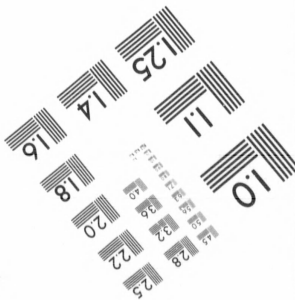
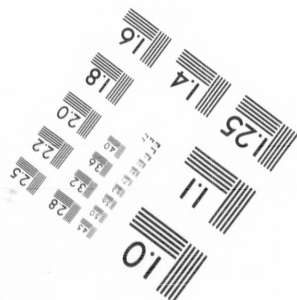
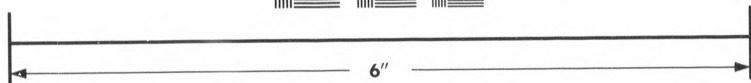
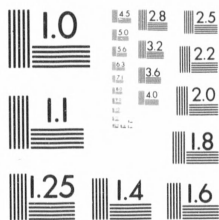


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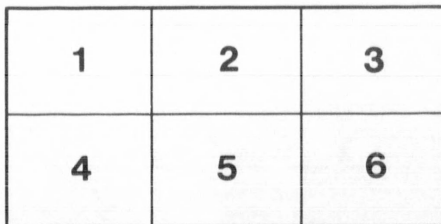
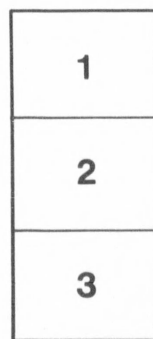
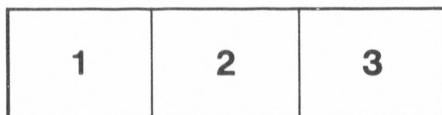
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GENERAL GRANT

The Lessons of his Life and Death

SERMON,

Preached, (by request,)

IN ZION PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

BRANTFORD, ONT.,

SABBATH EV'G, SEPT. 13, 1835,

BY THE

REV WM. COGHRANE, D. D.

BRANTFORD :

PRINTED AT THE EXPOSITOR OFFICE.

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GENERAL GRANT.

THE LESSONS OF HIS LIFE AND DEATH.

MEMORIAL SERMON,

BY THE REV'D DR. COCHRANE.

After announcing his text, "whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it," (1st Corinthians 12. v 26,) Dr. Cochrane spoke as follows:—

THE UNITY OF CHRISTIAN NATIONS.

There is no schism in the human body. It is so constituted that the eye and the ear, the foot and the arm are intimately connected and interested in the well-being of each other. All alike are necessary to the complete physical organization of the individual man. The body is one, though composed of different members. There is a common consciousness. You cannot pain the one without causing pain in the

very centre of life. Thus if one member suffers, all the members suffer with it; or if one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it.

So it should be with the church of Christ. The visible body of believers is made up of individuals, not isolated or independent, but related to each other in the closest bonds. From this union there springs sympathy—a bearing of each others burdens—a sharing of each others sorrows. Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep, is the law of christian fellowship. "For whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it."

The same ought to be true of Christian nations. As the welfare of the individual state or province depends upon the conduct of the units that compose it, so the best interests of society and the world at large are served by the co-operation of Christian states and nations, in all that is productive of virtue and integrity, and by each showing sympathy with the other in whatever appeals to the better instincts of our common humanity. More especially it becomes nations that have sprung from a common ancestry, who are of one blood and one language, whose laws and customs are in the main alike, and whose institutions are founded upon a common Christianity, to testify to the world that geographical boundaries and minor differences in forms of government cannot restrain or repress that overflow of genuine feeling, when sister commonwealths suffer the loss of eminent statesmen, or stand around the grave of those who have fought their bat-

ties, vindicated their honor, and advanced the world-wide cause of humanity and freedom.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

Such sympathy has not been wanting in later years between Great Britain and the United States, and is in itself one of the strongest evidences of that good feeling which exists and is increasing between two nations, which should mutually and conjointly seek, above their own private interests, the good of mankind in every clime and country. The touching messages flashed beneath the ocean from Queen Victoria to the widows of martyred Presidents and dead commanders, have done more to cement the old and new worlds in bonds of lasting brotherhood, than all the treaties and diplomacies of skilled and crafty statesmen.

