and hearts of the class of '56 for their approval of that which is right, and for their charitable judgment wherein I may come short in the discharge of my public duties. You may write down in your books now the largest percentage of blunders which you think I will be likely to make, and you will be sure to find in the end that I have made more than you have calculated—many more!

"This honor comes to me unsought! I have never had the presidential fever—not even for a day—nor have I it to-night. I have no feeling of elation in view of the position I am called upon to fill. I would thank God were I to-day a free lance in the senate or the house. But it is not to be! And I will go forward to meet the responsibilities and discharge the duties that are before me with all the firmness and ability I can command. I hope you will be able conscientiously to approve my conduct, and when I return to private life I wish you to give me another meeting with the class."

These tender words of presentiment are not surpassed by even the Martyr Lincoln's farewell words at Springfield. Those of you who are familiar with Socrates' address to the Athenian authorities just before his martyrdom may see a remarkable resemblance between the valadictions of these great and good men, but all will observe the striking similarity between Garfield's meeting with his classmates and the Messiah's pathetic meeting with his disciples on his near approach to death. How sadly did our Saviour foretell his trial "to-morrow and the day following" when the Shepherd should besmitten and the sheep mourn as having no shepherd. And how intensely full of pathos and of prescience are our last martyred president's words the night before his inauguration: "To me there is something exceedingly pathetic in this re-union. To-morrow I shall be called to assume new responsibilities, and the day after the broadside of the world's wrath will strike! It will strike hard!"

And it did strike. Not only did disappointed politicians and the exposed robbers of the people's treasury pour forth their wordy wrath upon him, but even the proud and factional press of a portion of his own party denounced his moral daring and distinguished public men in the United States senate defied it, after a disgraceful dead-lock of many days for the spoils of office and by transferring the second vice president to a different party endangered his successor, while he was snitten down by the incarnation of their displeasure. I stand abashed before this

horrid, heartrending spectacle, and can recall no case of assassination that can be considered so astounding and cruel, and no martyrdom where the victim suffered more clearly in defence of Christian truth and virtue. As the tallest pine of the forest is sought by the savage to light up and burn down as a signal, so Garfield, the majestic and peerless chief magistrate was selected that the whole world might see our country's sins and her sorrows, and yet all come and condole together in the tenderest and most truth-loving sympathy. As the cross was the crowning of Christ's mission, so Garfield's sufferings in his slow tortures of martyrdom have made him intensely, immensely immortal. It is like the assassination of Abner, when King David led the burial procession, weeping as he went, and saying: "Know ye not that a prince and a great man hath fallen this day in Israel." And as the sad king apostrophised the dead saying: "As a man falleth before wicked men, so fellest thou;" thus does the whole civilized world say the great and good Garfield fell! All nations are now praying: "God pity the martyr's old mother, his widow and her five fatherless children! God pity, preserve and aid, President Chester A. Arthur, and may he wear unsullied the mantle of his martyred predecessor!" And I conclude by saying: May the prayer with which Garfield closed his address the last moment I saw him at the foot of the monument for his fallen soldiers be realized beyond his most sanguine expectations. He said: "What does that monument teach us? It is not a lesson of revenge. It is not a lesson of wrath. It is the grand, sweet, broad lesson of the immortality of a truth that we hope will soon cover, as with the grand shechinah of light and glory all parts of this republic from the lakes to the gulf. I once entered a house in old Massachusetts where over its door were two crossed swords. One was the sword carried by the grandsire of its owner on the field of Bunker Hill, and the other was a sword carried by the English grandsire of the wife on the same field and on the other side of the conflict. Under those crossed swords, in the restored harmony of domestic peace lived a happy and contented and free family under the light of our republican liberties. I trust the time is not far distant, when under the crossed swords and the locked shields of America's north and south our people shall sleep in peace and rise in liberty, and love and harmony, under the union of our flag of stars." This prayer is answered. His blood has sealed the union of the states and the nations.

After the Burial.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I.

