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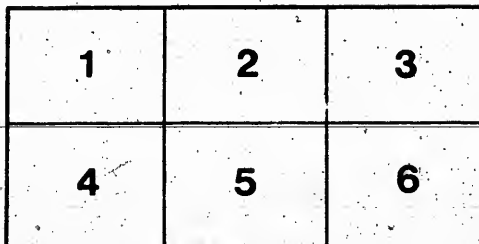
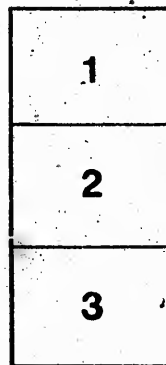
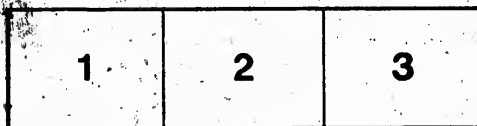
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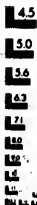
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The Death of President Garfield.

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A SERMON

— PREACHED IN —

NORFOLK STREET METHODIST CHURCH,

GUELPH, ONT.,

ON SABBATH EVENING, SEPT. 25th, 1881.

— BY —

REV. WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

W. Williams

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

"I will make a man more precious than fine gold ; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir.—Isai xiii, 12."

GUELPH:
Herald Steam Printing House.

1881.

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PREFACE.

The following sermon has been published in compliance with the request of a number of the citizens of Guelph, belonging to my own and other congregations. As it was preached from a mere outline, it is impossible to reproduce with verbal accuracy every sentence as it was uttered. The writer has, however, followed the same line of thought and illustration, and as far as possible used the same language in the written, as in the spoken discourse, adding two or three brief quotations in order to give a more full and detailed sketch of the life and character of the late lamented President. It has been hurriedly prepared under the pressure of numerous engagements, but the writer trusts that it will be received by his readers as a slight memorial of his ministry in this City, and as an additional incentive to high and holy endeavor.

W. W.

GUELPH, Sept. 27th, 1881.

TO THE
HONORABLE FRANK LELAND,
UNITED STATES CONSUL,

—AT—

HAMILTON, ONTARIO,

THIS DISCOURSE IS RESPECTFULLY

—AND—

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

SERMON

— ON THE —

Death of the late President Garfield

"I will make a man more precious than fine gold ; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir."—Isiah xlii, 12.

WE see from the context that these words occur in a prophecy concerning ancient Babylon. Though that city was at one time the most magnificent in the world, she was doomed to destruction. If we ask the reason, we might be told that she had sinned and awakened against herself the righteous indignation of the Most High. But this answer is not specific enough. In order to be fully instructed, we need to know what the particular form of her sin was, and of this we are not long left in doubt. She failed to appreciate the value of man as man. Rank, wealth and power were respected ; but the elements of true manhood were lost sight of altogether. A man belonging to the masses was of value only as a beast of burden, or a piece of machinery, to be used until worn out and then thrown aside as worthless ; or, as so much force to build a wall or defend a city. The fact that he was a responsible and immortal creature, with boundless capabilities, connected by intimate and far-reaching relationships with divine and eternal things, was seldom if ever thought of. Hence tyrants of all grades were reckless of the lives of those whom they controlled, and wore them out in weary and hope-

less bondage, or swept them from their path as mere trifles, when they interferred with their purpose. Upon all such men, and upon all such communities, retribution must fall. Hence the prophet says, "I will cause the arrogance of the proud to cease, and will lay low the haughtiness of the terrible. I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a man, than the golden wedge of Ophir."

