

yacht down there where I can see it from my window ; then I want you to hoist the flag at the mast-head, and every night to hang my lamp up in the rigging ; when I go down I want to go down with my colours flying and my lamp burning."

He left instructions to have put on his monument the words, "Lord, I believe ; help thou my unbelief."

Dr. Cuyler was also favoured with the friendship of Horace Greeley, the founder of *The New York Tribune*, a man whom John Bright once pronounced "the greatest of living editors." He once told Cuyler that he had written editorials for a dozen papers at once, and that while preparing his history of the "American Conflict" he wrote three columns of editorials every day.

But by far the most heart-touching of Cuyler's American reminiscences are those of Lincoln and the Civil War. In 1861, when the hills of Washington were white with tents, he went down to preach to the boys in blue. He had already met President Lincoln, and been impressed by his magnetic personality. All through his life he remained a most worshipful admirer of the best-loved man that America ever cradled. During those terrible years of conflict the nation and its President seem to have lain as a great sorrow on the warm heart of Theodore Cuyler.

"We call him 'Our Martyr President,'" he says, "but the martyrdom lasted four whole years." And it is with the faithful pen of love he draws for us the picture of the great-souled backwoodsman from Illinois called to the nation's helm and the martyr's grave. We see him through the long days of anxiety, in which there is scarcely time to eat ; the long, wearying, nerve-racked days and months ! We see him in the darkness of midnight, wrapped in

his Scotch shawl<sup>1</sup>, stealing over to the War Office to listen to the click of the instruments, bringing sometimes news of victory, sometimes of slaughter and defeat. After the horrors of Fredericksburg he remarked at the War Office, "If any of the lost in hell suffered worse than I did last night, I pity them."

In a more jubilant tone is the description of the scenes at Fort Sumpter at the close of the war, when amid loud rejoicings the old flag was run up the halyards whence it had been lowered four years before. The next day Dr. Cuyler addressed a thousand little negro children. "May I," he asked, "send an invitation to the good Abraham Lincoln to come down and visit you?" A thousand little hands went up with a shout. But even then he of whom they talked lay cold and still in death.

"At Fortress Monroe, on our homeward voyage, the terrible tidings of the President's assassination pierced us like a dagger. Near the fortress poor negro women had hung pieces of coarse black muslin around every little huckster's table. 'Yes, sah, Fatlah Lincum's dead. Dey killed our bes' fren', but God be libben ; dey can't kill Him. I's shoo ob dat.' Her simple child-like faith seemed to reach up and grasp the everlasting arm which had led Lincoln while leading her race 'out of the house of bondage.'"

"Upon our arrival in New York, we found the city draped in black, and 'the mourners going about the streets.' When the remains of the murdered President reached New York, they were laid in state in the City Hall for one day and night, and during that whole night the procession passed the coffin—never ceasing for a moment. Between three and four o'clock in the morning I took my family there, that they might see the face of our beloved martyr, and we had to take our place in a line as far away as Park Row. The whole journey to Springfield, Ill., was one constant manifestation of poignant grief. The people rose in the night simply to see the funeral train pass by. I do not wonder that when Emperor Alexander of Russia (who was himself afterwards assassinated), heard the tidings of our President's death from an Ameri-