


DEAN FARRAR

 THE VERY REV. FREDERIC WILLIAM FARRAR, D. D., a distinguished English church dignitary and preacher, dean of Canterbury, was born at Bombay, India, Aug. 7, 1831. He was educated at King William's College, Isle of Man, King's College, London, and Trinity College, Cambridge, ordained deacon in the English Church in 1854, and took priest's orders in 1857. He was an assistant master at Harrow, 1855-71, and headmaster of Marlborough College, 1871-76. In the latter year he was appointed canon in Westminster Abbey and rector of St. Margaret's Church, and archdeacon of Westminster in 1883, becoming dean of Canterbury in 1895. He has several times been select preacher at each of the universities, delivering the Hulsean lectures at Cambridge in 1870, and the Bampton lectures at Oxford in 1885. From 1869 to 1873 he was honorary chaplain to the late Queen Victoria and subsequently one of her chaplains-in-ordinary. He has taken an active part in the cause of temperance and other reforms, but is especially noted for his liberal utterances on the subject of eternal punishment. His religious works, which have been widely popular in England and America, and have in some cases been translated into a number of languages, include "Seekers after God" (1869); "The Witness of History to Christ" (1871); "In the Days of Thy Youth" (1877); "The Life of Christ," a work which has had an immense sale (1874); "Life of St. Paul" (1879); "Early Days of Christianity" (1882); "Eternal Hope" (1880); "Darkness and Dawn"; "Life of Christ in Art"; "The Voice of Sinai"; "The Young Man, Master of Himself" (1897); "The Bible, Its Meaning and Supremacy" (1897); "The Herods" (1897); "The Life of Lives" (1899); "Texts Explained" (1899). Dr. Farrar has also written three popular books for boys, "Eric" (1858); "Julian Home" (1859); and "St. Winifred's, or the World of School" (1863). Still other works by him are "The Origin of Language" (1860); "Chapters on Language" (1865); "Greek Syntax" (1866); "Families of Speech" (1870); "Language and Languages" (1878); and "The History of Interpretation" (Bampton Lectures). His sermons are always ornate and eloquent.

EULOGY OF GENERAL GRANT

[The following eloquent address was delivered by Dean (then Archdeacon) Farrar at the impressive memorial service, held in Westminster Abbey, August 4, 1885, as an expression of England's sympathy for the loss sustained by the United States in the death of General Grant.]

EIGHT years have not passed since the Dean of Westminster, whom Americans so much loved and honored, was walking round this Abbey with General Grant and explaining to him its wealth of great memorials.

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Neither of them had attained the allotted span of human life, and for both we might have hoped that many years would elapse before they went down to the grave full of years and honors. But this is already the fourth summer since the Dean "fell on sleep," and to-day we are assembled for the obsequies of the great soldier whose sun has set while it yet was day, and at whose funeral service in America tens of thousands are assembled at this moment to mourn with his weeping family and friends.

Life at the best is but as a vapor that passeth away.

"The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things."

When death comes, what nobler epitaph can any man have than this — that "having served his generation, by the will of God he fell on sleep!"

Little can the living do for the dead. The voices of praise cannot delight the closed ear, nor the violence of censure vex it. I would desire to speak simply and directly, and, if with generous appreciation, yet with no idle flattery, of him whose death has made a nation mourn. His private life, the faults and failings of his character, whatever they may have been, belong in no sense to the world. We touch only on his public actions and services — the record of his strength, his magnanimity, his self-control, his generous deeds.

His life falls into four marked divisions, of which each has its own lesson for us. He touched on them himself in part when he said, "Bury me either at West Point, where I was trained as a youth; or in Illinois, which gave me my first commission; or at New York, which sympathized with me in my misfortunes."