It is, therefore, eminently fitting that in this land and in this city and church, where many present have assembled in former years to pay the tribute of affectionate regard to the memories of Lincoln and Garfield, we should seek to know something of those elements of character that made the life of General Grant so conspicuous; his death so lamented, and his memory so dear to the nation that he loved and served so well. Not to speak words of extravagant eulogy over the dead, nor seek to minimise or excuse any faults and failings which may have marked the life of the dead soldier, are we met to-night, but to unite with the great heart of the world, which is ever just, in paying homage to the memory of a man, who fearlessly, faithfully and unselfishly did his duty according to the

light he had; and to magnify that grace by which he was ultimately led in childlike faith to acknowledge his dependence upon Him, who made him what he was, and gave him strength to do what he did.

WIDE SPREAD SORROW AT HIS DEATH.

The death of General Grant has called forth in almost every quarter of the civilized world unmistakeable declarations that true nobility of nature, independent of accidental birth and fortune, commands universal regard, and deserves the highest honors. Westminster Abbey on the fourth day of August last, (when the flags on the royal residences of Windsor and Osborne were lowered) crowded with the representatives of Royalty and the bravest English hearts, all united in paying respect to the memory of one, not of their own but of another land, presented a sight that only at great intervals occurs in the history of civilized and christian nations. The barriers of rank and party and national differences, disappear on such occasions. Palace, castle and hovel are alike in tears. By men who inhabit distant lands and speak diverse tongues, the pangs of a personal bereavement are felt as they join in solemn service in memory of the dead. As Federal and Confederate soldiers lift the bier, word comes across the ocean that the nations of the earth bow their heads in silent grief. It is no blind and sudden impulse which impels such deep and wide-spread mourning. It is the verdict of mankind upon a great character, (whose deeds have electrified the world), now

unexpectedly closed, after a long and painful sickness. As has been aptly said, "those who fear that religious faith is dying, and that science has shaken the hold of moral law upon the minds of men, are staggered and rebuked by the sight." No base or ignoble passions could so move the nations of the earth. But a single life is stricken down, and a dark cloud seems to settle on the sky and obscure the sun. Men speak with bated breath. The minute gun, the muffled drum, the tolling bell, silence in senate chambers and courts of justice and halls of learning, public buildings draped in black, mourners marching by the tens of thousands with measured step to the saddest music, the land filled with lamentations "from the savannahs of the south to the snow capped hills of the north, and from where the Atlantic moans along its ancient coast, to where the Pacific sobs on its golden shore,"—all tell that a king among men is dead!

GRANT'S HUMBLE ORIGIN.

Who was this man, thus followed to the tomb by a hundred thousand of his countrymen? I need not give details of his early life. These are to be found in the pages of biography. Like Abraham Lincoln, the rail-splitter and Mississippi boatman, who finally became the most honest and God-fearing of modern statesmen; like Garfield, who from a poor shoeless child, rose to be teacher, preacher and President—so Grant, from the tannery of Galena, became the foremost man of his age, the hero of many battles and the chief citizen of a nation, which, second to none other, moulds the civilization and directs the

destinies of the world. How different the circumstances connected with the birth of these men! The birth of a prince is announced by salvos of artillery and the ringing of joy bells in city, town and hamlet; but the poor man's son enters the world unnoticed. "Weigh them both in the scale of eternity and the difference between them is not perceptible. In both cases a life has begun which shall never end—a heart begins to throb which must be filled with delight or anguish—a soul has sprung into being which shall outlive the earth and see the sun extinguished as a taper in the sky." In both cases, the conduct of the individual independent of the adventitious circumstances of rank or fortune, makes the life commonplace or grand, a source of blessing or a perpetual curse!

