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In Memoriam.

James A. Garfield.

Garfield
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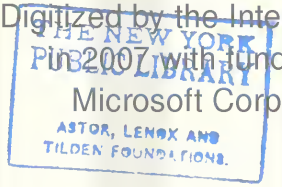

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J. A. Garfield

THE

MASONS

OF LOWELL, MASS.,

Monday Evening, Sept. 26, 1881.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

BRO. JAMES A. GARFIELD,

DIED AT ELBERON, N. J., SEPT. 19, 1881.

Funeral at Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 26, 1881.

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Lowell, Mass.:
Vox Populi Press: Huse, Goodwin & Co.
1881.

At a meeting of the representatives of the several Masonic bodies in Lowell, viz.—

Pentucket Lodge,	*Ahasuerus Council S. & R. M.*,
Ancient York Lodge,	*Pilgrim Commandery, K. T.*,
Kilwinning Lodge,	*Lowell Lodge of Perfection*,
William North Lodge,	*Lowell Council P. of J.*,
Mount Horeb Royal Arch Chapter,	*Mt. Calvary Chapter Rose Croix*,

held at Masonic Temple, Friday evening, Sept. 23, A. D. 1881, Bro. William F. Salmon was chosen chairman, and Bro. Solon W. Stevens, secretary.

Voted, To hold a Memorial Service, in commemoration of the life and services of Bro. James A. Garfield, at Masonic Temple, on Monday evening, Sept. 26, and to appropriately decorate the building and hall.

Bros. Henry H. Fletcher and Arthur G. Pollard were appointed to take charge of the interior, and Bro. J. W. B. Shaw the outside, decorations.

Bro. Charles Runels was authorized to arrange with an organist and a double quartette of male voices, to furnish music.

Bro. Solon W. Stevens was appointed to prepare and present a suitable Memorial Tribute.

Rev. Bros. Edson, Seward, Baker, Court, and Emery, and Bros. John A. Goodwin and Frederic T. Greenhalge, were invited to assist in the services.

Bro. Wm. F. Salmon was appointed to preside at the meeting, and also select appropriate hymns, and arrange the order of exercises.

The following notice was prepared and ordered in all the city papers of Saturday, Sept. 24.

MASONIC MEMORIAL SERVICE.

At a meeting of the representatives of the several Masonic bodies of Lowell, it was voted that a memorial service, in commemoration of the life and services of their distinguished brother, James A. Garfield, be held at Masonic Temple on Monday evening, Sept. 26, at half-past seven o'clock. All brethren are cordially invited to be present and participate in the exercises.

WM. F. SALMON, *Chairman.*
SOLON W. STEVENS, *Secretary.*

Lowell, Sept. 23.

At a regular meeting of the Trustees of the Lowell Masonic Association, held Thursday evening, Sept. 29, 1881, it was

Voted, To prepare a memorial volume, and thus preserve a record of the interesting services at Masonic Temple, Monday evening, 26th inst., and that the expenses of the "Service" and the printing of the "Memorial" be assessed equally upon the several organizations forming the Association.

Bros. William F. Salmon,
Arthur G. Pollard, and
Solon W. Stevens,

were appointed a Committee with full powers to attend to printing and distribution.

THE "Order of Exercises" was neatly printed on mourning paper, the first page being the same as the title-page of this volume, and was in substance as follows: —

VOLUNTARY. Organ . . . . . *Bro. Asa V. Hill.*
OPENING ADDRESS. By the Chairman . . . *Bro. Wm. F. Salmon.*
PRAYER . . . . . *Rev. Bro. Theo. Edson, D. D.*
HYMN. "Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime" . . . *Choir.*
SELECTIONS FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. *Rev. Bro. J. L. Seward.*
MEMORIAL TRIBUTE . . . . . *Bro. Solon W. Stevens.*
CHANT. "God liveth ever" . . . . . *Choir.*
EULOGIUMS . . *Bros. John A. Goodwin and Frederic T. Greenhalge.*
SELECTION BY THE CHOIR. "I cannot always trace the way."
CLOSING ADDRESS . . . . . *Rev. Bro. Smith Baker.*
HYMN. "We will not weep; for God is standing by us" . . *Choir.*
CLOSING PRAYER . . . . . *Rev. Bro. Robert Court.*
BENEDICTION . . . . . *Rev. Bro. J. C. Emery.*



SERVICES.