This prophecy pointed to an age in which the immense capabilities of man should be recognized, and human life estimated at its proper value. How near we are to that time we cannot say, but immense strides in that direction have been made since these words were uttered. In our own and other lands, in which a Christianized civilization has done its work, the security of all ranks of the people is more carefully provided for than it ever was before. The rights of the lowest, as well as the highest are sacredly guarded by laws which know no respect of persons. The class distinctions by which the many were improperly humiliated and the few unduly exalted, are rapidly disappearing. Appliances for the sustenance and preservation of human life were never so numerous as they are to day. The discoveries of science and the productions of art unite to increase and elevate our pleasures, multiply our resources, and develop our powers, so that within the limits of our three score years and ten, may be found more of enjoyment, enterprise and attainment, than Methuselah could reach during a life-time of nearly a thousand years. If time is to be measured by achievements, rather than by the swing of the pendulum, we live longer than the patriarchs, and life is more to us than it could be to them. There is more to live for, more to engage our attention and affections, and to employ our faculties upon, than there ever was before. Life binds us with stronger bonds, and as the value and attractiveness of the things around us increase, we find it more difficult to leave

them. Who will say that death is not an act of greater self-denial to day, than it was two thousand years ago, when there was humanly speaking, so much less to live for, and when earth was not so keen a rival of heaven.

On the other hand we see, in strange and startling contrast with the progress of civilization, the perpetuation, among a large class of people, of the old barbarism, in which all that is material in our manhood is recognized and appreciated, while the intellectual and spiritual is ignored. Hidden beneath the surface of respectable and self-respecting society, where there is apparently so much of serenity, satisfaction and security, there are dark depths of stagnating ignorance, and sluggish currents of fermenting vice. The minds of the masses are not at rest, and great upheavals may stir the nations in the near future. Agitating forces are surely, though perhaps slowly, accumulating, and it is for the leaders of popular governments to say whether they shall blindly break forth to the destruction of the best interests of the people, or wisely conducted to harmless, or even useful issues.

Looking at it in this way we see two sides to the terrible tragedy which culminated in the death of President Garfield. On one side we see the old barbarism which regards a life, no matter how precious it may be to its possessor and his friends, as a mere trifle to be swept aside, when it interferes with the interests of a party, or a person. The representative of the ignorance, envy, and unrest of the seething socialism that hurls defiance against law and order, appears in the person of the murderer. Impatient, impracticable and visionary, it would reach its dreadful destination through seas of the noblest blood and beneath the rain of a nation's tears. On the other hand a grief stricken and outraged people, the source and support of all constituted authority, mourn over the death of their most

distinguished statesman, with a depth and intensity of sorrow, which might well extenuate, though it could not justify, some terrible outbreak of national indignation. But with a marvelous self-control the agitated people, with one or two individual exceptions, have kept themselves within the limits of law and order, and the Government has passed from the hands of the dying man to his successors as quietly as any crown was ever transferred from a royal father to his son. We attribute this result largely to the eloquent and earnest utterances of the departed President. He stood among his fellow legislators, long before he was invested with supreme authority, as the undeviating opponent of all agitation that would in any way interfere with the security and strength of the commonwealth. Calm, commanding, and self-controlled himself, he produced similar results in others. No rock ever resisted more grandly the wash of the waves, and the sweep of the storm, than did he the tempests of popular feeling. He illustrated the statement of the inspired writer, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." He was a tower of strength to his associates in official life, and in his calm and undisturbed judgment they reposed the utmost confidence. We will refer to two occasions, out of many that might be spoken of, in which his wondrous power of quieting excitement manifested itself. The following incident is given as related by an American newspaper :—

"Lincoln was shot on April 14th, 1865. On the morning after the assassination New York was excited to the highest tension and ready for some revolutionary act. Uncontrollable crowds were about the newspaper offices. At eleven o'clock General Butler arrived from Washington and entered the Exchange building, around which fifty thousand people were assembled. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'he died in the fullness of his fame.' Then struggling out to the balcony, and hanging

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over the mob, he advised them to 'burn up the rebel seed, root and branch.' At this moment two men, one dead and the other dying, lay on the street. They had said that 'Lincoln ought to have been shot long ago.' Suddenly some one raised the shout, 'The *World*, the *World*,' and ten thousand people started for the office of that newspaper. Just then a man stepped forward with a small flag in his hand, and beckoned to the crowd. The people stood still, expecting further news. In the awful stillness that followed he lifted his right hand towards the heavens, and in a voice clear and steady, loud and distinct, said: 'Fellow citizens, clouds and darkness are round about Him! His pavilion is in dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne. Mercy and truth shall go before his face. Fellow citizens, God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives.' The effect was tremendous. The crowd stood riveted to the ground in awe, gazing at the motionless orator and thinking of God and His providence over the Government and the nation. The tumult was stilled. It was a triumph of eloquence, a flash of inspiration, such as seldom comes to any man, and then only when a great crisis makes it necessary. The speaker was James A. Garfield."

