



Wm. Garrison

Hart & Mather lith. from photograph by J. C. Elrod, Louisville, Ky.

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A T R I B U T E
TO THE
M E M O R Y
OF
W I L L I A M G A R V I N.

“And that man was perfect and upright, and one that
feared God and eschewed evil.”—JOB i: 1.

PUBLISHED BY THE LOUISVILLE BOARD OF TRADE.

LOUISVILLE, KY:

PRINTED BY JOHN P. MORTON & Co., 156 WEST MAIN STREET.

1869.

THIS PUBLICATION is made in obedience to the following action of the Louisville Board of Trade.

LOUISVILLE, KY., December 22, 1868.

At a called meeting of the Board of Trade, held immediately after "change," the President said that he had convened the Board to take action in regard to the generally expressed wish of members of the Board and other citizens for the publication of Rev. Dr. Wilson's sermon on the death of our late friend and associate, William Garvin; whereupon Mr. A. O. Brannin offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That a committee of three members of the Board of Trade be and are hereby appointed to collect the various tributes of respect paid to the memory of Mr. William Garvin, deceased, including the funeral sermon preached by Rev. S. R. Wilson, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in this city, with the view of having the same published in pamphlet form.

Resolved, That the committee appointed under the foregoing resolution be authorized to procure, if possible, a likeness in lithograph, also the autograph of the deceased, as a frontispiece to the pamphlet, and to superintend the publication of the same.

The following gentlemen were appointed as a special committee to carry out the objects of the meeting, viz.: Messrs. A. O. Brannin, George W. Morris, and J. M. Duncan.

VEVE P. ARMSTRONG, *President*.

CHARLES H. CLARKE, *Secretary*.

P R E F A C E .

IN compliance with the resolutions of the Board of Trade, the undersigned committee herewith present this tribute to the memory of our departed friend.

It would have gratified the committee to be able to present a full history of the eminently useful life of Mr. Garvin, which would have involved to a great extent the history of our city and its commercial, benevolent, and religious institutions for nearly half a century. The records of such a life would be full of the noblest incentives to virtue. It is hoped that this tribute of respect by his brother merchants will serve not only to perpetuate his memory, but to present his illustrious example for the imitation of the young men of our city.

In addition to the various public tributes of respect, the committee were of opinion that the death of such a man as Mr. Garvin could not fail to call forth, from all parts of the country, letters of sympathy, condolence, and unfeigned sorrow, which, as illustrating his character, would be read with great interest. The following correspondence will explain the action of the committee:

LOUISVILLE, KY., December 24, 1868.

PROF. E. A. GRANT, LL.D.:

Dear Sir—The undersigned committee, appointed by the Board of Trade of this city, under a resolution of said body, passed on the 22d inst., "to collect the various tributes of respect paid to the late William Garvin with a view to their publication in pamphlet form," presuming,

A TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF

WILLIAM GARVIN.

ON the night of December 4, 1868, the Louisville and Cincinnati mail steamers "America" and "United States" were destroyed by collision and fire on the Ohio River, a few miles above Warsaw, Ky. The night was dark, and a heavy gale was blowing, which caused some misunderstanding of signals; and before the fatal mistake could be corrected the bow of the America had crushed through the side of the United States. A cask of petroleum on the latter vessel was by some means ignited, and almost instantly her stately cabin was wrapped in flames, and, before the broken hull sunk, it was wholly consumed. The America, unharmed by the collision, approached the burning boat to render assistance to her passengers and crew, but the intense heat caused this boat also to take fire, and she too was quickly consumed.

Among the passengers who were lost on the United States was William Garvin, as a tribute to whose exalted worth his brother merchants have published this memorial.

Though infirm in health, Mr. Garvin was, as usual, in excellent spirits, and spent the evening in reading and in

cheerful conversation with his fellow-passengers. At about half-past ten he retired to his stateroom, and was seen no more. After the hull of the steamer had been raised, his remains were found amidst the ashes and fragments of the cabin. He undoubtedly died of suffocation; for when the body was found his countenance, though touched by the fire, wore an expression of serene and undisturbed repose. He had slept only to waken in that better world for which he had been so long preparing.

The preservation of his body under such circumstances seems providential. With it were found his tobacco-box, a silver coin, and an unburned letter, that had been in his pockets; also a gold cuff-button, his watch, and his Bible. On the first legible page of the charred and more than half consumed Bible are found these words:

“Wherefore thus saith the Lord God of hosts, Because ye speak this word, behold, I will make my words in thy mouth fire, and this people wood, and it shall devour them.”—JEREMIAH v: 14.

“Therefore I am full of the fury of the Lord; I am weary with holding in: I will pour it out upon the children abroad, and upon the assembly of young men together: for even the husband with the wife shall be taken, the aged with him that is full of days.”—JEREMIAH vi: 11.

On the last unconsumed page are these words:

“Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain: let all the inhabitants of the land tremble; for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand: a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains. * * * A fire devoureth before them; and behind a flame burneth. * * * Yea, and nothing shall escape them.”—JOEL ii: 1-3.