AT an early hour the Hall was well filled, and at 7.30 P. M., Bro. Asa V. Hill commenced the voluntary, and the brethren who were assigned special duties in the services took seats in the East.

Opening Address . . . . . *Bro. Wm. F. Salmon.*

Brethren,—The Lowell Masonic Association is a body that attends to the business affairs of the craft in this city, through representatives of the several Masonic bodies meeting in this hall, and being its president, it has been deemed proper that at this rather informal gathering of the Masons of Lowell, I should assume the duties of presiding officer, and carry out the plans for a memorial service as agreed upon in committee last Friday evening. That duty I accept, fully sensible of its responsibilities, and the solemnity of this occasion.

I have requested Bro. Charles H. Richardson, of Pentucket Lodge, to act as marshal, and he has kindly consented.

Dear Brethren,—Throughout the length and breadth of our land, from East to West, from North to South, there arise in unison the moans of a people bereaved at the death of a loved and highly honored Chief Magistrate; one whose life gave promise of much that would enrich, ennoble, and benefit his fellow-citizens, who, by their suffrages, placed him in the presidential chair, and by whose death, hearts are made despondent and sorrow-stricken, as is too often the custom of mortals when the Divine will runs counter to their anticipations.

Our brother, James Abram Garfield, was made a Mason in Magnolia Lodge, No. 20, Columbus, O., Nov. 19, 1861, but did not receive his third degree until Nov. 22, 1864, and then in Columbus Lodge, No. 30, Columbus, O., by request of Magnolia Lodge. He afterwards obtained the several necessary degrees, and received the orders of Knighthood in Columbia Commandery, K. T., of Washington, D. C., and was affiliated in that Commandery at the time of his decease. In the A.·. and A.·. Scottish Rite he attained the 14°, and was received into the Lodge of Perfection by Ill.·. Bro.·. Albert Pike, M.·. P.·. S.·. G.·. C.·. of the Southern Juris-

diction. And it is but simple justice to say that he loved the Masonic institution in all its branches, and testified his appreciation by his frequent attendance at our meetings.

As Masons we are early taught "to pay due obedience to the laws under whose protection we live," and "to never lose sight of the allegiance due to our country"; and we feel that he whose loss we this day mourn, had these important Masonic principles deeply rooted in his heart, as evidenced by his life and conduct.

Though Masonry regards no man for his worldly wealth and honor, we cannot but feel that the memory of the virtues of one of our mystic number who, through merit duly appreciated, carried himself from the humblest walk of life to the highest political honor to be attained in this world, should be deeply enshrined in our hearts, and receive from us as Masons the grateful tribute which this evening's service is intended to convey.

In the *life* of Brother Garfield the hopes of a great majority of our people had centred, for an administration of affairs that should bind them together as a strong and prosperous nation, freed from all sectional hatred and fear; in his *death* those hopes were blasted, and there has sometimes appeared a seeming lack of faith in our form of government, and in Him whose will it is our duty to study and obey.

My ideas of the varied expressions and duties of the week just passed, are so finely expressed in the words of a favorite poet, that I venture a quotation: —

Dark, dark the night, and tearfully I grope,
Lost in the shadows, feeling for the way,
But cannot find it. Here's no help, no hope,
And God is very far off with His day.

Hush, hush, faint heart! why, this may be thy chance,
When all is at the worst, to prove thy faith;
Stand still and see His great deliverance,
And trust Him at the darkest unto death.

Ofttimes upon the last grim ridge of war,
God takes his stand to aid us in the fight;
He watches while we roll the tide afar,
And, beaten back, is near us with His might.

No need of faith if all were visibly clear;
'T is for the trial-time its help was given;
Though clouds be thick, the sun is just as near
That shines within and makes the heart its heaven.

Amidst our wildest night of saddest woes,
When Earth is desolate, Heaven dark with doom,
Faith has its fire-flash of the soul, that shows
The face of the Eternal through the gloom.

