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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



The Death of President Garfield.



The Problem of Prayer

AND

The Death of President Garfield.

A DISCOURSE

BY

REV. BYRON SUNDERLAND, D. D.

DELIVERED IN

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT WASHINGTON, D. C.
SABBATH MORNING, OCT 9TH, 1881.

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WASHINGTON, *Oct. 14,* 1881.

REV'D. AND DEAR DR. :

We earnestly unite in asking of you the use of the manuscript of your able sermon of Sunday last on the "Death of President James A. Garfield" and the connection of prayer with that event, for publication.

While the country is feeling the chastening influence of our recent great National affliction, the people most earnestly turn to the pulpit for lessons of instruction. The belief that the discourse you have delivered may be helpful in directing the public mind in the proper channel of reflection prompts this request.

Very respectfully and truly,

JOHN BAILEY,
T. W. FERRY,
C. STORRS,
S. M. WILLIAMSON,
E. B. TAYLOR,
G. F. JOHNSTON,
JOHN B. WIGHT,
CHARLES DuBOIS,
MOSES S. GIBSON,
F. B. DALRYMPLE,
S. W. CURRIDEN,
E. D. TRACEY,
JAMES PATTERSON.

WASHINGTON, *Oct. 14th,* 1881.

To MESSRS BAILEY, FERRY and others .

GENTLEMEN: In reply to your request of my sermon on the "Death of President Garfield," I submit the manuscript for your use.

I know not how others may feel, but for myself I have never been so impressed with the sovereignty of God and the impotence of man.

I trust that no one will misunderstand my feeling in giving, as I have done, an account of my interview with the President at the Depot on the morning he was shot. Many requests received from different parts of the country have induced me to tell the simple story for truths' sake and not for mere self-exhibition.—I remain, gentlemen,

Your sincere friend,

B. SUNDERLAND.

SERMON.

I. John, 5: 14-15.—And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything: according to His will, he heareth us. And if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him.

THE efficacy of prayer has been made a prominent subject of thought during the past Summer. The assault upon President Garfield opened up a new and strong chapter in the experience of the church, the nation and the civilized and Christian world.

So far as I know, I am the only minister who saw and spoke with him after he was shot. Several versions of it have been published, but they were made up of bits of rumor, according to the fancy of their authors. I have nothing to do with them. On the day of the funeral of the President I was in Catskill, N. Y. At a Union Memorial Service held in the Presbyterian Church of that place, I was requested to address the audience, and there for the first time made a written statement of the occurrence, which statement, as preliminary to our present topic I now give to you.

I was not sent for by any one to visit the President on the morning of the deed, but being in the vicinity of the Depot and hearing the rumor I ran to the place under a common impulse with the rest. Being known to the guards already stationed to keep back the crowd I was permitted to ascend to the room where he was, and where all was trepidation and confusion, it being not yet an hour since the assault.

I had known him more or less intimately, as we know all our public men residing at the Capitol, though I was not personally acquainted with the other members of his family.

When I first saw him on that day he had recovered consciousness and was resting—a princely form of manhood—on a half-bed mattress on the bare floor in the

center of a large unfurnished chamber. He was lying on his left side looking toward the windows, very pale, but apparently the calmest person in the room.

Most of his clothing had been removed and a young man—his eldest son, I suppose—sat at his head fanning him, well nigh as resolute as the father himself.

A thick blanket was thrown over him and some persons were rubbing and bathing his feet and limbs, as he spoke of a burning, pricking sensation in his lower extremities and said he felt as if the weight of tons were pressing upon them.

In the haste and excitement one was trying to tell to another what had transpired, and what had already been done for his relief. Inquiries arose among the medical men as they came in, all of whom had been summoned to the spot by one means or another, in response to which the pistol was produced and the wound was shown. The weapon was formidable—a five barrelled bull-dog of heavy calibre, and the rent in the President's side was fearful to see—a bloody mouth indeed, which the assassin's bullet had made. It is no wonder when we remember that as he fired the second shot the murderer was not more than five feet or so from his victim.

It has been recently stated that both shots took effect; and this, I should judge, is the impression of the murderer himself; but as I understand it, the first shot* was fired at a somewhat greater distance, simply cutting the sleeve of the light over-coat on the left arm near the shoulder, and was afterwards found in the kit of a glazier who happened at the moment to be standing in the Depot in the direction of the ball.

