

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

A NOBLE LIFE.



JAMES A. GARFIELD was born in Orange, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, November 19, 1831. Before he reached his second year his father died, leaving the widow and her four children without fortune in the backwoods.

Few of the luxuries and many of the hardships of life did this energetic woman and her little band know. But she early resolved to give them as far as she was able an education. Her youngest born, James, before he was out of bed in the morning had a book in his hand; and after dark he would stretch himself upon the naked hearth, and by the light of the fire spell out the big words in "The English Reader," until he had much of the book in his memory.

The boy soon after took the job of chopping twenty-five cords of wood for a farmer of Newburg, Cleveland. For this work he was to receive seven dollars.

When harvest was over he went home to his mother and announced to her his intention to begin life as a sailor. The announcement was a terrible blow to the poor woman, who had centred all her hopes on his becoming a scholar, and rising to a life of usefulness, if not distinction; but, seeing he had set his heart upon it, she forbore to oppose him; for she felt sure that God would, in his own time and way, turn him back from such a course.

He walked the whole way—seventeen miles—and arrived at Cleveland at dark. Night found him weary and footsore, down upon the docks among the shipping, and, after gazing for a while at the waters of the great lake, he boarded a schooner lying at the wharf. His reception was not cordial, but it did not cure him of his longing for the sea.

He left the vessel immediately, and walked up the river along the docks. Soon he heard himself called by name from the deck of a canal boat, and, turning around, recognized a cousin, Amos Letcher, who told him he commanded the craft, and proposed to engage him to drive horses on the tow-path. He accepted the offer and the wages of "ten dollars a month and found."

Through the influence of his mother and a young schoolmaster, James was induced to abandon canal boating. The argument used was, that if he befitted himself for teaching by a few terms in school he could teach winters and sail summers, and thus have employment the year round.

In the month of March, with seventeen dollars in his pocket, got together by his mother and his brother Thomas, James went to Geauga Academy at Chester, ten miles away, with his cousins, William and Henry Boynton. The boys took a stock of provisions along and rented a room with two beds and a cooking-stove in an old unpainted house, where lived a poor widow woman who undertook to prepare their meals and do their washing for an absurdly small sum.

At Chester he first saw his future wife, Lucretia Rodolph, a quiet, studious girl, in her seventeenth year, was among the students. There was no association between the two, however, save in classes. James was awkward

and bashful, and contemplated the girls at a distance as a superior order of beings.

At the end of the term of twelve weeks he went home to Orange, helped his brother to build a barn for their mother, and then worked for day wages at haying and harvesting. With the money he earned, he paid off some arrears of doctors' bills left from a long illness. When he returned to Chester in the fall he had one silver sixpence in his pocket. Going to church next day he dropped the sixpence in the contribution box.

While at this school he worked at carpenter jobs mornings, evenings, and Saturdays.

After three years of work and study, young Garfield left the academy and went to the Eclectic Institute at Hiram, Portage County.

"Gentlemen," he said, addressing the Board, "I want an education, and would like the privilege of making the fires and sweeping the floors of the building to pay part of my expenses."

"How do we know, young man, that the work will be done as we may want?"

"Try me," was the answer, "try me two weeks, and if it is not done to your entire satisfaction, I will retire without a word."

While at Hiram he lived in a room with four other pupils, studied harder than ever, having now his college project fully anchored in his mind, got through his six books of Caesar that term, and made good progress in Greek. In the winter he again taught school at Warrensville, and earned \$18 a month. Next spring he was back at Hiram, and during the summer vacation he helped to build a house in the village, planning all the siding and shingling the roof.

At the beginning of his second year at Hiram, Garfield was made a tutor in place of one of the teachers who fell ill, and thenceforward he taught and studied at the same time, working tremendously to fit himself for college. His future wife recited to him two years in Greek, and when he went to college she went to teach in the Cleveland schools, and to wait patiently the realization of their hopes. In three years' time he fitted himself to enter the junior class, and at the same time earned his own living, thus crowding six years' study into three, and teaching for his support at the same time. To accomplish it, he shut the whole world out from his mind save that little portion of it within the range of his studies, reading no light literature, and engaging in no social recreations that took his time from his books.

To complete his education, he insured his life, and assigned the policy. He became in time president of the college, and a lay preacher of the Christian church. He then studied law, and in course of time was elected to Congress. On the outbreak of the war he entered the army, became colonel, and general, and eventually President of the United States.

"What was the secret of his success?" asked President Lincoln, himself once a poor rail-splitter. "It is because when a boy he had to work for his living." But above and beyond this, it was his honesty, his diligence, his piety. No king, born of a sceptred line of sovereigns, has ever had such sympathy shown him in his illness, nor such honour in his death, as the poor Ohio boy—raised by God, like

Moses, or David, or Daniel, to rule over a great nation.