Brethren, — In accordance with Masonic usage and our present great need, let us join with our venerable Brother in a petition to the Eternal God.

Prayer . . . . . *Rev. Bro. Theodore Edson,**

Rector of St. Anne's Episcopal Church.

Hymn . . . . . *Choir.*

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time:
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves; thy harvest-task is done;
Come from the heat of battles, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

Go to the grave;—no: take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written Word.

Scripture Selections,

Rev. Bro. Josiah Lafayette Seward,

Pastor of the First Unitarian Church.

And at midnight there was a cry made.

In a moment shall they die, and the people shall be troubled at midnight, and pass away, and the mighty shall be taken away.

And when the inhabitants of the land saw the mourning, they said, This is a grievous mourning.

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* Rev. Bro. Edson is now 88 years old; he was made a Mason in 1826, and is now regularly affiliated in all the Masonic grades worked in Lowell.

Thy hands were not bound, nor thy feet put into fetters; as a man falleth before wicked men, so fellest thou. And all the people wept.

Also they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way; and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail, because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.

And devout men carried [him] to his burial, and made great lamentation over him.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf, also, shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.

And the Lord said unto me, What seest thou? and I said, A plumb-line. Then said the Lord, Behold I will set a plumb-line in the midst of my people.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He shall dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with

them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

Memorial Tribute.

BY BRO. SOLON W. STEVENS.

"*His eulogy is his life: his epitaph the general grief.*"

Senator Anthony's Tribute to Charles Sumner.

BOWED beneath the weight of a solemn and appalling sorrow, the Nation mourns to-day the loss of a Chief Magistrate, in whose character were blended separate and distinctive qualities which in a single individual are very rarely combined. A Christian citizen, a loyal husband and father, a scholar, a soldier, a statesman, the chosen leader of the people; tireless in industry, inflexible in will, unlimited in fidelity, ambitious, conscientious, heroic, courteous, and kind, — his finished life and work will stand deathless and bright in the memory of men, while his fame is secure forever from the weakness of human error. From humble birth and from poverty, by the use of royal gifts, he climbed to the rank of kings. Clinging to life that he might use it for the good of others, yet not afraid of

death; bringing to the aid of surgical skill the patient fortitude of a martyr and the self-control of a well-balanced mind; faithful, tender, and true, he passed from a couch of untold suffering to the calm, radiant heights where crime and pain cannot come, and where funeral knells are never rung.

On bended knees the Nation bowed in fervent prayer that this life might be spared, and while they prayed the Father called him home. To Infinite Wisdom belongs the secret of this mystery. God reigns, and the truly great can never die. Around his grave let this people pledge themselves that his ideals and his spirit shall be their inspiration to the attainment of even loftier aims; and may the record of this grand and noble life, while awakening a broader charity, kindle a stronger faith, as we figuratively drop the acacia upon the bier of the widow's illustrious son.

"And now he rests; his greatness and his sweetness
No more shall seem at strife,
For death has moulded into calm completeness
The statue of his life."

Eulogium . . . . . *Bro. Solon W. Stevens.*

After presenting the Memorial Tribute, Bro. Stevens continued as follows: —

Amid solemn pomp and circumstance befitting a Nation's grief; amid the eloquence of speech, the thrill of music, and the pleadings of prayer; with reverent hearts and quivering lips, in silence and with uncovered heads, we have seen the funeral pageant bearing the Nation's honored dead, as it moved from that historic cottage by the sea, across the land to the confines of his native State; and there in that chosen retreat, not far from the home which he loved so well, all that is mortal of our honored President has been laid at rest in his dreamless bed. In the noontide of prosperity and gladness, the Nation has clothed itself in habiliments of sorrow; for the reaper, Death, has gathered in his harvest one of the brightest and best of men. Royalty, unmindful of precedent, but yielding to the "one touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin," has also assumed the garb of mourning, and sits in tearful sympathy with us to-day, for our people have lost a leader, and seemingly every man in Christendom a personal friend. Why this universal sorrow? Why this world-wide testimonial of esteem?

Is it because one who was but yesterday

elected to the highest office in the gift of the people has been suddenly stricken down from his high position, and an administration begun with such brilliant promise been suddenly blighted by the murderous designs of the miserable miscreant that laid him low?