Seeing myself the only clergyman present, and recollecting the fact that General Garfield was known to be openly identified with a branch of the church of Christ, and had been so for many years, at a moment when it seemed fitting to do so, I approached him, knelt down upon the floor before him, and taking his hand in mine inquired, "Do you know me, Mr. President?" He immediately answered, looking me closely and steadily in the face, "Oh, yes, Dr. Sumderland!" I then said, "You are the servant of God—you have long been such—you are now in His hands; and I wish to tell you that the

*It is now claimed to have been the first shot which took effect. The second being wildly aimed.

prayers of all good people will be offered up to God that your life may be spared." To which he answered, in the same calm tone, "I know it, Doctor; I believe in God and am willing to trust myself in His hands."

It was all that could be said at the time, for almost immediately some one came to him and asked, "Shall we send a message to Mrs. Garfield?" "By all means," said he, "send to her at once!" "But will she be able to bear it—you know she has been very ill and is not yet strong; may it not cause her a dangerous relapse?" "Send at once," he quickly answered—"I *know* her. She *will bear* it." "What then shall we say?" asked his friend. "Tell her," said the President, "that I have been seriously hurt—how seriously, we do not know, as yet. Request her to come to me at once, and give her my love."

At this, the lips of the strong men who heard it quivered, and tears stood in eyes unused to weep.

Shortly after this, he said, "While I am strong enough to go, take me back to the House." Preparations were then made as speedily as possible. And as they bore him down to the ambulance I followed at his head; and as he was being driven away in the midst of a dense and crushing crowd, I said, "I may come to see you tomorrow!" "That is right," said he. "Come and see me."

I went that night to inquire about him, and several times afterward, but of course never saw him again.

Suffer me now to speak upon the general event, and upon the attitude of praying people all over Christendom who have been so earnestly entreating God to spare his life and restore him again to the functions of his great office.

I suppose there can be no doubt that a large class of unbelievers in prayer and even in the existence of God Himself have been looking on to see the issue of this trial; and they have witnessed it in such a spirit of mind that if the President had recovered they would still have remained as incredulous as ever. They would have said, this is no proof of a supernatural interposition at all; it is only the result of a naturally strong constitution, temperate habits; the fact that no vital part was injured; the great assiduity and skill of modern surgery; the will power of the patient; the constant tenderness and de-

votedness of friends and family about him, and the knowledge that he had the deepest sympathy of the whole Nation and of the civilized world. So that if God had performed an out and out miracle in his recovery, it would, in the premises of the case, have furnished no evidence of a supernatural agency to those who are already predisposed to scepticism.

So far as I can understand it, the most approved oracles of the current Infidelity state the matter about in the following terms:

Those that think that prayers are answered should pray.

Everyone who prays for the President shows at least his sympathy and good will.

They have no objection to anybody's praying.

For those who honestly believe in prayer and honestly implore their Deity to watch over, protect and save the life of the President they have only the kindest feeling.

Prayer may affect the person who prays. It may put him in such a frame of mind that he can better bear disappointment than if he had not prayed.

But they cannot believe that there is any being who hears and answers prayer; and they have not the slightest idea of the existence of the Supernatural.

In view of the reality of all kinds of existing evil it does not seem possible to them that anything can be accomplished by prayer.

Many think that the pulpit first endeavors to find out the facts and then to make a theory to fit them; and that whoever believes in a special Providence must, of necessity, be illogical and absurd, because it is impossible to make any theological theory that some facts will not contradict.

This, then, is about the attitude of the present most approved and popular oracles of Infidelity. They think prayer is utterly useless because there is no one to hear and answer it, and yet they think that those who believe in prayer and believe there is a God who hears and answers it are bound to pray; and they have the kindest feeling for them although they consider them deluded, and that all their efforts in supplication are vain and fruitless. So much for the oracles of Infidelity.

But what now do the professed friends and teachers of Christianity say?

A prominent Religious paper of this week, referring to the subject, remarks: "If we are to judge of the real needs of the community on the prayer question by the errors and absurdities of those who talk about it, there is a good deal more need of instruction among persons who are in the church than among those who are outside of it. Indeed there has been very little disposition on the part of the world's people to cavil over the fact that a Nation's prayers have not been answered precisely as the Nation hoped. The real worry and the real perplexity have been among Christians who were afraid that the Lord's cause would somehow lose ground because of the Lord's doings."

