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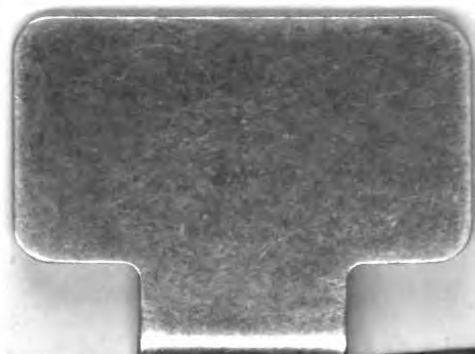
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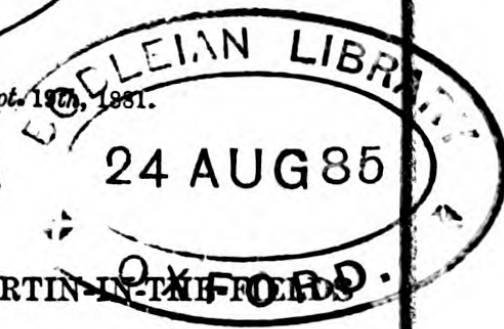


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PRESIDENT GARFIELD.



Born November 19th, 1831. Died Sept. 19th, 1881.



AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS.

BY HIS GRACE

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

With a Prefatory Note

by the Editor of "The Sunday at Home."

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PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

THE public life and career of James Garfield, from the log hut to the White House, will form a bright page in history. But there are special lessons to be gathered from his religious character. His parents were God-fearing people, and their home, though humble, was consecrated by the Divine presence. The father died when James was young, but the pious mother brought up her children in the love of the Saviour, and in ways of truth and righteousness.

His early years were passed in hard labour, and in adventurous employment of various kinds. He had for a time a hankering after the sea, but gave this up in deference to his mother's wish. She objected also to his being engaged in a canal boat, from fear of the evil company into which he would be thrown. He left that employment, but he had caught a malarial fever, which prostrated him for five months. It was a time of searching of heart, and the mother's prayers and pleadings were earnest. Not long after his recovery he yielded himself to the Saviour, and, as a friend has recorded, "he consecrated body, soul, and spirit to Him, in a conscious act of faith and self-surrender." This was no transient emotion, but the deep working of the Spirit of God in a true and thoughtful mind.

He joined a Christian community, holding the cardinal points of evangelical religion, and of which the distinctive feature was the adoption of the New Testament as the sole rule of faith and practice. In the fellowship of these "Disciples of Christ" he continued, and though not formally set apart for the ministry, he was known as an earnest and effective preacher. Afterwards, when he rose to be Principal of Hiram College, where he had been a pupil, it was his custom to begin each day with prayer, reading the Scripture, and an address, seeking to exert good influence on the students. Elected a State Senator at the age of twenty-eight, he carried into public life the same high and consistent Christian character. When the civil war broke out, he thought it his duty to take an active part on the side of what he regarded the cause of justice and right, of civilization and liberty. In 1863, he entered Congress as one of the representatives of Ohio, and held the seat till made a Senator, shortly before his election as President.

On the 18th of February, 1876, on the announcement, in the House, of the death of Senator O. S. Ferry, of Connecticut, General Garfield closed an eloquent tribute to his memory with the following words, which strikingly reveal his deep religious spirit:

"Before closing, let me refer to the crowning glory of his life. Mr. Ferry had a strong religious element in his character. This was with him a great controlling force, and not a sentiment. No cloud obscured the effulgence of his hope or dimmed his vision. Clear and high, his intellect and his faith rose above all storms and darkness, and sustained him in sweet companionship amid the unrevealed mysteries of pain.

As his end drew near he came back to his home after a brief absence. There, under his own roof, with the angels of his household about him, he passed to his rest. Thinking of trials past, and knowing as we do how well he had wrought for the future, trusting in the merits of his dear Lord, he could repeat the sweet lines of Bonar :

Beyond the parting and the meeting
 I shall be soon ;
 Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
 Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
 I shall be soon.
 Love, rest and home !
 Sweet hope !
 Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
 I shall be soon ;
 Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
 Beyond the ever and the never,
 I shall be soon.
 Love, rest and home !
 Sweet hope !
 Lord, tarry not, but come.

“Ay, the sweeter word of inspiration—in the volume of the Book it is written: ‘Lo! I come quickly. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.’”

