

to be their fight of faith; this was the tribulation through which they, like all other great saints, were to enter into the kingdom of heaven; for it is certain that the harder a man fights against evil, the harder evil will fight against him in return; but it is certain, too, that the harder a man fights against evil, the more he is like his Saviour Christ, and the more glorious will be his reward in heaven.

It is certain, too, that what was good for St. Peter is good for us. It is good for a man to have holy and quiet thoughts, and at moments to see into the very deepest meaning of God's word and God's earth, and to have, as it were, heaven opened before his eyes; and it is good for a man sometimes actually to feel his heart overpowered with the glorious majesty of God, and to feel it gushing out with love to his blessed Saviour, but it is not good for him to stop there, any more than it was for the apostles; they had to leave that glorious vision and come down from the mount, and do Christ's work; and so have we; for, believe me, one word of warning spoken to keep a little child out of sin, one crust of bread given to a beggarman, because he is your brother, for whom Christ died, one angry word checked, when it is on your lips, for the sake of him who was meek and lowly in heart; in short, any, the smallest, endeavor of this kind to lessen the quantity of evil which is in yourselves, and in those around you, is worth all the speculations, and raptures, and visions, and frames, and feelings in the world; for those are the good fruits of faith, whereby alone the tree shall be known, whether it be good or evil.

## DR. JOSIAH G. HOLLAND



**H**OSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND, American journalist, novelist, and lecturer, editor of "The Century Magazine," was born at Belchertown, Mass., July 24, 1819, and died at New York, Oct. 12, 1881. In 1844, he graduated from the Berkshire Medical College, and practiced medicine for a time, but this being distasteful to him, he took up the profession of teaching. He was for a while superintendent of schools at Vicksburg, Miss., where he did an important work in elevating educational standards. In 1849, on returning to his native State, he became associate editor of the "Springfield Republican," which he also partly owned. In 1866, he parted with his interests in that journal, in which appeared his famous "Timothy Titcomb Letters," and travelled abroad for a time. In 1870, he took part in the founding and assumed the editorship of "Scribner's Monthly," afterwards "The Century Magazine." In 1872, he was elected a member of the New York board of education, of which he was subsequently president. He also served as chairman of the board of trustees of the College of the City of New York. Among his publications are: the narrative poems, "Bitter-Sweet" and "Kathrina," both of which met with an unusual sale; "Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects"; "Gold Foil Hammered from Popular Proverbs" (1859); "Arthur Bonnicastle" (1873); "Nicholas Minturn" (1876), and "Seven Oaks" (1877). His "Life of Abraham Lincoln," which appeared in 1865, had also a phenomenal sale. In 1879, a complete edition of his poetical works was published. As a poet, Dr. Holland is best known by his dramatic poem, "Bitter-Sweet." His "The Mistress of the Manse" and "The Marble Prophecy" are also delightful narratives in verse. Entertaining, especially, are his essays on every-day morals and manners contributed under the *nom de plume* of "Timothy Titcomb" to the "Springfield Republican," as are the two volumes of papers on "Every-day Topics" reprinted from "Scribner's Monthly."

### EULOGY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

DELIVERED AT SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, APRIL 19, 1865

**W**E have assembled to honor the memory of the first citizen of the republic. We have come together to say and to hear something which shall express our love for him, our respect for his character, our high estima-

tion of his services and our grief at his untimely removal from the exalted office to which the voice of a nation had called him. Yet the deepest of our thoughts and emotions are always dumb. The ocean's floor has no voice, but on it and under it lie the ocean's treasures. The waves that roll and roar above tell no story but their own. Only the surface of the soul, like the surface of the sea, is vocal. Deep down within every one of our hearts there are thoughts we cannot speak, emotions that find no language, groanings that cannot be uttered. The surprise, the shock, the pity, the sense of outrage and of loss, the indignation, the grief, which bring us here—which have transformed a nation jubilant with hope and triumph into a nation of mourners—will find no full expression here. It is all a vain show—these tolling bells, these insignia of sorrow, these dirges, this suspension of business, these gatherings of the people, these faltering words. The drowning man throws up his arms and utters a cry to show that he lives, and is conscious of the element which whelms him; and this is all that we can do.