And after making these comments it proceeds to insert a long article entitled, "Taking God at his word in prayer," which seems to be a supplement to another article printed last week in the same paper, styled, "Prayer in faith, not faith in prayer." In these articles it proceeds to exemplify and augment this same worry and perplexity among Christians of which it had complained, and instead of frankly confessing that all the prayer offered for the restoration of the President has proved fruitless in that regard, there seems to be a labored effort by hair-splitting distinctions to hedge against the effect of detrimental conclusions. Now I assent to many of the statements in those articles, but I dislike the attempt to explain away or conceal the fact that what so many prayed for was not granted. And moreover, there are some statements in those articles which, as they appear to me to be wholly unqualified, I cannot agree to.

The fact is patent that there has been a failure. The church is deprived of the power to say that she did prevail in prayer to God for the recovery of the President; and whatever may be the explanation of the defeat still it is no less a defeat; and so far as human view can perceive, this defeat will, in many minds, strengthen the position of Infidelity, because it can be said, and logically said, that in this pre-eminent case, so far as any praying soul has made the point of recovery an unqualified issue, this prayer has not been answered; and so far as I can see, there is nothing left but honestly to confess the failure. Suppose it is a Bull Run defeat. Perhaps the church needed it. There have been many such defeats in her history before, and yet the church survives. De-

feat at certain points and in certain ways is a part of that humbling discipline through which the church must pass. It is a bitter cup. Christ said, "ye shall indeed drink of my cup and partake of my baptism, but to sit upon my right hand and upon my left, is not mine to give.

I know not how others have been specially affected during the progress of the case, but for myself I remember that in the first weeks of the calamity my most prominent desire in prayer was that it might be thoroughly sanctified to the whole Nation. But afterwards, when the President had held out so patiently and heroically, and when so much had been said on one side and the other about the efficacy of prayer in such a case as this, and when the very circumstances conspired to make it a mighty gauge to test the power of prayer, I became more and more inclined in prayer to wish that God would perform a miracle in his recovery—a miracle of the same kind as those which Christ performed when he raised the dead, gave sight to the blind and healed the smitten ear of Malchus with a touch. I had no doubt that He could do it, and I have no doubt now that He could have done it if He would. I wanted to see that done. I wanted to see God's hand towering over all the work of the physicians and all the skill of modern science and even the tenderest offices of human affection. I wanted to be able to point with confidence to the recovered President, virtually restored in a day by the direct interposition of Almighty grace in answer to human prayer, and to be able to say to every caviller in the land, "Behold—see the efficacy of prayer—there is God's hand outstretched at the cry of His people, and there is the result—deny it if you can!" That I confess for a number of days was my feeling; and upon occasion I so privately and publicly expressed it.

How much of human egotism and presumptuous dictation and disposition to hector the Infidel and idly glory in his defeat there was in all this, God knows better than I do.

Did I forget anything in putting forth such a desire?

Was it not at Ai that Israel suffered a fearful check—was there an Achan in the camp?

Was it a sign sought by a wicked generation when no sign should be given it?

Was it a failure in asking because we asked amiss?

Was it the pleading of the Patriarch for Sodom, fixing his own terms—when those terms could not be supplied?

Was it just the reverse of the case of the woman with the issue of blood who dismissed all her other physicians before she applied to Christ alone and was then instantly healed by one touch of the hem of his garment?

Suppose this had been thought of in the outset of the President's case, who is there in the land that would have had faith and courage enough to propose it? And what the result might have been if this had actually been done and the whole church like the Ninevites of old had bowed her face night and day before God, cannot now be told. Christ went so far as to tell His disciples that if they would only believe they should do greater works than those which He had done; and when upon one occasion they had been baffled by the strength and cunning of an evil spirit and wanted to know of the Master why they could not cast him out, He taught them that such as that went out only by prayer and fasting. Does this mean, as applied to us, that the moral power of the church with God was by far too low and weak to compass the end desired?