At the Chicago Convention, when the members of that assembly, together with the immense audience present, were thrown into incontrollable excitement by the thrilling utterances of party leaders, those lips, now closed forever, were opened to utter a brief but memorable speech, in which they spoke the sentiments of all good men and true, and taught that seething multitude that it was not in agitation and disturbance, but in the calm decisions of unbiassed and thoughtful men that the nation's strength lay. He said:

"MR. PRESIDENT.—I have witnessed the extraordinary scenes of this convention with deep solicitude. No emotion

touches my heart more quickly than a sentiment in honor of a great and noble character. But as I sat on these seats and witnessed these demonstrations, it seemed to me you were a human ocean in a tempest. I have seen the sea lashed into fury and tossed into spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man. But I remember that it is not the billows, but the calm level of the sea from which all heights and depths are measured. When the storm has passed and the hour of calm settles on the ocean, when sunshine bathes its smooth surface, then the astronomer and surveyor takes the level from which he measures all terrestrial heights and depths. Gentlemen of the convention, your present temper may not mark the healthful pulse of the people.

“When our enthusiasm has passed, when the emotions of this hour have subsided, we shall find the calm level of public opinion, below the storm, from which the thoughts of a mighty people are to be measured, and by which their final action will be determined. Not here, in this brilliant circle, where fifteen thousand men and women are assembled, is the destiny of the Republic to be decreed; not here, where I see the enthusiastic faces of seven hundred and fifty-six delegates waiting to cast their vote into the urn and determine the choice of their party; but by five million firesides, where the thoughtful fathers, with wives and children about them, with the calm thoughts inspired by love of home and love of country, with the history of the past, the hopes of the future, and the knowledge of the great men who have adorned and blessed our nation in days gone by, —then God prepares the verdict that shall determine the wisdom of our work to-night. Not in Chicago, in the heat of June, but in the sober quiet that comes between now and November, in the silence of deliberate judgment, will this great question be settled. Let us aid them to-night.”

Many men, through neglect of their opportunities, waste of their resources, and perhaps by the destruction of their powers by dissipation and vice, render themselves useless and unhappy,

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and become burdens to society. Others with few or no early advantages, by intense application, incessant industry, and careful self-culture, become valuable and useful members of the community to which they belong. Though all goodness and greatness are from God; though he must stand behind, and give success to all endeavor, much lies in our own hands. God gives the rich harvest to the man who skilfully and faithfully prepares the soil and scatters the seed. He gives a blessing, not to idleness, not to carelessness, but to patient and persevering toil. He gives success to the student and the statesman, but only where heart and mind are carefully cultivated and brought into active sympathy with the object sought. If God says, "I will make a man more precious than fine gold," He means to do it only through that man's own effort. Some splendid minds have gone to waste, other very ordinary men have by dint of unwearied application, reached eminence. So far as it can be said of any one, James A. Garfield was a self-made man; with scarcely any circumstances in his favor; with no social influence, no wealth, no patronage, he worked his way to place and power. Let us glance at his record, as gathered from the sources within our reach.

He was born in Ohio, Nov. 19th, 1831, the youngest of four children, and left without a father at the age of two years. The little household, thus deprived of its head, was held together by the firm and kindly hand, of a wise and thoughtful mother, who resisted all suggestion to divide and scatter her family. At the death of his father the eldest boy was but nine years old. The backwoods farm required stronger hands than his, but they toiled on, sharing many hardships, and wringing success slowly from the world in which they were placed at such a disadvantage. The resolute mother determined to provide food for the minds as well as the bodies of her children, and when James was but five years of age she offered the corner of her lot as a site for a