Is it because he succeeded better than most men in making clear the everlasting distinction between the politician who intrigues for office, and the statesman to whom official station comes by the attractive force of character and ability combined?

Is it because, during his whole political life, when party excitement was high and party discipline was severe, when the cross-lights of contemporaries and opponents were thrown fully upon him, when in the intensity of the fight bitter personality and malicious criticism sought to invade the sanctity of his private life, not one trace of corruption or of trickery could be found in his entire record?

Is it because, in obedience to his country's call, in the hour of peril as a citizen-soldier, he withdrew from the "sunshine of love and books," and took up the sword to risk the rough fortunes of war, that the flag might continually bear the symbols of an unbroken Union on its ample folds?

Is it because of the *romance* of his career, illustrating as it does the splendid possibilities

of American life as developed by the Free Institutions of a Republic, reaching from the humble beginnings and the stern surroundings of poverty up to the possession of influence and power which belong to thrones? Is it for these considerations that we honor him? Partly these, but something more. Behind these outward manifestations of character there appeared an inner fineness of nature, a blending of conscience and will, which attract and compel unaffected homage.

During the ballotings at Chicago, when the excitement was at its height, and it had become evident that the nominator of John Sherman would be the nominee of the convention, when Ohio responded to the roll-call, it was noticed that the delegation from that State was less by *one* than had responded at previous roll-calls. "How is it," asked a lady in the gallery, "that the delegation from Ohio is incomplete; what does it mean?" "It means," answered a bystander, "that James A. Garfield is a gentleman." When in response to an inquiry the physician told him that he had but one chance in a hundred of getting well, the sufferer replied, "I will take that chance, although I am not afraid to die, for I have met death face to face before." When beneath the gaze of the multitude he assumed the oath of office of President of the United States, in preference

to brilliant senators and representatives of foreign courts, to whom was given the first token of love and congratulation? To the aged mother and the faithful wife. And to whom in the lull of disease were written the last words ever penned by his trembling hand? To that same venerable mother, who to-day asks in tears, "Why must I lose my boy?"

Such incidents as these, and many others familiar to every one, pointing to the ties which bind our common humanity together, indicative of tenderness, loyalty, and valor, reveal the secret of the strength of this man's grip on the hearts of fifty millions of people to-day. For above, beneath, and around his greatness there was the evidence of the modest, heroic, Christian gentleman. As a statesman his life will be the theme of history, of eloquence, of poetry, and of song; but more and more it will be made apparent that nobility of character gave peculiar strength to public service.

Looking at it from this point of view, it would seem that *we* have a particular right to pay tribute to this brother, because the aggregate of his life approached so nearly to the ideal of perfection when subjected to the tests of the plumb, the level, and the square. Neither poverty nor trial could break his integrity, when in youth he stood at the South; at the West, in the full flush of manhood, "with

honors thick upon him," against the allurements of high station he proved a tower of adamant; then, while travelling towards the Orient, the ruffian laid him low.

There is a story told in the poetical history of Rome that a chasm once opened in the Forum, which refused to be closed until some noble youth had been thrown into the yawning gulf. The moral of the legend is continually repeating itself in history. We know not what may be the inscrutable designs of Infinite Wisdom in this sad event; but we know the victim has been found ready, and the costly sacrifice has been made. And if in moments of doubt and darkness, upon thinking of this man, you are prone to cry, "My father! my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" remember the sentiment that fell from these lips ere this mortal put on immortality; listen to it as it goes ringing through the world from above the turf of his recent grave; hear it again as it comes thundering down the starry vaults of his radiant home, — "God reigns, and the Government still lives!"

Chant . . . . . *Choir.*

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Our God is good, in every place
His love is known, His help is found.

His mighty arm, and tender grace
Bring good from ills that hem us round.
Easier than we think can He
Turn our joy to agony.
Soul, remember, 'mid thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
He who can earth and heaven control,
Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land,
Whose presence fills the mighty Whole,
In each true heart is close at hand.
Love Him. — He will surely send
Help and joy that never end.
Soul, remember, 'mid thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns.