One who was present, and heard him pronounce these words, in quoting them writes: “and thus is chronicled the memory of a scene so unusual, so profound, that the great hall of legislation, with its scores of careless, worldly men, seemed for the time transfigured. We all seemed to be ‘sitting in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.’”

Many illustrations of his religious character appear in the record of his life, but we have space now to

mention only two characteristic incidents. When the nation was startled by the terrible tidings of the assassination of President Lincoln, a deep feeling arose for vengeance on the South, whose leaders were supposed to have instigated the murder. Garfield was in New York at the time. A mass meeting was being held, when a telegram from Washington was read "Seward is dying." A murmur portending vengeance agitated the crowd. At this crisis the voice of Garfield was heard: "Fellow citizens,—Clouds and darkness are round about Him. His pavilion is 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." These pious and patriotic words stilled the tumult of the people. They were words simple yet sublime, and their power was felt throughout the nation.

The other incident was mentioned by Bishop Simpson at the meeting of Americans at Exeter Hall. At the Convention at Chicago, when the Republican party were selecting their candidate for the Presidency, Garfield was one of the leading men of the assembly, though his name had never been mentioned for nomination. The day before the decision was the Sabbath, and he went to the house of a friend, away from the excitement of political strife, and worshipped in an obscure little church of the denomination to which he belonged. "Them that honour Me I will honour." Although the high position to which the voice of the country called him exposed him to danger, it raised him to an elevation from which his character, noble by nature and doubly ennobled by grace, has been displayed

before the whole world, and will exert an influence in all time.

At the special service held in St. Martin-in-the Fields, London, on the day of the funeral of President Garfield, attended by a large congregation, including Mr. J. R. Lowell, the American Minister, and a considerable number of Americans, the Archbishop of Canterbury delivered the following address:—

My Christian Friends,—It is a great privilege and a great responsibility to be called upon to address a few words to you at the close of this mournful day—a mournful day even in this capital, at so great a distance from the scene which we have all called to mind. Had the solemn scene taken place in some neighbouring cemetery, I doubt whether its effects would have been more deeply felt than now, when we know that it has been enacted over thousands of miles of ocean and a vast tract of a distant continent.

Why is it that the heart of this English nation as well as that of the great American nation has been so moved at the present time? It cannot be the mere contagion of a nation's grief, august and heart-rending as is the spectacle of all the sorrow over a great man fallen. That can scarcely have travelled over sea and land to move our feelings as they are moved at this time, neither can it be that we sorrow merely for a great career prematurely cut short.

We have seen others stopped in their progress by the rude hand of Death as unexpectedly, bright hopes fading away, and yet there has not been this general feeling of mourning; neither can it have been only that during those weary weeks of suffering, borne with

such Christian fortitude, the details of the sick chamber were brought to us day by day, and we learned to admire the man who bore his fate so manfully, and to love her who, with all a woman's care, was tending through those eleven weeks the hopeless invalid. Neither can it be that there mingles with our thoughts any anxiety as to a change of policy in the great nation whose loss we mourn. Power is handed from man to man by death in all the great nations of the world, and we do not feel any great or deep anxiety; and least of all, when we contemplate that great nation which is now mourning, do we fear lest its steady, onward course should be restrained or altered by the power of any single human will.

Why is it we have been so strangely moved? First, on that July morning when the news flashed across the Atlantic that the loved President of a great people had been smitten by a mysterious blow, I hesitate not to say that there was a feeling of consternation, not merely of dismay, throughout this community. We had read in old histories of the attempt on the life of our own Queen Elizabeth, and of the deaths of Henri Quatre and William of Orange, and we congratulated ourselves that we were not as the men who lived in those days. And when assassination revived in modern history we turned to the barbarous monarchies of the East. We knew how thrones were vacated there, and we supposed that it was but some lingering barbarism in the great monarchies of Europe if we heard of such attempts on monarchs' lives, a barbarism concealing itself under an affectation of indignation against restraints on public liberty.

But here, in the very centre of the Temple of

Freedom, where there was no ground for any complaint, we heard of this most atrocious deed, and we thought within ourselves at first, in our alarm, that there must be in the world some vile combination against the progress of civilisation, working in the dark; and we knew not what might be the end if the elected chief of freemen, as much as the inheritor of a barbarous throne, were exposed to the deadly knife of the assassin without the slightest cause. A short time dispelled those fears. We learnt that the deed had its origin in vulgar avarice or ambition, thwarted by the determination of an upright chief; and then, looking calmly at the whole, our first dismay was allayed and passed away. But then we had time to think what manner of man was this over whom so great a nation was mourning from day to day, and watching the flickering life as he lay upon his death-bed, and we were told particulars which we knew not before, and what manner of man he was.