schoolhouse, induced the neighbors to build it, and then boarded the teacher. At home, and in the school, the youngest boy sought information with great avidity, and it was not long till he had mastered the elements of an English education. For a time working as a carpenter, then as a clerk in a small business establishment, then chopping cordwood upon a piece of ground that lies within the present limits of Cleveland, he worked on, till seized with sea fever, a complaint which few boys escape, and began to dream of "life on the ocean wave." His ambition led him no further in this direction than to the deck of a canal boat, where he studied navigation under unfavorable circumstances for about eighteen months. But his thirst for knowledge was insatiable, and he and his brother and two cousins attended the Academy at Chester, where they rented a room and lived in the most economical manner. Through the summer he worked on the farm, and we find him shortly afterwards applying for admission to Hiram Institute, and offering to ring the bell, sweep the floors, and light the fires, in payment for tuition. Soon he was made a tutor, and from that time he looked forward to a college course as a certainty. In June, 1856, he graduated with honors, then became teacher of Greek and Latin in Hiram Academy, and two years after, having paid all his debts, he began the study of law. He became distinguished as a teacher, students flocked to him; he was appointed President of the Institute, and his fame as a public speaker was widely spread. In 1859 he was elected to a seat in the Legislature of his native State, then, when the war between the Northern and Southern States broke out he raised a company from among his own students, was appointed to a regiment, and shortly after reporting to General Buell, he was placed in command of a brigade. In his first action he secured a victory which virtually saved Kentucky. This was followed by the "Pound Gap" expedition, in which he succeeded in

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driving the enemy from an almost impregnable position. In 1862, while still an officer in the army, he was elected a member of Congress. In 1880 he became a United States Senator, and in 1881 occupied the Presidential chair. Thus, this man rose, step by step, from the lowest to the highest round of the ladder, and became "more precious than fine gold."

Not by a series of fortunate accidents; not by a few strokes of genius, did James A. Garfield reach that position; but by incessant industry, inexhaustable energy, and unswerving integrity. His genius was the power of continued application, and unresting toil. True greatness can never be reached in any other way. The mere accident of birth does not make one great; the greatness one may be born to is not the grandeur of character and life, but that of external circumstance only. The man whose death we lament to-night mastered every subject he attempted to deal with. As a mechanic he did his work intelligently and well. As a student he was characterized by thoroughness. As an educator he had few equals. Every question he grappled with in the Legislature of his native State, and in the Congress of his country, he dealt with in such a manner as to show his familiarity with all its details. As a soldier he rapidly became acquainted with the requirements of his position, maintained the efficiency of his command, laid his plans skilfully, and carried them into successful operation. As the supreme executive official of the nation, he gave such unmistakable indications of administrative ability, as to leave no candid observer in doubt, in relation to the success that awaited him. There can be no question that had he been spared till the close of his presidential term, the just appreciation of the people would have appeared in his re-election. But God's ways are not as our ways. He was permitted to fall in the fullness of his fame, and the verdict of posterity will place him among the noblest of the race. He has fallen, an uncrowned

king, from the seat to which he was lifted by the voice of the people, but he will remain forever enthroned in the hearts of the good and true.

The moral rank of the late President of the United States was higher than that of many good and great men. His integrity was unimpeachable. He could not allow himself to be carried to place and power by the sluggish current of corruption. He was respected by the nation because he respected himself, and kept himself free from stain. He was a stern and uncompromising opponent of fraud in all its forms. He strenuously opposed every measure which tended in any way to impair the credit of the Government, or weaken the faith of the people. Neither depreciation, nor repudiation, found any countenance from him. He believed it to be the duty of the nation, as well as the individual, to pay one hundred cents in the dollar. He was a warm friend of the slave, and an unswerving enemy of the system that held him in bondage. At the risk of being tried, for disobedience to orders, by court-martial, he refused to permit the soldiers under his command to search for and return fugitive slaves. At home and abroad, in the army and in Congress, he spoke and acted in opposition to every measure which tended to perpetuate that "sum of all villainies." While yet a youth he refused to seek his education in the College presided over by the founder of the community, in which he was both a member and a preacher, because he thought it leaned to slavery. Some of his most thrilling utterances were directed against this terrible evil, which he had the satisfaction of seeing swept away. He was an earnest, active, and consistent advocate of the temperance cause; abstaining himself from the use of intoxicating liquors, and working ably for the abolition of personal intemperance, and the adoption of prohibitory measures of the most stringent character. On one occasion when a brewery could not be closed in any other way, he purchased it, destroyed