General Grant was born in a sphere far off from the one for which God ultimately intended him. For some forty years he lived in comparative obscurity, giving but little indication of his wonderful genius and strength of will. But these years were not lost. During that period he was being prepared for the great work of his life, when called not simply to save a nation from dismemberment, but to give a new direction to the civilization of the world. "The workings of his masterful mind were hidden beneath the silence of his lips; but when the supreme moment came, there came also an intellectual elevation, an uplifting of the whole being, a transformation of the silent, thoughtful General, which surprised his foes and astonished his friends. He culminated at the crisis, and was at his best when most needed."

It is Longfellow, I think, who says great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external nature, give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not even dream. It was so in the case of Grant. He did more than was expected of him. Other men of more brilliant records failed, where he was successful. Undemonstrative, taciturn and silent, he passed on from victory to victory, so unheralded and quietly, as to win for him the gratitude of his own people and the admiration of the world. In Gen. Grant's case, as in the case of many others who have served their country, it may be said :

"The strength that makes a nation great,
In secret is supplied ;
The energies that build the state,
In humble virtues hide.

From christian homes among the hills,
The streams of influence flow ;
The force that fights with earthly ills.
And overcomes the foe."

THE WORLD'S GREAT MEN OF LOWLY BIRTH.

The noblest benefactors of the world, in science, literature, philanthropy and religion, have sprung from lowly origin. Sextus the fifth from being a swineherd, was called to wave a sceptre ; Ferguson spent his early days in tending sheep ; God called him to look after stars, and be a shepherd watching the flocks of light "on the hill sides of heaven." Hogarth, the wonderful artist and painter, began life by engraving pewter pots ; Bloomfield sat for a time on the shoemaker's bench ; God called him to sit in the chair of a philosopher and

scholar ; Hawley was called from soap boiling in London, to become one of the greatest astronomers of England ; Martin Luther was the son of a peasant miner ; Virgil, the son of a potter ; Demosthenes, of a smith, Columbus, of a cloth weaver ; Ben Johnson of a brick layer ; Shakespeare, of a wool trader ; Burns, of a cotter ; Whitfield, of an inn keeper ; Carlyle, of an Ecclefechan farmer ; Henry Kirke White, that poetic genius, whose dust lies outside the walls of Rome, awaiting a blessed resurrection, was the son of a Nottingham butcher, and David Livingstone, whose remains rest in Westminster Abbey—the model missionary of the world—was, when a boy, a cotton piecer and spinner. As the poet says :

“ These souls flash out like the stars of God,
From the midnight of the mine ;
No castle is theirs, no palace great,
No princely pillared hall ;
But they well can laugh at the roofs of state,
'Neath the heaven which is over all.

Each bares his arm for the ringing strife,
That marshals the sons of the soil,
And the sweat-drops shed in the battle of life
Are gems in the crown of toil ;
And prouder their well-worn wreaths, I trow,
Than laurels with life-blood wet ;
And nobler the arch of a bare, bold brow,
Than the clasp of a coronet.”

Hard work and poverty, self-control and misfortune, often make self-reliant, courageous, and victorious spirits. Rich men's sons are heavily weighted in the race of existence. “A basketful of bonds and debentures, is the heaviest burden that a young man can carry. The temptations of wealth and affluence are such as to sink the most promising lives.” Had such been the lot of Grant, how different in all likelihood would have been the

meridian and close of his life! It was the early discipline he underwent and the drudgery of menial toil that prepared him for the command of the American army and subsequently for the onerous duties of the Presidential chair. No man can become a ruler of men, who does not rule his own spirit, and deny himself ease and indulgence in early years. He who steadily and patiently applies himself to the work of today and discharges his duties to his fellowmen, in a spirit of unselfishness and as under the eye of his maker, is the man who when the crisis comes is found equal to its demands. The hour came when the Republic needed a strong, calm, iron clad will to direct its armies and save its very life, and with the hour came the man. At once he was recognized as a dominant magnetic spirit, mighty in grasp of details strong in purpose; facile in execution; not easily daunted or discouraged; far-seeing and determined; a man who reasoned out his campaigns and fought them with a tenacity of purpose, that inspired confidence in his colleagues and subordinates. The nation at once felt the touch of a master's hand, and the rebellion was crushed under the potency of his iron will. It was not mere good fortune or luck, as some historians have asserted, that made Grant the saviour of his country, although it need not be disputed that he was called to command at an opportune hour, but "by the upward gravitation of natural forces," by inflexible faithfulness, indomitable resolution, sleepless energy and persistent tenacity, he rose step by step to the highest position a nation can offer a citizen.