But the fact is the physicians kept on and the prayers kept on. And was not this in accordance with the analogy of faith? We know that in all ordinary cases God works by means rather than beyond them; and in many of his miracles Christ coupled some human act with his healing power; and sometimes He measured the result by human trust; "according to your faith be it unto you."

Or it may be suggested that other and to us more occult and ultimate reasons, aside from any of these explanations, must have prevailed with God in denying the prayer for the recovery of the President. He may have foreseen greater evils to result from the success of the church on this point than from her defeat. When we remember that He did not prevent the shot of the murderer from taking effect, we must also conclude that the same reasons for not preventing it may have existed in the Divine mind for not granting the importunate and reiterated request for the President's recovery. Perhaps God saw such bearings and ramifications of the event upon other and wider future interests for this

country and the world that He would not interfere to arrest the death of the President, foreseeing the greater ultimate good that would result if He did not. All those prayers may have been acceptable to Him as an expression of human sympathy for the sufferer and of dependence upon Divine aid for the Nation; but as He may have seen essential grounds upon which to rule against the petition of the people, He allowed the natural effect of the assassin's deed to proceed to its termination. So, oftentimes, a wise father denies the requests of his children, not because those requests are displeasing in themselves, but because other and imperative reasons on the ground of a wider Benificence must be regarded.

Some have thought that in our times at least God never interferes with what are called the established laws of nature, and that knowing as we now do the fatal character of the wound, this is sufficient explanation of the fact that the President did not recover, although so many were praying that he might.

It is frequently said that the day of miracles is past, that we must no longer look for such an exercise of Divine power; and out of this conviction very largely springs the modern denial of the Supernatural. Yet the Bible tells us that "the prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up"—that "the fervent, effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much." And then to make it more emphatic it proceeds to say that Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain; and there was no rain for three years and a half. "And he prayed again and the heaven gave rain and the earth brought forth her fruit." And is He not the same God now that He was then? Has His power been diminished? Has His will ceased to take effect? And when the afflicted came to Christ or to the disciples in the name of Christ for healing was there ever anything said about the moral worth of the applicants as a condition of the miracle? I do not find it so. Their *necessity* was a prevailing plea. And why with the same God and the same Christ above us should it not be so to-day?

What then remains? The test has been made and the President is dead! But what sort of a test has it been? Certainly we cannot say that God made the test. So

far as it has been put, it is a test which mortal men themselves have made—the Infidel on one side, the professed Religionist on the other. Is God obliged to conform His course to the dictation of His creatures every time they judge it is requisite for Him to do so? Would any wise and good earthly father submit to such dictation from the contending members of his household?

In this human strife the pride of the Christian goes to the wall. Is it a triumph on the Infidel side? Can they turn upon us and say, the church in her present state is either too ignorant or too arrogant in her prayers, or too unworthy to prefer them, and in every way disqualified to put human faith to such a test? Or can they taunt us as Elijah did the prophets of Jezebel: “Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or pursuing, or in a journey, or perhaps asleep and needs awaking.”

At any rate the miracle of the recovery has fallen to the ground; the desire and prayer and will of man are thwarted.

But what if God should come forth and say: “I will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh.”

What is my will or the will of any mortal man or the will of this whole Nation compared with the will of God? Before we came into it, He ruled the world; and after we are gone out of it, He will rule the world; and the world itself with all it contains is a mere speck of the creation; and all our ages but as a second on the dial-plate of Eternity. Suppose the Infidel jeers and the Christian prays; and sometimes it goes up and sometimes it goes down like the rod of Moses in the battle of Amalek and Israel—yet the purpose of God shall stand and He will do all His pleasure. All the nations are before Him as but a drop in the bucket; and because we are so small, so ignorant, so helpless and so dependent we have been gifted with an instinct that will never leave us; and that is the instinct of prayer. Answered or unanswered, potent or impotent, it is the voice of human nature in distress; and never will that voice die out while troubles rise and eyes are wet with weeping and hearts are wrung with anguish!

Yet there is a far more important matter for reflection, because we have to consider what is now, and what

is to be the permanent effect of the National calamity and of the many prayers that are offered up to God.