Fallen with autumn's falling leaf,
Ere yet the summer's noon was past,
Our friend, our guide, our trusted chief—
What words can match a woe so vast?
And whose the chartered claim to speak
The sacred grief where all have part;
When sorrow saddens every cheek
And broods in every aching heart.
Yet Nature prompts the burning phrase
That thrills the hushed and shrouded hall—
The loud lament, the sorrowing praise,
The silent tear that love lets fall.
In loftiest verse, in lowliest rhyme,
Shall strive unblamed the minstrel choir—
The singers of the new-born time,
And trembling age with outworn lyre.
No room for pride, no place for blame—
We fling our blossoms on the grave—
Pale, scentless, faded—all we claim,
This only—what we had we gave.
Ah, could the grief of all who mourn
Bend in one voice its bitter cry,
The wall to heaven's high arches borne
Would echo through the caverned sky.

II.

O happiest land whose peaceful choice
Fills with breath the empty throne!
God, speaking through the people's voice,
Has made that voice for once his own.
No angry passion shakes the State
When the weary servant seeks for rest—
And who could fear that scowling hate
Would strike at that unguarded breast?
He stands—unconscious of his doom,
In manly strength, erect, serene—
Around him Summer spreads her bloom—
He fails—what horror clothes the scene!
How swift the sudden flash of woe
Where all was bright as childhood's dream,
As if from heaven's ethereal bow
Had leaped the lightning's arrowy gleam!
B of the foul deed from history's page—
Let not the all-betraying sun
Blush for the day that stains an age
When murder's blackest wreath was won.

III.

Pale on his couch the sufferer lies,
The weary battle-ground of pain;
Lore tends his pillow, science tries
Her every art, alas! in vain.
The strife endures how long! how long!
Life, death seem balanced in the scale,
While round his bed a viewless throng
Awaits each morrow's changing tale.
In realms the desert ocean parts
What myriads watch with tear-filled eyes,
His pulse-beats echoing in their hearts,
His breathings counted with their sighs!

Slowly the stores of life are spent,
Yet hope still battles with despair;
Will Heaven not yield when knees are bent?
Answer, O Thou that hearest prayer!

But silent is the brazen sky;
On sweeps the meteor's threatening train—
Unswerving Nature's mute reply,
Bound in her adamantine chain.

Not ours the verdict to decide
Whom death shall claim or skill shall save;
The hero's life though Heaven denied,
It gave our land a martyr's grave.

Nor count the teaching vainly sent
How human hearts their griefs may share—
The lesson woman's love has lent,
What hope may do, what faith can bear!

Farewell! the leaf-strewn earth enfolds
Our stay, our pride, our hopes, our fears;
And autumn's golden sun beholds
A Nation bowed, a world in tears.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

Our sorrow sends its shadow round the Earth.
So brave, so true! A hero from his birth!
The plumes of Empire moult, in mourning draped,
The lightning's message by our tears is shaped.

Lif's vanities that blossom for an hour
Heap on his funeral car their feeble flower,
Commerce forsakes her temples, blind and dim,
And pours her tardy gold, to homage him.

The notes of grief to age familiar grow
Before the sad privations all must know;
But the majestic cadence which we hear
To-day, is new in either hemisphere.

What crown is this, high hung and hard to reach,
Whose glory so outshines our laboring speech?
The crown of Honor, pure and unbetrayed;
He wins the spurs who bears the knightly aid.

While royal babes incipient empire hold,
And, for bare promise, grasp the scepter's gold,
This man such service to his age did bring
That they who knew him servant, hailed him king.

In poverty his infant couch was spread;
His tender hands soon wrought for daily bread;
But from the cradle's bond his willing feet
The errand of the moment went to meet.

When learning's page unfolded to his view,
The quick disciple straight a teacher grew;
And when the fight of freedom stirred the land,
Armed was his heart and resolute his hand.

Wise in the council, stalwart in the field!
Such rank supreme a workman's huts may yield.
His onward steps like measured marbles show,
Climbing the high where God's great flame doth
glow.

Ah! Rose of joy, that hid'st a thorn so sharp!
Ah! Golden woof that meet'st a severed warp!
Ah! Solemn comfort that the stars rein down!
The Hero's garland his, the Martyr's crown!

NEWPORT, September 25, 1881.

Garfield's Last Ride to S

BY THOMAS NELSON HALL

September 6, 1881.

A hero, long peerless in patience, is lying,
And fighting on daily fierce battles for life;
For sixty-five days he seemed living and dying—
His strength for the struggle, the chief in the strife.
He had fought many battles, and mastered with valor,—
With poverty, rebels, political foes,—
But now he fights "Death on his pale horse," and pallor,
And wasting and weakness are wonderful woes!
"One Chance in a hundred" have heroes oft cherished,
But "one in a thousand" 's a different thing;
And now every hope in ten thousand hath perished
But one—'tis removal, as if on the wing,
Where the breakers may roar and the sea breezes sing;
With courage undaunted to this he doth cling.