—(Written in 1682.)

Eulogium . . . . . *Bro. John A. Goodwin.**

Brother Chairman, — The eloquence of the memorial, and of the brother who offered it, have so presented the great lesson of this occasion, that more words can hardly increase its force. Yet is it still noteworthy, that the death of our republic's President should call forth messages of respect and of sorrow from the crowned heads and the loving hearts of all nations, and that the mourning of to-day should encircle the world. Most especially are we touched by the sympathy of "our kin be-

* Formerly Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

yond the sea." These unprecedented demonstrations are of course inspired by the official position of the deceased; but as our brother has just said, "There is something more." Our own people, too, with unanimity never before seen, stand hand in hand, sorrowing for a great leader; but "There is something more."

The illustrious dead was indeed a scholar and a soldier, a statesman and a president. But he was also a faithful brother of our Order, who honored his associates by practising out of the Lodge, the lessons learned within it; he was a great-hearted neighbor, and a Christian citizen; he was a dutiful son, a loyal husband, a faithful parent. Our public mourning may be largely due to his talents, his achievements, and his greatness; but our profound personal and fraternal grief, is for the man he was in private life. *This* is the "something more." Masonry regards not the honors or accidental circumstances of a man; yet is exaltation given to sorrow, when we can stand by the grave of a brother whose daily walk and conversation, and whose domestic virtues, have been such that we may use his official or social eminence to make his merit more conspicuous. This can we do to-night, sincerely, heartily.

I recall the fact that in my boyhood it was often mentioned that no president had ever died in office, and some were inclined to see

therein a special providence. Even then was the record changed, and our people were shocked to learn by the slow-coming mail of those times, that days before, just one month from his inauguration, the good President Harrison had seen "the last of earth." Everywhere was grief mingled with surprise that a president should have died in office; and the great elegist of the occasion exclaimed —

> "Death! Death in the White House! Ah, never before
> Trod his skeleton foot on the president's floor."

What a great wave of sorrow then rolled over the land! But still it lacked the universality of that we now see. For it came with no long note of warning; and with the means of diffusing knowledge at that time, an event might have long passed by at one point before it was even suspected at another. Our people could not think and feel together. Albeit, throughout our Israel was "a grievous mourning." Now we count four presidents dying in service. It is a blessed thing that each of them was noted for his personal virtues. As the young are especially attracted to these names from the fact of Death's invading such high office, they will learn noble lessons of energy, integrity, manhood, and private worth.

It lacks but a year of three centuries since the United Netherlands, in the midst of their

glorious struggle for liberty, saw their great and noble leader, William the Silent, shot by a fanatical assassin. For one moment the people stood in a paralysis of horror. Then came the thought, that the noblest tribute to the departed hero, would be to maintain his principles with heightened devotion; and over his unburied body arose the cry, "One day for mourning, and a lifetime for work!"

We, brothers, have given a long, sad day to mourning. Its hours are drawing to a close, and with the morning will disappear the emblems of woe. The noblest of memorials to our departed brother, will be to make his life a text-book for the young, that they may live over his early struggles against adversity, and share in his conquests, learning from them that it is indeed true in our land that there is no chasm between the most obscure youth and the highest places of the nation, which is impassable to ability and industry, combined with virtue. Let them be taught, however, that such a life may not indeed always, or often, lead to political distinction, which popular caprice bestows and takes away, nor yet to great wealth; but that in their field of action, be it broad or narrow, it will ensure the greatest and truest happiness, and gratify the noblest of ambitions.

The memories of her honored dead form the chiefest treasure of Freemasonry. To that

great sum, we now add a precious unit. We pause to mourn with the bereaved; but when the grave is filled, we pass on with a feeling of gratitude that the life so cruelly ended was one which, on the square of time, honored our Order by association, and in the circle of eternity enriches it by an undying example.