Therefore, without trying to tell how much we loved him, how much we honored him, and how deeply and tenderly we mourn his loss, let us briefly trace the reasons why his death has made so deep an impression upon us. It is not five years since the nation knew but little of Abraham Lincoln. We had heard of him as a man much honored by the members of a single party—not then dominant—in his own State. We had seen something of his work. We knew that he was held to be a man of notable and peculiar power and of pure character and life. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the nation knew enough of him to justify the selection made by the convention which presented him to the country as a candidate for its highest office. To this office, however, he was triumphantly

elected, and since that time his life has run like a thread of gold through the history of the most remarkable period of the nation's existence.

From the first moment of his introduction to national notice he assumed nothing but duty, pretended to nothing but integrity, boasted of nothing but the deeds of those who served him. On his journey to Washington he freely and unaffectedly confessed to those who insisted on hearing him speak that he did not understand their interests, but hoped to make himself acquainted with them. We had never witnessed such frankness, and it must be confessed that we were somewhat shocked by it. So simple and artless a nature in so high a place was so unusual, so unprecedented, indeed, that it seemed unadapted to it—incongruous with it. In the society which surrounded him at the national capital, embracing in its materials some of the most polished persons of our own and other lands, he remained the same unaffected, simple-hearted man. He was not polished and did not pretend to be. He aped no foreign airs, assumed no new manners, never presumed anything upon his position, was accessible to all and preserved throughout his official career the transparent, almost boyish simplicity that characterized his entrance upon it.

I do not think that it ever occurred to Mr. Lincoln that he was a ruler. More emphatically than any of his predecessors did he regard himself as the servant of the people—the instrument selected by the people for the execution of their will. He regarded himself as a public servant no less when he issued that immortal paper, the proclamation of emancipation, than when he sat at City Point, sending telegraphic despatches to the country, announcing the progress of General Grant's army. In all places, in all circumstances,

he was still the same unpretending, faithful, loyal public servant.

Unattractive in person, awkward in deportment, unrestrained in conversation, a story-lover and a story-teller, much of the society around him held him in ill-disguised contempt. It was not to be expected that fashion and courtly usage and conventional dignities and proprieties would find themselves at home with him; but even these at last made room for him, for nature's nobleman, with nature's manners, springing directly from a kind and gentle heart. Indeed, it took us all a long time to learn to love this homely simplicity, this artlessness, this direct outspokening of his simple nature. But we did learn to love them at last, and to feel that anything else would be out of character with him. We learned that he did everything in his own way and we learned to love the way. It was Abraham Lincoln's way, and Abraham Lincoln was our friend. We had taken him into our hearts, and we would think of criticizing his words and ways no more than those of our bosom companions. Nay, we had learned to love him for these eccentricities, because they proved to us that he was not controlled by convention and precedent, but was a law unto himself.

Another reason why we loved him was that he first loved us. I do not believe a ruler ever lived who loved his people more sincerely than he. Nay, I do not believe the ruler ever lived who loved his enemies so well as he. All the insults heaped upon him by the foes of the government and the haters of his principles, purposes, and person, never seemed to generate in him a feeling of revenge or stir him to thoughts and deeds of bitterness. Throughout the terrible war over which he presided with such calmness and such power he never lost sight of the golden day, far in the indefinite future, when

peace and the restoration of fraternal harmony should come as the result and reward of all his labors. His heart embraced in its catholic sympathies the misguided men who were plotting his destruction, and I have no doubt that he could and did offer the prayer: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" We felt—we knew—that he suffered a thousand deaths in the destruction of the brave lives he had summoned to the country's defence, that he sympathized with every mourner in this mourning land, that he called us to no sacrifice which he would not gladly have made himself, that his heart was with the humble and the oppressed, and that he had no higher wish than to see his people peaceful, prosperous, and happy. He was one of us—one with us. Circumscribed in his affectionate regard by no creed, or party, or caste, or color, he received everybody, talked with everybody, respected everybody, loved everybody, and loved to serve everybody.