GRANT CRITICISED.

And yet, like many brave men who preceded him in command of the Northern Army, there was a time when it looked as if he also might be recalled and added to the many who had failed to satisfy the eager, impetuous and at times unreasonable cry for a speedy termination of the war—a war that for extent and fierceness has but seldom been equalled in the history of the world. Seward, the able and acute Secretary of State, prophesied that in ninety days peace would be restored, and on this false, though not unnatural assumption, many able generals, who had in succession commanded the army of the republic, but who could not accomplish impossibilities, were consigned to private life, or relegated to inferior positions. Grant's military genius suffered such momentary depreciation. The nation bleeding at every pore, and almost driven to desperation, became impatient, exacting, clamorous for immediate results. But Grant heard, as if he heard it not. He had the rare grace of silence under provocation. He knew that time was essential to the mighty undertaking entrusted to his hands, and that neither civilians nor carping editors could grasp the deadly struggle in which the nation was engaged. He waited patiently for the storm to pass; uttered no word of complaint; attempted no explanation or vindication of his plans; and kept on assured of ultimate success. Like all self possessed men, who have thoroughly matured and mastered their powers, he heeded not popular clamour. To the cry for

speedy victories, he only replied: "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." He did so, and the end justified the wisdom of the great General and the means employed to crush the rebellion, and restore lasting peace and good will between North and South.

TRAITS OF CHARACTER

Among many exceedingly pleasing traits of character, illuminated in his life, may be found the following:

I. The modest estimate he entertained of his own part in the war for the preservation of the Union, and the generous and unostentatious praise, which he lavished upon officers and men. In the battles of the Wilderness he illustrated the saying of Wellington at Waterloo, "Hard pounding gentlemen; we shall see who will pound the longest;" and he won that campaign by simple pertinacious pounding. But in the campaign against Vicksburg, an apparently invulnerable fortress was captured "by a combination of brilliant conception, execution and patient perseverance, against what were at first superior odds, and despite serious difficulties within his own camp, and in the attitude of both government and people behind his back." And yet so far from taking any special credit to himself for what was admitted on all hands to be the greatest military triumph of the war, he simply said:—"The campaign of Vicksburg was suggested and developed by circumstances; *Providence directed its course, while the army of the Tennessee executed the decree!*"

II. Like all really great and good commanders he hated war, and was by inclina-

tion a man of peace. It was not that he delighted in battle's stern array, that he stood in the breach at the call of his countrymen, and directed movements that resulted in the death of many foemen worthy of a nobler end. He regarded war as a ghastly monster, "whose march is to the music of the widow's sigh and the orphans cry." In his London speech of 1877 he said:—Although a soldier by education and profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war and I have never advocated it, except as a means of peace." This is the right view to take of war. Battles are grand to read about, when looked at from afar, and often are grand in their results, but those who take part in them and know most about them are far from lavish in their praise. Louis Napoleon, although seemingly regardless of bloodshed, had his dreams badly haunted by the slaughter of Solferino. The field of Waterloo and such scenes, made Wellington detest its ravages and lament its necessity. Indeed, every rightly constituted mind must join in the Psalmist's prayer:—"Scatter thou the people that delight in war." But bad as war is, there are some things worse. When war is the only alternative to redress national grievances, or end flagrant wrongs, it is right and proper, despite of its horrors. While we deprecate its evils, and pray that it may never again touch our borders, we are not of those who regard it as the greatest calamity that can afflict a nation. While war has slain its thousands, peace has slain its tens of thousands. In the breast of all noble minded men there has been implanted the feeling that war,

and even death, in a good and virtuous cause, is preferable to ignominious servitude. To use the language put into the mouth of a Roman senator :