Eulogium . . . . . *Bro. Frederic T. Greenhalge.**

Mr. Chairman and Brother Masons, — The day is drawing to a close; and the hours which have already struck have been given to the contemplation of James Abram Garfield, as a soldier, a statesman, and a scholar. Another duty yet remains to be done. We have assembled here to-night, brethren, to speak of this man as a Brother Mason, to look upon his life and character in the clear radiance which the Three Lights always shed upon every brother of our order. His body has been consigned to the earth; it remains for us, in common with his Masonic brethren throughout America, throughout the world, to plant at the head of his new-made grave the sprig of acacia; the challenge offered by our Order to Death; the emblem expressive of our confident

* Bro. Greenhalge is the present Mayor of the city.

hope of immortality. The voice of multitudes, the messages of kings, have come like music and followed him to the tomb. His monument rises before the eyes of the world. His Masonic brethren must see that it is built according to the rules and principles of their ancient brotherhood, that it fitly commemorates the life of one who was a perfect type of the friend, the father, the husband, the man, and the Mason. His broad mind, his judicial temperament, his warm and far-reaching sympathies, contributed to make him a shining exemplar of the gracious charity of Masonry, which extends its ministrations to all grades of society, to all parts of the world. We can follow him on his way to the portals of the Eternal Lodge. We hear the demand, "How stands the ballot in the South, in the West, in the East?" and the reply, "The ballot is clear in the South, in the West, and in the royal East," and we see our late brother conducted to a seat at the side of the Great Architect of the Universe. But I have not come here to pronounce any eulogy upon our late brother. In the words of the Memorial Tribute, "his life is his eulogy." I have another duty to perform, and that is, to move, Mr. Chairman, that this Memorial Tribute be adopted, and a copy sent to each Masonic body in the city of Lowell.

THE CHAIRMAN. Brethren in favor of sustaining the motion of our Brother Greenhalge will manifest it by rising. The motion is carried by an unanimous vote.

Selection by the Choir, *"I cannot always trace the way."*

Closing Address . . . . *Rev. Bro. Smith Baker,*

PASTOR OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Mr. Chairman and Brothers, — There is a beautiful cathedral built by one of the princes of the Old World, which, as you look at it from one side, fascinates you with its splendor, and you exclaim, Nothing can be more grand! But when you step to another side, and look at it in another light, it speaks with a new beauty not seen before. And as you go to still another side, another vision bursts upon the gaze, seemingly more grand than the others. And you change your position yet once more, as another and equally fascinating view fills the eyes. Thus with everything beautiful in art and nature. Most men compel our admiration in but one view of their character; our departed President and Brother, like perfect nature and perfect art, the more diversified the view we take of him, the more his character fills our

minds with admiration. It has been my pleasure thus to look at him from several standing-points. Yesterday morning we considered him as a Christian man. In the afternoon we visited a mission Sunday school, and considered his life as an example for boys in their poverty. In the evening we looked at his life again, with the eyes of a young man battling for an education. Later, we considered him as an illustration of heroism, ever faithful and brave. This forenoon we looked at his sufferings as a sacrifice, binding all our hearts in this broad land nearer together. This afternoon, in common with others, we contemplated him as a statesman and citizen, and in each of these views he has risen before us with new and fascinating power. Now, we come in these presences to think and speak of him as a Mason. Allow me to unite the first and the last, and call your attention to him as an ideal Christian Mason.

The fundamental points with a true Sir Knight are: Dealing on the square with his fellow-men, gallantry to woman, and loyalty to the Cross; and these, I need not say, were eminent traits in the character of our illustrious Brother.

First, he dealt on the square with his fellow-men. He was an honorable man, ever ready to do his part, never descending to a mean act,

no coward, and never retaining an unmanly sentiment in his heart. Every man felt that President Garfield was his brother, and this manliness and squareness of character was never more finely exhibited than in an incident of his youth, which occurred when he was upon the canal-boat. By a mere accident, he was the occasion of knocking off the hat of a great strong, profane, fighting man, who stood near him, whereupon the fighting man came at him enraged. Young Garfield, stepping one side, gave the great fellow such a blow as sent him reeling upon the ground. The crew cried out, urging him to improve his advantage; but "No," said the young hero, "if he is satisfied, I am," and extended his hand to the conquered man, who was glad enough to accept it. The same open-handed, honest deal with friend or foe marked his whole career; hence, some of his warmest personal friends were his political foes; and thus, all men, of all parties and creeds, rise up to honor his memory.

