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THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

It is seldom that a life and character are brought before the world in the blaze of publicity in which there is so little to blame as there is in the life and character of the departed President of the United States. Not only strong in body and mighty in mind, but true and pure and tenderly loving, he was in every sense great. His life has been heroic, his public service disinterested. It is well that we should be brought into close sympathy with one representative family in a great nation. We could not, if we would, feel intensely for every one whose sufferings we hear about. We must slur over, perhaps we must be hardened by the many tales of trouble that reach us through the daily telegrams. Here is one case, however, which may stand for all others, with which we have become intimate, and for which we are able to feel as though it were that of a friend acquaintance. Through Mr. Garfield we felt drawn closer to a whole people; in mourning for him we are in communion with a whole people and are drawn toward them in spite of prejudice and national differences. We doubt if the world has ever, since it was made, known such a universal and unanimous mourning. Wherever the English race extends it is of course the more intense, but it knows no limits of race or creed. Wherever the telegraph wire has bound the great round world together there the throb of sympathy is felt. The good will which has its spring in the sick-room and at the death-bed is of a pure and holy sort, and can be freely indulged without misconstruction. Let Canadians then not fail to come forward when occasion offers, and let their neighbors know that they love them. We do not know all the good that can be made to flow from this evil, but some things we can see. It has increased the brotherliness of men. It has done much to expose that sham of human brotherliness called communism, which thinks it a noble thing to kill a ruler. After Guiteau no one will think a self-devoted assassin necessarily a brave man. It will make office-seeking contemptible and help to purge the nation of the greatest remaining reproach upon its constitution, government by office-brokers. It will set a high ideal of citizenship before many people. So much we can see—how much more lies hidden from us?

The above from the MONTREAL WITNESS expresses the great interest

which attaches to the late President wherever his life is known. The main features of his history are familiar to almost every one. He was born on November 19th, 1831, in a log house in the township of Orange, Cayahuga County, Ohio, the youngest of a family of four children. When two years old his father died, leaving the young family to be supported by the mother, and the oldest son Thomas, who was but ten years of age. The struggle was a severe one. Thomas ploughed and sowed the small plot of cleared land and the mother cut and split the rails that fenced in the house plot. All worked together as far as able, with trust in God and hope for the future. In time James and the younger children were sent to school, the noble elder brother toiling in humble position that his younger brothers and sisters might obtain

the advantages that he could not. James had the usual difficulty that faces young men in choosing his course in life. First he was engaged in a black saltery, then as driver on a canal boat, and then he obtained the position of janitor in Hiram College, over which, in a few years, he was to preside. From Hiram he went to Williams College, and on completing his education returned to be the president of Hiram college. The war breaking out he raised a company of soldiers, was raised by General Burnside to the office of Colonel, and given the task of saving Kentucky for the Union. It was but a step to Brigadier-general; he was the youngest in the army. In 1863, during his Kentucky campaign, he was elected to Congress, and on the advice of President Lincoln accepted. He was the youngest member of

Congress. Last year he was elected President; on July 3rd he was shot; in the evening of September 19th he died. But it is not idle to hope that by his death the great work in which he was engaged of correcting the misuse of public patronage will be accomplished more thoroughly than had he lived. He died mourned by the world.

BLESSING OF LIBERALITY.

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again.—Prov. 19; 17.

“While Pastor Gossner was living with Fenneberg, one day a poor traveller asked the latter to lend him three dollars, that he might be able to continue his journey, as he had expended all his money sooner than he had calculated. Fenneberg at the time possessed only three dollars, but as the poor man asked him in the name of Jesus, and with much importunity, he lent him all he had, even to his last penny. Some time after, when in extreme want, not knowing what to do or how to help himself, he recollected this fact while at prayer; and, with child-like faith and simplicity, he said, “O Lord, I have lent Thee three dollars, and Thou hast not given them back to me, though Thou knowest how urgently I need them. I pray Thee to return them to me.”

The very same day a letter arrived containing money, which Gossner delivered to the good man with these words, “Here, sir, you receive what you advanced.” The letter contained two hundred dollars which were sent him by a rich man, at the solicitation of the poor traveller to whom he had lent his all.

Fenneberg, quite overcome with surprise, said in his simple way, “Oh, dear Lord, one cannot say a simple word to Thee without being put to shame.”—*Monthly Cabinet of Illustrations.*

CONFESS CHRIST.

A missionary among the seamen relates that one night at the close of a prayer meeting, a young sailor, who had only been converted a few nights before, came up to him and asked him to write a few words on a card for him. “What shall I write?” he asked. “Write this: ‘I love Jesus: do you?’” After writing the words he enquired what he was going to do with the card. He replied, “I am going to sea to-morrow, and I am afraid if I do not take a stand at once, I may begin to be ashamed of my religion. So I am going to nail this card upon my bunk, and that will let every one know at once I am a Christian.”



JAMES A. GARFIELD.