We loved and honored him, too, for his honesty and integrity. He seemed incapable of deceit and insusceptible of corruption. With almost unlimited power in his hands, possessing the highest confidence of the nation and the enthusiastic devotion of the most remarkable army the world ever saw, with a wealth of treasure and patronage at his disposal without precedent, and surrounded by temptations such as few men have the power to resist, he lived and died a man with clean hands and a name unsullied even by suspicion. Nothing but treasonable malignity accuses him of anything more culpable than errors of judgment and mistakes of policy. Never, even to save himself from blame, did he seek to disguise or conceal the truth. Never to serve himself did he sacrifice the interests of his country. Faithful among the faithless, true among the false, unselfish among the grasping,

he walked in his integrity. When he spoke we believed him. Unskilled in the arts of diplomacy, unpractised in the ingenuities of indirection and intrigue, unlearned in the formalities and processes of official intercourse, he took the plain, honest truth in his hands and used it as an honest man. He was guilty of no trick, no double-meaning, no double-dealing. On all occasions, in all places, he was "Honest Abraham Lincoln," with no foolish pride that forbade the acknowledgment and correction of mistakes, and no jealousy that denied to his advisers and helpers their meed of praise. The power which this patent honesty of character and life exercised upon this nation has been one of the most remarkable features of the history of the time. The complete, earnest, immovable faith with which we have trusted his motives has been without a precedent. Men have believed in Abraham Lincoln who believed in nothing higher. Men have believed in him who had lost faith in all around him; and when he died, after demonstrating the value of his personal honesty in the administration of the greatest earthly affairs, he had become the nation's idol.

Again, we loved and honored Mr. Lincoln because he was a Christian. I can never think of that toil-worn man, rising long before his household and spending an hour with his Maker and his Bible, without tears. In that silent hour of communion he has drawn from the fountain which has fed all these qualities that have so won upon our faith and love. Ah! what tears, what prayers, what aspirations, what lamentations, what struggles, have been witnessed by the four walls of that quiet room! Aye, what food have the angels brought him there! There day after day while we have been sleeping has he knelt and prayed for us—prayed for the country, prayed for victory, prayed for wisdom and guidance, prayed

for strength for his great mission, prayed for the accomplishment of his great purposes. There has he found consolation in trial, comfort in defeat and disaster, patience in reverses, courage for labor, wisdom in perplexity, and peace in the consciousness of God's approval. The man who was so humble and so brotherly among men was bowed with filial humility before God. It was while standing among those who had laid down their lives for us that he gave his heart to the One who had laid down his life for him. A praying president? A praying statesman? A praying politician? A praying commander-in-chief of armies and navies? Our foremost man, our highest man, our august ruler, our noblest dignitary, kneeling a simple-hearted child before his heavenly Father? Oh! when shall we see the like of this again? Why should we not mourn the loss of such a man as this? Why should we not love him as we have loved no other chief magistrate? He was a consecrated man—consecrated to his country and his God.

Of Mr. Lincoln's intellect I have said nothing, because there was nothing in his intellect that eminently distinguished him. An acute and strong common sense, sharply individualized by native organization and the peculiar training to which circumstances had subjected it, was his prominent characteristic. He had a perfect comprehension of the leading principles of constitutional government, a thorough belief in the right of every innocent man to freedom, a homely, straightforward mode of reasoning, considerable aptness without elegance of expression, marked readiness of illustration, and quick intuitions that gave him the element of shrewdness. How many men there are in power and out of power of whom much more than this might with truthfulness be said! No, Mr. Lincoln was not a remarkable man intellectually, or if