The second characteristic of a Christian Mason and a worthy Sir Knight is, Gallantry to woman. This trait in the character of our distinguished brother has already been referred to by more eloquent lips in these presences than mine. A lad who, at eleven years of age, brings the first one hundred cents he earns, and throwing them into his mother's lap,

says, "These are for you, mother"; the youth who, at fifteen, brings the first fifty dollars of hard earnings and casts them into the same good mother's lap; the young man who, a little later, changes the strongest desire of his heart, out of respect to the wisdom and love of his mother; the man who, when the highest honors of the nation have been bestowed, and the greatest office on earth has been conferred upon him, turns, in the presence of senators, statesmen, warriors, and the representatives of foreign courts, and gives his first acknowledgment of the honor by a kiss to that same mother, now infirm with years; and a dying martyr, who writes his last and only message from his bed of suffering, to this same waiting, anxious mother, — such a man needs no words from our lips to attest his gallantry to woman. He has manifested it in a deeper and grander manner than all the schools of etiquette can teach. And to American youth and American manhood, thus devoted to mother and wife, will be one of the sweetest and truest lessons which the life of our illustrious brother will teach in the years to come.

Again, the third characteristic of a true Christian Mason is, Loyalty to the Cross; and in this respect our distinguished brother was a marked example. With him, the beautiful and sublime ritual of our Order, pledging defence

of the Christian religion and the Cross, was not a mere sentiment, simply appealing to the æsthetic and reverential in his nature, but it was a heart consecration, — the beautiful degrees assisting his faith, and his faith giving new beauty to the degrees. In youth, he consecrated his life to the Saviour, whom the Cross represents; and during all the temptations of poverty and student-life, of a soldier's experience, and the excitements of political strife, he maintained his fidelity to the Cross. It was his pleasure, not only, by a living faith, to believe in it as a consolation and strength to his own heart, but to declare its worth to others. It was this which gave such gentleness to his manhood, such purity to his statesmanship, such beauty to his character, and brought him into such close sympathy with the good people of our nation. He was never ashamed of the Cross; it was his pleasure and strength. A somewhat humorous incident is told of his life while a general in the war. One Sunday morning, from the place of his encampment, he noticed the spire of an humble country church, and the people on their way to its services. His heart was with them. Strangers and confederates though they were, he determined to worship with them. Putting on a light overcoat to cover up the badges of his office, and placing a brace of pistols in his pockets, that

he might be prepared for an emergency, he entered the little church and sat down with its humble worshippers. Before the sermon was finished, the preacher recognized the Union general, and more than that, he recognized the Christian preacher; for the fame of Garfield as a preacher, and one of the most popular of the denomination to which he belonged, had gone before him. It was communion Sunday, and as soon as the sermon was ended, the preacher at once invited General Garfield to officiate. With a true brotherly heart he did so, remarking afterwards, that it was one of the most delightful seasons he ever enjoyed, adding with a smile, that he never did feel much meaner than to officiate at such a table with those pistols in his pockets. And in after years, when new honors and new temptations came, he was ever true to the Cross of his early love, maintaining in all places his Christian fidelity. Thus, my brethren, the Cross should not be to us a merely beautiful sentiment, but an inspiration to our souls, moving our hearts and lifting our lives into such broadness and purity that at last, like him whom we commemorate, we shall receive the crown to which the Cross leads.

Hymn . . . . . *Choir.*

We will not weep: for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight.
We will not doubt, if darkness still doth try us,
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

We will not faint,—if heavy burdens bind us,
They press no harder than our souls can bear.
The thorniest way is lying still behind us,
We shall be braver for the past despair.

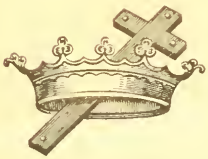
O, not in doubt shall be our journey's ending;
Sin, with its fears, shall leave us at the last,—
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment ending,
Life shall be with us when the Death is past.

Closing Prayer . . . . *Rev. Bro. Robert Court,*

Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church.

Benediction . . . . . *Rev. Bro. John C. Emery,*

Pastor of the Worthen Street Baptist Church.



Born Dec. 19, 1831.

Died Sept. 19, 1881.