“A Christian people cannot long debate
Which of the two to choose—Slavery or
Death ?
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage ”

If such views be correct, than that nation which prepares for war in times of peace shows the highest wisdom. In surrounding herself with the necessary elements of defence, and having ready at her call strong arms and willing hearts to vindicate the country's honor and bear aloft the flag of freedom, she ensures her safety and perpetuity. It was this feeling that prompted Grant to accept the leadership of the northern army, and fight against men with whom he had much in common. Personal friendships he sacrificed on the altar of his country's liberties. He felt that nothing but the severest measures could preserve the union inviolable, and blend all its parts and parties in more indissoluble bonds, than ever they had been before.

It is neither the time nor place to refer at length to the war that brought Gen. Grant into such prominence. Now that it is a thing of the past, and north and south have been welded as one over the grave of the dead hero, it is better to be silent than rake up the smouldering ashes of those fires that for a time burned so fiercely. But this much may be ventured, that the two elements that had existed for a century in the United States (indeed prior to the revolution of 1776), could not in the na-

ture of things continue for ever. The so-called irrepressible conflict between abolitionists and pro-slavery men, could not be put down. It meant either the annihilation of the union, or the annihilation of slavery. It ended as we all know in the latter, in the emancipation and enfranchisement of the negro, but not as some would have it, in the humiliation of the South. Rapidly recovering from what she lost, by a system entailed upon her by preceding generations, she bids fair to become the rival of the Northern States, in all that appertains to the highest civilization, and the purest morality.

The conduct of General Grant after the war, in his eagerness to efface all scars and put an end to estrangements and bitter animosities, is still lovingly remembered by the Southern States. It is well known that after the lamented death of Lincoln, President Johnson was determined to make an example of such Southern generals as Lee and others, who had been foremost in defying the Northern arms. Grant protested against and resisted such proceedings. He said that the honor of the nation was at stake—that by the conditions of surrender such men could not be sacrificed. The manly courage of a soldier's heart, thus saved many confederates from an ignominious death. For this is it wonderful, that the South respected him when living, and honour him when dead!

III. The humility of the dying soldier, his consideration for those who waited upon him through his long days and nights of suffering; his chastened resignation to God's will; his calm, unostentatious but

implicit trust in the mercy of God, are among the sweetest recollections that can be cherished of his memory.

The closing days of the Duke of Wellington were marked by the same child-like simplicity and gratitude. After one of his last and greatest victories, he went to receive the sacrament, and as he was kneeling in the church, a poor man came and knelt beside him. The church warden said: "Go away, this is the Duke of Wellington." The Great conqueror of Waterloo replied: "Let him alone—we are equal here!" And when the Duke was dying, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant's handing it to him in a saucer, and asking him if he would have it, he replied in the last words he spoke, "Yes, if you please." How much kindness and courtesy is expressed in them. He who had commanded the greatest armies in Europe and had long been accustomed to the throne of authority, did not despise or overlook the smallest courtesies of life.

It was very much the same with General Grant. He was gently considerate of those who waited upon him, and often urged them to take rest. On the night preceding his death he turned to those who were watching lovingly by his bedside and said: "Do not stop up—do not distress yourselves on my account." To his son he said, indicating his solicitude for her, who had so long shared his humble and his grander life: "I hope mother will bear up," while to herself he said: "Do as I do, take it quietly; I give myself not the least concern. If I knew the end was to-morrow, I would just try as hard to get rest in the meantime. Go to sleep and feel happy, that is what I want

to do, and am going to try, for I am happy when out of pain. Consider how happy you ought to be. Good night." And such was the tenderness of his love for her; he surprised her by a letter found upon his person after death. He had written it at intervals and secretly, and carried the missive for fourteen days, knowing that she would find it after his death. It read as follows: "Look after our dear children, and direct them in the paths of rectitude. It would distress me far more to think that one of them should depart from an honorable, upright and virtuous life, than it would be to know that they were prostrated on a bed of sickness from which they were never to arise alive. They have never given us any cause for alarm on their account, and I earnestly pray they never will. With these few injunctions and the knowledge I have of your love and affection, and of the dutiful affection of all our children, I bid you a final farewell, until we meet in another and I trust a better world. You will find this on my person after my demise."