"The Federal City" lies folded in beauty;
The night hours pass cool over palace and cot;
The watchers and doctors are waiting on duty,
Where the great man, the good man is waiting his lot.

Of heroes the greatest, with heavenly graces,
Chief Magistrate, chosen of Church and of State,
The ruler revered of all realms and all races,
Now fettered with weakness is waiting his fate;
While prayers of the nation—all nations—uphold him
From fainting and falling in Death's firm embrace;
A wife's love and faith, too, with life grasp enfold him,
As fair and serene as the sheen on her face.

The westward moon also keeps watch, like a lighthouse
Betokening safety to some tossing bark,
While the fringe of her mantle reflects on the "White
House"

A silvery silence from shade trees and park;
And now, the set day dawns, ye surgeons and nurses,
For gray-saddled morn moves in sashes of gold;
Her fair face the misty, foul miasm disperses;
Her fond arms the hero, so faint, well enfold.
'Tis the morn set for moving "His Excellence" eastward,
Where Ocean's pure breezes will fan his pale brow;
And the whole land expectant will list for the least word
That tells of his journey, each movement, and how;

For the people with warm hearts in chill air have waited
All night near to see him, so weighty in worth,
Come forth on his couch with his country's hope freighted,—

A life the most honored of all upon earth.
The pulse of their hope, even, is heard in its beating,
So still and so tender have stood the dense crowd;
From the hour the last sun was in silence retreating,
Not a voice nor a footstep is heard speaking loud.
Then lift him up tenderly, lovingly, carefully;
Do bring him down stairways with brave, steady hand,
And place him in ambulance, bare-browed and prayerfully,

For he is beloved through all the broad land!

Ye grooms lead your horses now gravely and slowly
Along the smooth pavement, between the live mass

Of sympathy, looking—in high life and lowly—
And watching and praying as ye softly pass;
Let all in attendance, from surgeon to valet,
Be kindness itself in your constancy's care;
The President must rest undisturbed on his pallet,
And be borne like a bird on the wings of your prayer.
So move to the palace car, place him on mattress hung
As if upon eagle's wings poising in air,
While "God bless him" yearn forth from the old, fair
and young—
Nor fear the *assassin* can follow him there!

The one pines in prison, who, once proudly dreaming
He could render immortal his miscreant name,
Would murder even GARFIELD, just when he was beam-

ing
With life's fullest vigor and virtuous fame;
But Giteau safely dreams of dread geyrions assembled,
And fancies the people are plotting his fate;
All night long hath he trodden his dark cell and trem-

bled,
And now he peers grim through his iron-bound
grate:—

"What meaneth," he saith, "this silent commotion?
I fear 'tis a mob that will tear me in twain!"—
O, long let him dread loyal people's devotion
To their virtuous Chieftain, his vice would have slain!

Now the staunch Locomotive stands light-winged and
steady,

With Engineer Page and Conductor on hand;
The telegraph ticks that "the train is all ready,"
And the Country responds with a royal command:
Fly on! noble Engine, like rustle of angels,
Fly swiftly, bear safely the good man and great;
Let reverent people flock near with evangels
From station to station and State unto State;
Let the elements help, Heaven's behests all obeying,
Assist, speed the journey, with silence and joy,
While the still hours proceed, wherein whole States are
praying,

And the distant old mother sighs, "God bless my boy!"

A hero, long peerless in patience, is lying,
In the beautiful "Cottage," built close by the sea,
Where doubtful days linger, 'twixt living and dying,
And God only knows what is going to be;

But the good man, the great man, who hath fought
many battles,

Whose will fairly won every war-ruffled field,
Hears the shot round him fall like the rain drops' faint
rattle,

And his faith shall not fail—for that faith is his
shield—

"One chance in a hundred" have heroes oft cherished,
Yet "one in a thousand" 's a different thing;
And though every hope in ten thousand hath perished
But one—GARFIELD'S FAITH, that is folding its wing
Where the breakers may roar and the sea breezes sing;
Still to this in repose our hopes prayerfully cling.

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