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the manufactured liquor, and all the machinery exclusively used for that purpose, and turned the building to a new and better use. Underlying and producing all these excellencies was deep and abiding Christian principle. He accepted Christianity as a divinely revealed system of religion, believed in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners, and developed and taught the doctrines which regulated and controlled his conversation and conduct. Though we may not accept all the articles of his creed, and may not be in perfect accord with some of his interpretations of Scripture, we cannot fail to respect the testimony of a noble life. He stands before us in moral and spiritual grandeur, "a man more precious than fine gold."

Do we ask of living witnesses their estimate of such a life? We go not for an answer to that loving mother, who with true and tender affection, watched the development of that noble character till it received the homage of his countrymen, in the vote, which placed him in the Presidential Chair. We ask no testimony from the fair and gentle one, who amid the bright promise of youth, united her life with his, who moved with him up the ascending path to eminence, and then kept from view the anguish of her own breaking heart, that she might with wifely devotion alleviate the sufferings that slowly sent him down to death. We seek no testimony from the loving lips of his now orphaned children, eager as they may be to speak of the departed one as the embodiment of all paternal excellencies. These might all be colored by the delightful partiality of kindred affection. But we listen to the wail of a suffering people, we see a continent invested with the dark trappings of woe, we hear the mournful utterances of the lowly and the lofty from every part of the Union, we note the tears that bedew the cheeks of uncounted millions, and we echo the words of Holy Writ, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" We listen again,

and hear messages of affectionate condolence borne on the lightning's wing from throned monarchs in the Old World, to the widowed wife, and widowed nation in the New World. A woman's gentle sympathy is flashed across the ocean, in words of deepest pathos, from the lips and heart of our noble Queen, and on the bier of the illustrious dead rests the sad token of the sorrow that stains imperial robes with tears. The civilized world seems to be shaken with convulsive grief, and pays its tribute to the greatness of one of nature's noblemen, the man whom God has made "more precious than fine gold."

As a New York paper has well said, "bitter as is the grief and disappointment, the signs are not wanting that in death he is as strong for good as in his life. His aims, his plans, his ideal, have become sacred to the American people. That which he attempted they will carry out. There is no one who dare change the administrative lines which he indicated. Dying because of his effort to relieve political life of its worst and most corrupting features, the people will see that he has not died in vain. Those who opposed his plans, and who hampered, with the intensity of self-preservation, his efforts to destroy corrupt political action at its fountain head, will find that their only hope of power is in adhesion to the principles he has laid down. Of the spirit and methods which developed a Guiteau, the nation has had enough."

Among the many instructive lessons taught by this event we learn how much one portion of the community is at the mercy of another. We act upon others, and others re-act upon us. No matter what our wishes may be, we cannot fail to influence, and be influenced by, the community in which we move. No man liveth to himself; he is doing good or evil to the people by whom he is surrounded. All men are brought under this law of interdependence. The strongest forces of national life are

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frequently paralyzed by the weakness or wickedness of a party, and political purity is sometimes sullied, if not swept away, by the spirit of spoliation. As a little virus introduced into the most healthy body may produce disease and death; so corruption introduced into the strongest commonwealth may reach every part of it, and if not eliminated by some powerful process, destroy it. The ship of state may be magnificently proportioned, strongly built, well provided, and manned with an efficient crew, under the orders of a most skillful captain; but if down in the hold there be a body of men boring holes through the side of the vessel to let in the water, she will surely sink, unless these men are stopped. To-day there is no want of skillful statesmen; wise councillors may be found to surround the throne and the Presidential Chair. There may be no want of political sagacity in the leaders of so-called public opinion. The machinery of state may move with great smoothness, and wealth may fill the treasury. But there is a class of people whose aim it is to scuttle the ship if she be not sailed by a captain and crew of their own appointment; who are at war with morality and political integrity. You find them far down beneath the surface, in the lanes and alleys, the low saloons and slums, the infidel and communist clubs, of our large cities. There you find the men who work in darkness and silence, who are the victims of their own vices, but who manipulate murder and strike at the highest and best men in the land. In vain do we talk of the march of civilization, while such wastes of barbarism remain uncultivated and unfruitful in everything but ignorance and evil. These men are seldom reached by our schools, our colleges and churches. In vain do we talk of "the intelligence of the people," while we forget that there is so large a class intelligent only in evil, dangerous in their degradation, satanic in their subtlety, and ready to break through the "upper crust" of society, as the volcanic fires burst through and destroy the green