HIS RELIGIOUS FAITH

But it is asked what of General Grant's religious belief? How did he meet the last enemy? Was he merely reconciled to the inevitable stroke of death by a soldier's stoicism? Were his fears all removed? Was his acceptance of Christ and the atonement real? Was his end perfect peace? Was the dark valley illuminated by the radiance of the New Jerusalem? I think that no one who places any confidence in the honesty and dying declarations of the dead soldier can doubt his simple faith in

the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ. His best friends and admirers would doubtless have wished that long before his last illness, he had been more pronounced and outspoken regarding that faith in which he died. Like many who preceded him in the Presidential chair, Grant was not a member in full communion of any church. Though he regularly attended public worship and took considerable interest in congregational affairs, he never sat down at the Lord's table, and was baptized but a short time before his death. Referring to this fact, Dr. Byron Sutherland, of Washington, in whose church General Grant for some time worshipped, (and where President Cleveland attends) said in his memorial sermon: 'On this topic, at a most solemn moment in the experience of the nation, I will not forbear to avow, what I have many times repeated on other occasions, that no more essential or important duty belongs to our public men, than making a public profession of their Christian faith through the solemn ordinances of the christian church. The value of such testimony, given in such a manner to the contemporary and coming generations, is simply priceless. If men believe in Christ, let them have the candour and courage to confess, and that in the most solemn forms which the rites of the church impose. It is not good to postpone this profession against all the chances of a sudden death, for while a man may count on the divine compassion to the last moment, he ought not to hazard the opportunity of leaving behind him the most positive evidence he can ever give of his peace with God through faith in Jesus Christ our Lord.'

With such manly words we heartily agree. In spite of his many noble qualities, General Grant is not held up as a perfect example. But what shall we say of the many in all our churches, who, in circumstances perhaps more favorable to decision for Christ, still delay to act? Grey hairs are upon their heads, and they know it not. And what shall we say of those, who although for many years members of Christian churches, can hardly be distinguished from the most ungodly around them? In the character of General Grant, the gold and iron were mingled with the clay. But in the case of many of his detractors there is the clay without the gold and iron. To-night, therefore, in thankfulness for what God made him by nature, and still more by grace, we bury his faults in the grave and make his virtues bloom above it. We magnify that divine spirit that enabled the hero of so many battles even at the last to acknowledge his dependence upon the mercy of God, and cling to covenant promises in a dying hour; while at the same time we warn the careless ones not to rest contented with the hope that they may enjoy the same. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his," is a very pious sentiment, but unless accompanied by personal faith and practical godliness is of no avail.

In this connection it may not be out of place to refer to the purity of his speech and his utter abhorrence of everything that savored of profanity. In an age like this, when oaths and reckless appeals to the Almighty and inchaste innuendoes, are found upon the lips of men of far greater pretensions to piety than General Grant, such an

example should not be without value. Even in the stress of battle an oath never polluted his lips. His speech was pure up to the standard of maidenly chastity. Mr. Pierpont, the American Minister to Great Britain in 1877, tells of one occasion when he and General Grant dined at the house of a distinguished politician. The subject of religion in some way was introduced and one man resent treated it with mockery. Grant showed his feelings by abstaining from all further conversation with the man and on leaving said to the ambassador, "the conversation of that man so shocked me, that I could not talk or enjoy the dinner." On the general's staff during the war, in one of his campaigns, was a rough and ready fighter, full of strange oaths and stranger vulgarities. One evening, in the presence of Grant and several brother officers, he opened the conversation in some such way as this, "I have got a mighty good thing to tell you. It would hardly do to repeat, of course, in the presence of ladies." "Well," said the General interrupting him in his firm but quiet way, "allow me to suggest then that it might be advisable to omit it in the presence of gentlemen." Need I add to this well timed rebuke, that profanity has no possible justification. No man worthy of the name ought to indulge in it. It indicates an unclean and sensual nature, where the spirit of God cannot dwell. It debases and degrades manhood. The presence of unclean lips in society—or those who curse their fellows in the holy name of the Divine being—is an immeasurable evil. No condemnation is too great for such a vice, no punishment too swift or severe.