We learned that this chosen chief of fifty millions of freemen was, as it seemed, in mind as in body, a very model of what such a man should be. We learned his early history, and all of us have traced it daily in the accounts of him which have appeared among ourselves. We learned how, born of a race which left our own land in the *Mayflower* to escape from the evils which a mistaken Government then brought upon freed men, he inherited the spirit of his fathers. We learned of his early days, and that far-off and solitary farmhouse in the forest; how he laboured with his hands; how the boy, full of the spirit of adventure, was seized with a desire for a seafaring life; how, when he first tasted of it for a day, his pure soul was revolted by the blasphemy and drunkenness which disgraced that noble

calling; how he then sought to maintain himself by day labour, as driving horses along the side of a canal; and how, when this short period passed and sickness sent him home, he was tended by the august mother, who still survives to receive the thanks of her countrymen, for having so well, by her thrift and self-denial, earned a good education for her boy.

All this was calculated to enlist our sympathy, and then we were taught to trace a career, such as England knows nothing of, and to wonder at the mode in which great men are formed in a country, so alike and yet so dissimilar from our own—the scholar ripening into the master; the master becoming a student in the colleges, a professor, a controversialist, a preacher, and then all this strange preparation, when the state of the country seemed to call for it, developing itself into the colonel of a powerful regiment, who made himself acquainted with the practice as well as with the theory of tactics in a few weeks; and then the able general, passing into that office from the head of the staff, and achieving victories which seemed to promise him the most brilliant career. Then—all this interrupted at the call of duty—the voice of Lincoln summoning him to take his part in the government of the country, giving up his military career, devoting himself to politics, and in the political life showing a bright example of an honest, straightforward, and vigorous lover of his country. All this I must say to most of us was quite new. It opened up a picture of manhood such as in this country we were little acquainted with, and no wonder that our affections were drawn forth, and we felt that it was no common man that the civilized world had lost.

But then comes the nobler and the better lesson.

We know not the secrets of the soul ; we know not the exact impressions of religion which had been made upon his heart, but we have two signs, and we shall do well to meditate upon them—first, how he stood forth bravely against many difficulties to defend high character and uprightness in their dealings with the public creditor ; how he would yield to no suggestion to trifle with what seemed to him the plain dictates of political honesty and morality : and, secondly, that when all experience for some time back had been in favour of making the election to the office of President a party triumph, he determined, at whatever cost, not to give up to party what he owed to his country and its highest welfare—a resolution, which, as far as we can know, cost him his life. These lessons surely speak of a Christianity deeper than the lips or than excited feelings. They speak of a conduct regulated through life according to Christian principles and point an example to all public men. No wonder, then, that we recognised such a great loss as that which London is mourning to-day.

And now, my brethren from the other side of the Atlantic, and all of us, what lessons have we to learn from this mourning which has brought us all together so remarkably this day ? Families disunited are often said to be brought together by some common sorrow. Thank God, we are not disunited, but we may be brought better to understand and love each other by our union in this common sorrow. There are many bonds to keep us together. The same blood, the same tongue, the same literature, each of us enjoying the privilege which the literature of the one race gives to the other ; science in each country lending its aid to develop the industry,

the prosperity, and the happiness of both. We have learned to appreciate each other. We know here in England, my American friends, your boundless hospitality shown to ourselves or our sons who have visited you and who have received from you a welcome as of relations near in blood. But our union above all must be based upon our common Christianity. We know that the Lord God Almighty has committed to us a trust—beyond the trust He has given to any other nations of the world—to carry through the boundaries of the human race a civilization founded upon Christianity.

Let us learn that this union is the only true union to keep us really together in the dark ages that may be in store for the human race; that individual, family, social, or political life must all have its cement in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Some may think that from this country there goes forth at times an uncertain sound as to religion, and that we have received uncertain sounds from over the Atlantic, but the heart of both nations, thank God, is still truly Christian, and in the ages that are before us may the Lord teach us both more distinctly to recognize the priceless value of the common guide which alone can safely lead both nations in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