and flower gemmed surface soil that hides them. In vain does a nation build high, and beautiful, and strong, the Temple of Freedom, if it recks not of the men who beneath the surface are undermining the stately structure. We know not how soon this class of people, if neglected and unheeded, may sweep as a dark deluge through our broad and beautiful avenues, and fashionable squares, causing many a shriek of terror and anguish to echo behind "brown stone fronts," and the scenes of revolutionary Paris be reproduced in many a city of the Old World and the New: Garfield and Guiteau! what an immeasurable moral distance is suggested by these names. The one lifted by five million votes to the highest place in the land; the other the lowest of the low; yet the pistol of the latter reached the life of the former, and convulsed the nation with grief. We would not say that General Garfield fell because he was too honest for the age he lived in; we would not so depreciate the age. We would not dignify the deed of an assassin, by recognizing in him the agent of a political party. No party would risk its reputation and existence by descending to the use of such agencies. Nevertheless that act was the indirect result of a systematic spoliation, which increased the demoralization of the class which he belonged, and stirred up the elements of evil which lay in his discontented and degraded mind. Never was there a stronger plea presented for the evangelization and education of the masses, than that furnished by this event; never was there more need for the wise and good, to go down to the lowest levels of the people to raise, reform and purify them.

Turning to a more pleasant phase of the subject, we learn from the life of the late President, the value of a good mother. No sooner were the inaugural ceremonies at Washington concluded than he turned to his venerable mother and reverently touched her brow with his lips. It was an act of respectful homage of which she was eminently worthy. Well might he

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thus publicly gave expression to his gratitude and affection. From the time that he was two years old she was his sole living parent, she moulded his character, awakened and stimulated his intellectual powers, and communicated to him much of her own spirit. The most intimate friends of the family are unanimous in declaring that it was from his mother that he inherited his capacity for work, and the patience and perseverance which characterized him. When his mother was left a widow, and her youngest son was but two years old, she determined to keep her children around her, and provide by industry, frugality and careful management, for their material and mental wants. With rare energy and excellent business talents, strong faith in God, and undaunted courage, she succeeded in her aim, and as time advanced, she saw with pardonable pride and increasing gratification the growing excellencies and honors by which her youngest son was distinguished. Richly was she rewarded in the loving and grateful regard in which she was held by her children, and by the place which she now occupies in the sympathies of the people. How many great and good men have been favored in this way. Moses, the leader and law-giver of a mighty nation, and the early historian of sacred things, was taught to worship the God of his fathers by the precept and example of the mother, who was but a nurse in the household, in which he was reared as a prince. Samuel, the prophet and judge of Israel, who brought a nation back from idolatry to the worship of Jehovah, from immorality and crime to observance of the statutes of Sinai, from humiliation and servitude to independence and prosperity, owed his greatness and goodness to the piety and prayerfulness of the pious Hannah. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, "was a woman of the most elevated, tender and devoted piety, whose patient prayerfulness for her son was rewarded by his conversion to God, and his consecration to the

work of the ministry, and whose affectionate and beautiful enthusiasm have passed into a touching type of womanly saintliness for all ages." The mother of the Wesley's, with her richly furnished mind, her sound and discriminating judgment, her strict conscientiousness, her firm and unyielding will, her deep and fervent piety, and the ability with which she ruled her household and trained her children, did much to form the mind of the man who led thousands to Christ, and organized them into a compact and enduring "body of believers." To the mother of the illustrious Washington may be largely attributed the unswerving integrity, the unfailing courtesy, the self-respecting dignity, exalted sense of duty, and unfaltering trust in Providence, which made him "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Nor will the future historian of the United States fulfil his task if he fails to celebrate the virtues of the mother of James A. Garfield.