THE LESSONS OF SUCH A LIFE.

And now all is over so far as the life on earth of the great General is concerned.

"Samson hath quit himself like Samson,
And heroically hath ended
A life heroic."

The battles he fought and won ; the acts of his administration ; the honors paid him by the monarchs of the old world, when a few years ago he passed from kingdom to kingdom ; the skill and attention of physicians ; the unwearied attendance of relatives around his bedside, and the prayers of his own and other nations, all availed nothing to stay the remorseless king of terrors. The palace of the king and hut of the peasant cannot resist his summons. "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might ; let not the rich man glory in his riches, but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth." Here is the true ground for glorying. Wisdom, might and riches are at the present day sought after as affording the highest happiness. In old Testament times strength and martial valor were regarded as pre-eminent virtues. Muscular prowess and the ability to lead victorious armies to and from the battle field were accounted of more value than mental superiority. Samson and Saul, head and shoulders above the people, were looked upon as demi gods objects of envy wonder to the masses. And the possession of power in some form or other, is still regarded as the highest possi-

ble attainment. To exercise authority in church or state; to control gigantic corporations; to occupy high positions in the commercial or political world, is the life long passion of millions. But neither wisdom nor power nor riches are permanent on earth. God often turns wisdom into foolishness, might into impotency, and riches into poverty, while at death they are all left behind. When men draw near the invisible world these things are of little service. Then we need a personal God; the firm hold of a hand that controls the destinies of the universe; and confidence in his faithfulness, who is never absent from the bedside of the dying saint. A Saviour slain is the only boast of a dying sinner. How weak is he who has nothing beyond an arm of flesh to lean upon in the hour of dissolution? How sad are the last pulsations of the mighty man, who has ruled over kingdoms or republics, and struck terror into the hearts of millions, but at last trembles at the cold touch of death! Better far is he, however poor or unknown, who, as he places in Christ's hand his weal or woe for eternity can say:

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
 All the lights of sacred story
 Gather around its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me,
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy!

The death of General Grant, preceded by the sad and lamented deaths of such unselfish lives as those of Lincoln and Garfield, ought not to be lost upon the nation they

loved and served so well. Long cavalcades of mourners are not out of place, nor will their graves be neglected. In coming years pilgrims from foreign lands will stand in reverent homage with uncovered heads around the mausoleum at Riverside, as they do over Washington's at Mount Vernon, and tourists passing up and down the beautiful Hudson will strain their eyes to catch a glimpse of the spot where lies the body of the great soldier. But better far will it be, if the people who lament his death take to heart the lessons of his life, his courage, patience, integrity, steadfastness and love of justice. During the war one of America's most eloquent orators prophesied that the time would come when the North and South cleansed from the iniquity of slavery should cordially grasp the hands of free men for freedom. That day in part has come, its full realization let us hope and pray for. Only second to that of her own people, is the interest of Canada and Britain in the prosperity of the United States. As Canon Farrar said, in his admirable sermon on the death of General Grant: "Whatever there be between the two nations to forgive and forget, is forgiven and forgotten. If the two people which are one, be true to their duty, who can doubt that the destinies of the world are in their hands? Let America and England march in the van of freedom and progress, showing the world not only a magnificent spectacle of human happiness, but a still more magnificent spectacle of two peoples united, loving righteousness and hating iniquity, inflexibly faithful to the principles of eternal justice, which are the unchanging law of

God." If at times our brethren across the line should in the exercise of a not unnatural pride, speak disparagingly of monarchies and boast of their Republican simplicity, at heart they are not insensible to the greatness and glory of the land whence they sprang. As one of their poets says:

"Thicker than water," in one rill,
Through centuries of story,
Our Saxon b'ood has flowed, and still
We share with you its good and ill
The shadow and the glory."