His wish has been respected, and on the bluff overlooking

the Hudson his monument will stand to recall to the memory of future generations those dark pages of a nation's history which he did so much to close. First came the long early years of growth and training, of poverty and obscurity, of struggle and self-denial. Poor and humbly born, he had to make his own way in the world. God's unseen providence, which men nickname chance, directed his boyhood. A cadetship was given him at the military academy at West Point, and after a brief period of service in the Mexican war, in which he was three times mentioned in despatches, seeing no opening for a soldier in what seemed likely to be days of unbroken peace, he settled down to humble trades in provincial districts. Citizens of St. Louis still remember the rough backwoodsman who sold cord-wood from door to door. He afterward entered the leather trade in the obscure town of Galena.

Men who knew him in those days have said that if any one had predicted that the silent, unprosperous, unambitious man, whose chief aim was to get a plank road from his shop to the railway depot, would become twice President of the United States and one of the foremost men of his day, the prophecy would have seemed extravagantly ridiculous.

But such careers are the glory of the American continent. They show that the people have a sovereign insight into intrinsic force. If Rome told with pride how her dictators came from the plough-tail, America too may record the answer of the President, who, on being asked what would be his coat of arms, answered, proudly mindful of his early struggles, "A pair of shirt sleeves."

The answer showed a noble sense of the dignity of labor, a noble superiority to the vanities of feudalism, a strong conviction that men are to be honored simply as men, not for

the prizes of accident and birth. You have of late years had two martyr Presidents. Both were sons of the people. One was the homely man who at the age of seven was a farm-lad, at nineteen a rail-splitter, at twenty a boatman on the Mississippi, and who in manhood proved to be one of the strongest, most honest, and most God-fearing of modern rulers. The other grew up from a shoeless child in a log hut on the prairies, round which the wolves howled in the winter snow, to be a humble teacher in Hiram Institute. With these Presidents America need not blush to name also the leather-seller of Galena.

Every true man derives his patent of nobleness direct from God. Did not God choose David from the sheepfolds to make him ruler of his people Israel? Was not the "Lord of life and all the worlds" for thirty years a carpenter at Nazareth? Do not such careers illustrate the prophecy of Solomon, "Seest thou the man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings." When Abraham Lincoln sat, book in hand, day after day, under the tree, moving round it as the shadow moved, absorbed in mastering his task; when James Garfield rang the bell at Hiram Institute, day after day, on the very stroke of the hour, and swept the school-room as faithfully as he mastered the Greek lesson; when Ulysses Grant, sent with his team to meet some men who were to load the cart with logs, and finding no men there, loaded the cart with his own boy strength — they showed in conscientious duty and thoroughness the qualities which were to raise them to rule the destinies of men.

But the youth was not destined to die in that deep valley of obscurity and toil in which it is the lot — perhaps the happy lot — of many of us to spend our little lives. The hour came; the man was needed.

In 1861 there broke out the most terrible war of modern days. Grant received a commission as colonel of volunteers, and in four years the struggling toiler had risen to the chief command of a vaster army than has ever been handled by any mortal man. Who could have imagined that four years could make that stupendous difference? But it is often so. The great men needed for some tremendous crisis have often stepped as it were through a door in the wall which no one had noticed, and unannounced, unheralded, without prestige, have made their way silently and single-handed to the front.

And there was no luck in it. He rose, it has been said, by the upward gravitation of natural fitness. It was the work of inflexible faithfulness, of indomitable resolution, of sleepless energy, of iron purpose, of persistent tenacity. In battle after battle, in siege after siege, whatever Grant had to do he did it with his might. He undertook, as General Sherman said, what no one else would have adventured, till his very soldiers began to reflect some of his own indomitable determination. With a patience which nothing could tire, with a firmness which no obstacle could daunt, with a military genius which embraced the vastest plans, yet attended to the smallest minutiae, he defeated one after another every great general of the Confederates except General Stonewall Jackson.