One of the noblest features in his character was his undying love to the dear old mother who toiled for him during her long widowhood, and to whom, no matter how great he became, he was ever her boy. To her his first kiss was given after his inauguration, in the presence of assembled thousands, and to her the only letter he wrote—with much feebleness and pain, upon his death-bed—was addressed. He has taken his place in history as the good son, the loving husband, the kind father, the pious statesman, the wise ruler. He has gone to his grave amid the tears of a nation, and with the sympathy and sorrow of all mankind.

"The struggle and grief are all past,
The glory and worth live on."

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS for last Number:

I. BLANKS.—1. Rove, over. 2. Mile, lime. 3. Tub, but. 4. Ear, are. 5. Bad, dab. 6. Pot, top. 7. Tea, eat. 8. Yard, dray.

II. RIDDLE.—Love.

III. ENIGMA.—I would not live away.

IV. HIDDEN BIRDS.—1. Canary. 2. Robin. 3. Hen. 4. Goose. 5. Swan. 6. Wren. 7. Oriole.

NEW PUZZLES.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 12, 5, 2, 18, 12, 9, 15, 18, was one of the seven churches of Asia.

My 7, 12, 18, 23, 12, 5, 16, 19, 2, was one of the seven champions of Christendom.

My 17, 19, 21, 13, 18, 14, 10, was one of the seven Archangels.

My 22, 6, 9, 27, 9, 23, 9, 18, 11, was one of the hills of Rome.

My 20, 26, 4, 18, 1, 9, 22, 19, was one of the seven sleepers of Ephesus, My 31, 13, 9, 10, 16, was one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece.

My 1, 13, 18, 5, 16, 7, was one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

My 21, 18, 1, 18, 23, 14, 25, 7, was one of the Seven Against Thebes.

My 12, 9, 8, is a word from which one of the seven days of the week derived its name.

My 17, 14, 4, 21, 25, 15, 2, is one of the seven metals known to the Ancients.

My 2, 26, 10, 11, 16, 8, is one of the seven colours of the rainbow.

My 17, 14, 3, 21, 9, 18, is one of the seven kingdoms of the Saxon Hierarchy.

My whole is a celebrated response of the Delphic Oracle.

TRANSPOSED BLANKS.

1. Many a — is checked by a —
2. The — uttered a — hoot.
3. It is about — for another — about the frisky —.

SYLLABLE WORD SQUARE.

1. A dictionary.
2. Relating to architecture.
3. Cone shaped.

HIDDEN CITIES.

1. O ma, have you seen the duck?
2. The word "mad" is on the board.
3. Tell me all about it, Roy.
4. Going on deck, I saw a spar taken and put in place.

WORDS.

KEEP a guard on your words, dear children,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey;
Like the bees, have terrible stings.

They can bless like the cheering sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut in the strife of anger
Like an open two-edged knife.

Let them pass through our lips unchallenged,
If their errand is true and kind;
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind.

Keep them back if they're cold and cruel,
Under bar, and lock, and seal;
The wounds they make, O children,
Are always slow to heal.

May peace guard your lives, and ever,
From this time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the beautiful words of truth!

MORNING BIBLE READING.

THE best time for Bible reading is in the morning. The mind and body are fresh after the repose of the night, and the highest powers of thought may be brought to bear upon the chapter selected. But, with most people, each recurring morning brings its own pressing tasks. Business care, the daily toil, and the duties of the household, are the first and most engrossing concerns. Some hours must pass, with many, before they can find time to sit down to any quiet reading. Let the plan be honestly tried, of taking some words from God's Book for the first meditation of the morning. Make for the next month a fair, steadfast trial of the plan of studying the Bible when your faculties are at mental high-water mark. You wonder at the familiarity of this or that friend with the Psalms, the Epistles, the Gospels. It has been gained a little at a time, by patient daily reading—thoughtful and prayerful reading, too, which was hived by the soul as something worth treasuring. We shall all gain immeasurably in our influence, as well as in our own comfort, by giving more of our unwearied thought to the Holy Book. A few tired, sleepy, worn-out moments at night, and those only, are almost an insult to the Master whom you profess to serve.—*Church Advocate.*

THE Rev. Dr. Mark Hopkins tells us of a mother who sent four sons into the world to do for themselves, taking from each of them, as he went, a pledge not to use intoxicating drink, profane language, or tobacco, before he was twenty-one years of age. They are now from sixty-five to seventy-five years old: only one of them has had a sick day, all are honored men, and not one of them is worth less than a million of dollars.

A QUAKER had a quarrelsome neighbor, whose cow, being suffered to go at large, often broke into the Quaker's well-cultivated garden. One morning, having driven the cow from his premises to her owner's house, he said to him, "Friend T., I have driven thy cow home once more, and if I find her in my garden again—" "Suppose you do!" his neighbour angrily exclaimed, "what will you do?" "Why," said the Quaker, "I'll drive her home to thee again, friend T." The cow never again troubled the Quaker.