We are taught by the life of this distinguished man that goodness is essential to greatness. There can be no completeness of character, no fully rounded manhood, in which moral excellence does not appear. It is not in the possession of immense wealth; not in exalted rank and empty titles; not in the assertion of authority, or the command of armies, nor yet in a long list of victories won by bravery and skill, that true greatness lies. "There are men who have dazzled the ages by the splendor of their genius, or by the brilliancy of their military deeds, whose names are on the roll of history, but not on the roll of honor, of moral worth and greatness; but there are others who have never lifted sword, or spear, or shield; who have never waved a banner, nor rushed to the cannon's mouth, nor worn a jewelled crown; but their brave and unselfish lives are written in the records of heaven. They were men who dared, and suffered and died for truth and righteousness. They were uncrowned kings, leaders of the world's thought, noble

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witnesses for the truth; and in their lofty trust and triumph over chains and death, they were grander, brighter and saintlier than popes and emperors on their golden thrones." There was an Alexander, called "The Great," but he had not the wide and comprehensive grandeur of soul that we look for now in men to whom we apply that term. He was a master of the art of war, a conqueror of well deserved renown, but he was himself conquered by his own besetments, and died from the effects of a drunken debauch; his empire falling into fragments before his ashes were cold. Cæsar distinguished himself in conducting campaigns at distant points on the borders of Roman territory, in subduing countries whose untutored barbarism made them an easy prey, in inspiring men with a strong attachment to himself, and earnest sympathy with his own ambitious plans, and his literary ability enabled him to transmit to posterity the record of his own heroic deeds; but he failed to present to view the higher qualities of true greatness, and died a victim of his own ambition. The warlike Frederick, of Prussia, was called "The Great" by his admirers, but even the genius of Carlyle fails to rescue from contempt, a monarch who knew no calling but that of war, who was sneered at by Voltaire, and who had a mind too narrow to take in the thought of God. The first Napoleon was revered by his followers as one of the greatest of men; but his narrow and selfish ambition led him to trample upon the affections of his family, made him dangerous to the peace of Europe, and compelled his imprisonment on the lonely rock on which he died. Such forms of greatness shrink into littleness when compared with the undaunted spirit of Luther, the intrepid piety of Knox, the sublime mind of Milton, the soaring genius of Newton, the heroic self-denial of the Wesleys, and the majestic dignity of Washington. These men were great because they were good, the power with which they were invested was higher than that of genius, and beyond the reach

of selfish ambition. They are throned on truth ; their fortress is wisdom, and their dominion the world. We have seen that the greatness of the man whose death we lament this evening was founded upon goodness. Amid the storm of human passion and the fierceness of party strife, he remained calm in demeanor, yet resolute in purpose, presenting a front which no violence could daunt, and a moral ascendancy which no corruption could withstand. He rose eagle-like above the rage of men, and soared to undying fame ; a man, who dared to be a man, dared to speak the truth, assert the majesty of conscience, and write his name on the imperishable tablets of eternity.

Young men have you an ambition to be great ; is it your purpose to take a place amid the activities of professional or political life ? Remember that a good cause needs no vicious, or even doubtful aid. Live so as to be able to look every man in the eye ; do nothing you dare not defend before God and man. Keep your conscience clear, and your conduct right, and see to it that no motive that you would be ashamed to mention is introduced into your proceedings. Be not ashamed of the religion of your fathers and mothers. Shun all places of evil resort, all forms of dissipation, keep a sound mind in a sound body if you can. Do not do evil that good may come. Use no doubtful language in dealing with wickedness. Cultivate goodness, not because it is profitable, but because it is right. Then, though your advance may be slow, it will be sure, and will be followed by no fall, and you will be able to look upon the past with grateful complacency, and upon the future with courage and hope.