Grant had not only to defeat armies, but to "annihilate resources"—to leave no choice but destruction or submission. He saw that the brief ravage of the hurricane is infinitely less ruinous than the interminable malignity of the pestilence, and that in that colossal struggle victory—swift, decisive, overwhelming, at all costs—was the truest mercy. In silence, in determination, in clearness of insight, he was

your Washington and our Wellington. He was like them also in this, that the word "can't" did not exist in his soldier's dictionary, and that all that he achieved was accomplished without bluster and without parade.

After the surrender at Appomattox, the war of the Secession was over. It was a mighty work, and Grant had done it mightily. Surely the light of God, which manifests all things in the slow history of their ripening, has shown that for the future destinies of a mighty nation it was a necessary and a blessed work. The Church hurls her most indignant anathema at unrighteous war, but she has never refused to honor the faithful soldier who fights in the cause of his country and his God. The gentlest and most Christian of poets has used the tremendous words that—

"God's most dreaded instrument,
In working out a pure intent,
Is man—arrayed for mutual slaughter;
Yea, carnage is his daughter."

We shudder even as we quote the words; but yet the cause for which Grant fought—the unity of a great people, the freedom of a whole race of mankind—was as great and noble as that when at Lexington the embattled farmers fired the shot which was heard round the world. The South has accepted that desperate and bloody arbitrament. Two of the Southern generals will bear General Grant's funeral pall. The rancor and the fury of the past are buried in oblivion. True friends have been made out of brave foemen, and the pure glory and virtue of Lee and of Stonewall Jackson will be part of the common national heritage with the fame of Garfield and of Grant.

As Wellington became Prime Minister of England, and was hooted in the streets of London, so Grant, more than half against his will, became President, and for a time lost

much of his popularity. He foresaw it all; but it is for a man not to choose, rather to accept his destiny. What verdict history will pronounce on him as a politician I know not; but here and now the voice of censure, deserved and undeserved, is silent. When the great Duke of Marlborough died, and one began to speak of his avarice, "He was so great a man," said Bolingbroke, "that I had forgotten he had that fault."

It was a fine and delicate rebuke; and ours at any rate need not be the "feeble hands iniquitously just" which rake up a man's faults and errors. Let us write his virtues "on brass for man's example; let his faults, whatever they may have been, be written in water." The satirist has said how well it would have been for Marius if he had died as he stepped from the chariot of his Cimbric victory; for Pompeius, if he had died after his Mithridatic war. And some may think how much happier it would have been for General Grant had he died in 1865, when steeples clashed and cities were illuminated, and congregations rose in his honor. Many and dark clouds overshadowed the evening of his days — the blow of financial ruin, the dread of a tarnished reputation, the terrible agony of an incurable disease.

To bear that sudden ruin and that speechless agony required a courage nobler and greater than that of the battlefield, and human courage rose to the height of human calamity. In ruin, in sorrow, on the lingering deathbed, Grant showed himself every inch a hero, bearing his agonies and trials without a murmur, with rugged stoicism, and unflinching fortitude, and we believe with a Christian prayer and peace. Which of us can tell whether those hours of torture and misery may not have been blessings in disguise?

We are gathered here to do honor to his memory. Could

we be gathered in a more fitting place? We do not lack here memorials to recall the history of your country. There is the grave of André; there is the monument raised by grateful Massachusetts to the gallant Howe; there is the temporary resting-place of George Peabody; there is the bust of Longfellow; over the Dean's grave there is the faint semblance of Boston harbor.

We add another memory to-day. Whatever there be between the two nations to forget and to forgive, it is forgotten and it is forgiven. "I will not speak of them as two peoples," said General Grant in 1877, "because in fact we are one people with a common destiny, and that destiny will be brilliant in proportion to the friendship and co-operation of the brethren dwelling on each side of the Atlantic."