There is a sentence in the old Book like this: "When the judgments of the Lord are in the earth the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness." "These judgments" we suppose to be the calamities and troubles which afflict men and nations. That our people have been plunged into a Summer of unusual sadness and sorrow in many ways, need not be told. The colossal grief of our land is yet signalled which ever way we turn by the black tokens that greet our gaze. It was the work of an instant by a murderer's hand. He has given his own explanation of his motive for the deed. It was reported that upon his arrest he exclaimed: "I have finished Garfield—Arthur is President—I am a stalwart of the stalwarts!" And to-day it is amazing to find that these words in the sense in which they were intended by a worthless miscreant cowering for three months in a felon's cell, with apparently not one single friend on earth, and loaded with the maledictions of the civilized world—these words so uttered and so intended upon the very act, stand good to-day against the combined efforts of modern science, and all the courage, sympathy, hope, faith and prayer of united Christendom to prove them false. In these words lurked a secret known only to God. A secret veiled for eighty days from the eyes of mortals and only at last discovered when after the long struggle death had done its work. Then the Nation learned, for the first time, that from the beginning it was a fatal wound. He says he was inspired of God to remove the President as a political necessity, to preserve the Republican party and thereby conserve the lasting peace and prosperity of the whole country!

Now, while this pretence upon the lips of a man whose hand is red with murder sounds to us like a horrible mockery, what are the facts in the case? We all know that bitter feuds and hatreds did exist. Party politics and sectional animosity were fierce and strong. The wheels of Government dragged heavily, and in some regards were cumber brakes that threatened to stop them altogether. Meanwhile every species of wickedness appeared in a full flowing tide among a people daily growing more arrogant, irreverent and frivolous; the altars of religion were largely abandoned; the sacred day was

desecrated, and a self-sufficiency, competitive and unscrupulous, flaunted abroad its banners on every hand, while the very church of God was covered with the mildew of the world!

That was the condition when this deed of the assassin, like a bolt from the clear sky, smote down the Official head of the Nation! And what has followed upon this event? The Nation was arrested; political bickering for the time was hushed. Confronted with a spectre hideous as hell—first came astonishment and dismay; then all the better feelings and sympathies of our nature began to crowd into active and affecting exercise. The religious sentiment, so long dormant, was powerfully evoked. A recognition of God and of our dependence upon Him has been openly and officially professed, both by rulers and people, with a freedom and emphasis which recalls once more the solemn passage of the War of Independence. And so marvellous are the combinations of history, that we are standing to-day on the eve of the Centennial celebration of one of the crowning and closing events of that glorious struggle of our forefathers, and receiving to our shores the honored representatives of distant peoples to rekindle again the fires of that great sympathy!

But how long shall all this last? There is a fearful passage in one of the prophecies to this effect: "For I will stretch out my hand upon the inhabitants of the land," saith the Lord, "for from the least of them even unto the greatest of them, every one is given to covetousness." "They have healed also the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, 'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace!"

Now is this to be the case with us in our present professed reformation? Is this to be the result of all the petitions which we have desired of God? Shall the first Spring grass not grow upon the grave of the martyred sleeper at Cleveland before we shall have returned to our old ways and our old wickedness as a people? Nay, have we not reason to fear that party feuds may rage more implacable than ever; that huge dishonesties may cast the land with shadows, and that the present restraint may prove to be but a temporary truce, soon to be broken by the contending elements of good and evil? So certainly will it turn out if the people of this country

are left alone to the promptings of a selfish nature, and if God by His Spirit does not interpose to work a deeper and more lasting grace in the whole heart of the Nation.

Is it then to be supposed that the assassin had all this in his vision when he stole behind the Chosen of the people and bored out of the body its precious life? From his latest published utterance, we learn that he himself aspires to sit in the chair of Garfield that he may show the world the blessing of a pure administration, and make out of this Nation "a happy, prosperous and God-fearing people!" The pretension is amazing from such lips—the lips of a man, now perhaps as execrable and as execrated both by Infidel and Christian as any character that has figured in modern history. Yet, we suppose him to belong to the human species, and to have a soul which like our own will one day appear before God.

What should then be our rightful feeling toward him? Surely not one of lawless vengeance, but one of calm, judicial judgment and Christian faithfulness. It is right in the midst of our deep indignation at his horrible offence, aggravated as it is by every degree of religious hypocrisy, to desire and pray that he may be led to repentance, and, in imitation of our Divine Master, to commend him to that mercy of God which, from its very construction, it is impossible for human Government to extend.