In the life of James A. Garfield we see the dignity and value of honest labor. He had genius, but it consisted in an immense capacity for work. His was a life of unwearied application ; labor of the hands, and heart and head. He did

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not belong to that contemptible class of people who look down upon honest toil as if it were beneath them. He could well afford to despise the sneers of those who charged him with having "sprung from the soil." He was not indebted to the accident of birth for his position, but achieved it by honest endeavor and real merit. No one is so weary and wretched as the man who has no life work, no object to which to consecrate his energies. His aimless life is the sport of every wind and wave, and ere long it is wrecked on the rocks of ruin. Idleness adds nothing to the resources of mankind. It consumes, but does not produce. The man who toils not is a dead weight upon the wheels of progress. There is true satisfaction in honest and well-directed labor. No man is more happy than he who feels that he is working out life's purposes wisely and successfully. That man has reason to be proud who can inscribe on his escutcheon the record of noble deeds. That is the grandest patent of nobility. He is a real benefactor who adds something to the resources of his race. Labor feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, and fills the home with plenty. It drives the plow, scatters the precious seed, and gathers the golden grain. It accomplishes the task of the mechanic, and gives success to the merchant. It prepares the physician for his practice, and the lawyer to maintain his plea. It places the judge upon the bench, and the monarch on the throne. One year of idleness would ruin the race, while every day of labor increases the wealth, the comfort, the usefulness and happiness of mankind. Would you have an approving conscience, a happy heart, and a strong and hopeful spirit, then use the powers you possess to improve the facilities with which you have been endowed, make your mark in the world, and the reward of the faithful laborer shall be yours.

We are sometimes told that religion is only the resource of the weak and foolish; that no men of cultivated mind, educated tastes, profound judgment and extensive intellectual acquirements are found among the followers of Christ. It seems to be

assumed by many modern writers that scientific accuracy and scepticism must go together. Such an assumption may serve the interests of unbelief, but it certainly is not verified by facts. It is strange that men who profess to have no other object than to find truth should have wandered so far from the path that leads to the temple in which she presides. It is surprising that men who pride themselves upon the accuracy of their statements, should be so inaccurate in this respect. Who shall say that the claim of scepticism is correct when such a man as James A. Garfield, the classical scholar, the polished orator, the logical debater, and the far-seeing and subtle statesman, is found at the feet of Jesus. Nor is he alone. Milton sung of sacred mysteries, and worshipped while he sung. Newton stepped in stately majesty from star to star till he stood in adoring wonder before the God of the universe. It is but yesterday that Hugh Miller took us by a rocky pathway to the throne of the Creator, and traced in adamant lines the purposes of His providence and grace. On our own continent, Dana, and in our own country, Dawson, take us down the steps of historic strata and show us where the Divine Architect "in the beginning laid the foundation of the earth"; while Joseph Cook drags unbelief from its dark and dreary hiding place, and holds it up, a loathsome and hideous thing, to the derision of every enlightened mind, and the pity of every compassionate heart. By the testimony of some of the greatest men who have shed the lustre of genius upon the philosophy of nature, Newton and Herschell, Guizot and Pritchard, Brewster and Chalmers, the Bible has been shown to be in full harmony with the facts of science. The greatest minds do not hesitate to go further than this, to recognize the inferiority of material to spiritual things, and to admit that where science utterly fails to satisfy our wants and aspirations, where philosophy sheds but a faint and flickering ray, revelation shines with more than noonday splendor; that while the former disappoints our most momentous enquiries,

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and leaves an aching void in the human heart, the latter fulfils all our wishes, and satisfies all our hopes.

We have briefly glanced at a noble life, and the lessons it teaches. James A. Garfield has left, to his family, the splendid heritage of a good name; to the nation, the magnificent legacy of an honorable public policy, inaugurated in the spirit of incorruptible fidelity to his exalted trust, and which a grateful people will conduct to a successful issue; to the world, the inspiring record of a struggle against poverty, prejudice and corruption, in which he triumphed, though like the martyred Lincoln, he fell in the moment of victory. Such men never die. They live on, in the thought and feeling of the world, through all ages. Tomorrow his silent form shall be reverently laid in its earthly resting-place amidst the tears of a mighty nation, but his spirit has ascended to its coronation; the Master has said to him, and every one who leads a life of high and holy endeavor, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."