If the two peoples which are one people be true to their duty, true to their God, who can doubt that in their hands are the destinies of the world? Can anything short of utter demerit ever thwart a destiny so manifest? Your founders were our sons. It was from our past that your present grew. The monument of Sir Walter Raleigh is not that nameless grave in St. Margaret's; it is the State of Virginia. Yours alike and ours are the memories of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas, of the Pilgrim Fathers, of General Oglethorpe's strong benevolence of soul, of the mission labors of Eliot and Brainerd, of the apostolic holiness of Berkeley, and the burning zeal of Wesley and Whitefield. Yours alike and ours are the plays of Shakespeare and the poems of Milton; ours alike and yours all that you have accomplished in literature or in history — the wisdom of Franklin and Adams, the eloquence of Webster, the song of Longfellow and Bryant, the genius of Hawthorne and Irving, the fame of Washington, Lee, and Grant.

But great memories imply great responsibilities. It was not for nothing that God has made England what she is; not for nothing that the "free individualism of a busy multitude, the humble traders of a fugitive people," snatched the New World from feudalism and from bigotry — from Philip II and Louis XIV; from Menendez and Montcalm; from the Jesuit and the Inquisition; from Torquemada and from Richelieu — to make it the land of the Reformation and the Republic, of prosperity and of peace. "Let us auspicate all our proceedings on America," said Edmund Burke, "with the old Church cry, *sursum corda*." It is for America to live up to the spirit of such words. We have heard of

"New times, new climes, new lands, new men; but still
The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest ill."

It is for America to falsify the cynical foreboding. Let her take her place side by side with England in the very van of freedom and of progress. United by a common language, by common blood, by common memories, by a common history, by common interests, by common hopes, united by the common glory of great men, of which this temple of silence and reconciliation is the richest shrine, be it the steadfast purpose of the two peoples who are one people to show to all the world not only the magnificent spectacle of human happiness, but the still more magnificent spectacle of two peoples who are one people loving righteousness and hating iniquity, inflexibly faithful to the principles of eternal justice, which are the unchanging law of God.

VISCOUNT GOSCHEN



RIGHT HON. GEORGE JOACHIM GOSCHEN, P.C., D.C.L., a distinguished English statesman and financier, was born at London, of German parentage, Aug. 10, 1831, and educated at Rugby and Oriel colleges, Oxford. After leaving the university in 1853 he engaged at once in mercantile life, giving especial attention to financial questions and becoming vice-president of the board of trade and a director of the Bank of England. In 1863, he entered Parliament as a Liberal member for London, and took a prominent part in the movement for opening the universities to dissenters and abolishing religious tests. He was a privy councillor in 1865, chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster (in 1866, president of the Poor Law board, 1868-71, and first lord of the admiralty, 1871-74. In 1876, Mr. Goschen and M. Joubert were sent to Cairo as delegates of English and French holders of Egyptian bonds to arrange plans for the conversion of these debts, and in 1880, while ambassador extraordinary to Constantinople, Mr. Goschen secured the cession of certain territory from Turkey to Greece. On the formation of the Liberal-Unionist party, in 1887, he seceded from the Liberal ranks and ceased to act with Mr. Gladstone. He became chancellor of the exchequer in Lord Salisbury's administration in 1887, and in 1889, he achieved the great feat of transforming and readjusting the national debt. In 1895, he was again appointed first lord of the admiralty. He was elected lord rector of the University of Aberdeen in 1874 and 1888, and lord rector of the University of Edinburgh, 1890. For many years he has been considered the highest living authority on finance. Among his speeches are: "Address on Education and Economic Subjects" (1885), and speeches on the "Oxford University Tests Abolition Bill" and on "Bankruptcy Legislation." He has published "The Theory of Foreign Exchanges" (1863), and "Probable Result of an Increase in the Purchasing Power of Gold" (1883). In December, 1900, Mr. Goschen was raised to the peerage as Viscount Goschen.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE IMAGINATION

FROM ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE, LIVERPOOL,
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I ADDRESS these words in favor of the cultivation of the imagination to the poorest and most humble in the same way that I address them to the wealthiest and those who have the best prospects in life. I will try not to make the mistake which doctors commit when they recommend patients