It seems that a tender-hearted and praying woman has made an appeal to the church and the clergy in behalf of the assassin, carrying her complaint, strangely enough, to a newspaper, which one should suppose would be the last on earth that any sensible person would select for such a purpose. However, the subject itself is legitimate, and so far as we are involved in the responsibility, we have already indicated our reply.

But doubtless hitherto we have been too engrossed with the President's struggle for life—which many think was prolonged in answer to prayer—to give much earnest heed to the spiritual condition of the guilty author of all this misery and anguish. In the comparatively brief history of this Nation, there have been most grievous and shocking events over which philanthropy and religion lamented throughout the civilized world. But as to the pity and pathos of this recent experience, taking it

all in all, it seems to me speaking with the utmost reverence that since the death of Christ there has been no parallel in human annals. Words! words! futile words! wholly incompetent to express the phases of the tragedy, are the only symbols by which to tell its melting mystery—the family tenderness and heroism—the dying valor of the intrepid sufferer—the yearning devotion of friendship—the unflagging vigil of surgery—the prompt generosity of responding affluence—the sharp anxiety of awaiting millions—the shame and grief of the dishonor—the heavy hours of suspense and sadness—the final parting of the silver chord—the last piteous cry of rending nature—a land hung in mourning—a people sitting in sackcloth—the funeral train and spectacle and burial, and distant nations condoling with a bereaved Republic, have made this a period monumental in the calendar of time. It is the very acme of historical romance—a paragraph just written by the Recording Angel in the volume of the ages that no future generation can ever read without a throne of emotion “which makes the whole world kin,” and breaks the very heart of human nature!

And yet for him who has suffered and died nothing more can be desired.

It was the prediction of an Infidel, that if the President should die hundreds of ministers would be saying, “After all, it may be the President has lost nothing; it may be that our loss is his eternal gain; and though it seems a cruel thing that Providence would permit the murder of such a man, still it may have been the very kindest thing that could be done for him.”

Truly so, apostle of Infidelity! The ways of God are not our ways; and death, in itself considered, is not the worst evil that can befall a Christian. Nay, it is reckoned in the Bible as a part of his inheritance—his gateway to the realm of everlasting light. But the form in which death comes and the causes of its approach are questions belonging to another and far different category. A murderer may slay a servant of God, and by that means the soul of the slaughtered shall be released from the bondage of the dust and exalted to a throne beyond the stars. But the murderer shall be black all the same with guilt. Yes, it is even so. Hundreds and thousands of ministers are just now saying that very thing. Gar-

field was an humble and sincere believer in the salvation by Jesus Christ, and through his faith became an heir of a glorious Resurrection and a blessed Immortality. He died in the zenith of earthly honor. He has gone to join the immortal sages on the Mount of God. Imperfect doubtless he was, while here, as who of us is not; but his place in heroic story is made secure. He could not have been more ennobled in choosing what he had to suffer and the manner in which he bore it, facing death so long without a murmur, because he believed in God and was trustfully lying in His hands. This grand example has become the heritage of the Christian church and made the departed chieftain one of the illustrious martyrs of the world. Had he lived longer here he might have fallen from his high estate. His death has made apostasy and disgrace to him impossible.

And so, too, let us still hope and pray that the Nation may continue, in spite of its follies and its sins, or rather, that it may secure a final triumph over them. No single man however great is essential to the perpetuity of a State. Look back upon the lineage of our famous men. They have died in the bosom of the Nation, and still the Nation lives. God only can plant and pluck up nations. The workmen cease, but the work goes on. Arthur succeeds to Garfield! The assassin's word proves true. Strange phase of human authorship—a true prophet behind a prison grate! I confess my mind is more dazed and confounded the more I permit myself to think of it. Yes, Arthur sobs and sinks almost fainting into his chair as he takes in his grasp from the nerveless hand of the dying Garfield the fasces of this great people's power; and his first act is to call the Nation into the sanctuaries of God, entreating them to bow there before the sacred altars in penitence and tears for the memory of the dead, for the mighty work of the living, and for the mercy of the Almighty—both to ruler and people!

Let us wait and watch and pray! God is educating Americans in a strange school of His Providence. We have much to learn in the fiery furnace of affliction; and if it be sometimes hard to be a Christian, it is a million times harder to be an infidel.

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