It would be impossible to depict the profound sorrow caused by the death of this good man, who for nearly half a century had contributed largely to the growth and commercial prosperity of Louisville; whose warm heart and clear head had fostered her most cherished institutions; whose sage counsel and cheering words had so often inspired hope and pointed the way to success; and whose genial smiles and kind words were welcome alike to all classes.

A prudent, honest, sagacious, and successful merchant, a courtly gentleman, a warm friend, and a sincere Christian, in life he was honored; and, "though dead, he yet speaketh."

Since the foregoing was in type, there has been placed in the writer's hands a small memorandum-book, which Mr. Garvin kept in a private drawer of his office-table. It was his custom, even in his office, frequently to withdraw his mind from business, and for a time remain wrapped in silent meditation. In this book is recorded with epigrammatic brevity what seems to have been the substance of his thoughts in these moments of abstraction from business. After a half-hour's reflection he would sometimes read a few lines in this book or make a brief entry in it, and then resume his business with renewed vigor.

A few of these detached sentences are here published. They will be read with interest, as illustrating the inner life of a great merchant, whose thoughts, even in his counting-room, rose above the mere acquisition of "gold which perisheth." Some of them were doubtless written shortly after

the death of his son-in-law and partner, John Bell, Esq., when his business affairs were much embarrassed. Others were of more recent date. The last selection seems almost prophetic.

Give us grace to live above the world and maintain communion with God.

It is better to consider our own failings before we consider those of others.

I have not sufficient wisdom to meet these difficulties, or to know what steps to take, but the Lord is able to direct me. If he is pleased to visit me with afflictions, poverty, or bereavements, and clouds of darkness surround me, I throw all my anxious cares and forebodings on him.

Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplications make my requests to God.

I am not in the state in which I ought to be, and I sometimes think that my late afflictions, losses, and bereavements have been lost on me, and that the Lord will need to chastise me again and more severely.

May I listen to Christ's message sent to *me*: I will not leave thee nor forsake thee.

Industry and Economy will get rich while Sagacity and Intrigue are laying their plans.

Make us wise unto salvation; our transgressions do thou forgive; our sins blot out.

Mine eyes are unto thee, O Lord! In thee is my trust; leave not my soul desolate.

Let me not murmur, but by grace breathe the prayer divinely taught: "Thy will be done."

The dying saint closes his eyes in death, sleeps in Jesus, and opens them in heaven.

PROCEEDINGS OF PUBLIC BODIES.

NATIONAL BOARD OF TRADE.

In the National Board of Trade, on Monday, December 7, 1868, the death of Mr. William Garvin was announced by J. J. Porter, Esq., as follows:

Allow me, in the name of the Louisville delegation, to give some expression to the sense of our loss in the death of Mr. William Garvin. He was not here as a delegate to this body, but came solely to watch its proceedings, which he did with the interest natural to an intelligent merchant. He was a Christian gentleman of unimpeachable integrity. A merchant for nearly half a century, he has passed from the scene of his arduous labors, leaving a reputation for commercial probity and generous liberality as a rich legacy to his bereaved family.

LOUISVILLE BOARD OF TRADE.

On Friday, December 11, 1868, as per announcement, there was a full meeting of merchants, old citizens, and members of the Board of Trade, to take appropriate action upon the death of William Garvin, one of the oldest, as well as one of the best, most honored and respected of our citizen merchants. The hall of the Board of Trade at the appointed hour was full of the personal friends of the deceased, as well as members of the Board. The meeting was called to order by President V. P. Armstrong, who said:

GENTLEMEN: It is scarcely necessary for me to state the object of our meeting here to-day. We all instinctively feel that a great calamity has befallen us; that we are called together to mourn the loss of our

friends and kindred; and that in that dread disaster one of our oldest merchants, and the oldest member of this Board, is reported as one of the victims—William Garvin. Who is it among us does not recollect his genial, honest face on “change,” always greeting us with a pleasant smile and a word of encouragement. He was a man without reproach, of unimpeachable integrity and strict probity; a good citizen; and, above all, an honest man, the “noblest work of God.” His name will never be forgotten, especially by the younger merchants of our city, to whom he was as nature’s guide and guardian. He is gone—passed away from the active walks of life; but his good, kind, and gentle spirit yet lives in a better land than this, and his memory is with us ever. I can say no more, but will leave the subject to older merchants, now present, to take appropriate action on this occasion.

George W. Morris, in response to the remarks of the President, said:

MR. PRESIDENT: There are periods in the history of public organizations and communities, as well as individuals, when it is needful that they should turn aside for the moment from the pursuit of business and pleasure, and pause to consider what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue—how transitory the pleasures, and how unsubstantial are all the honors of earth.

The announcement you have just made, sir, in my judgment, shows that such a period is the present with us.

But a few days since the Board of Trade was summoned to pay the last sad tribute of respect to one of its most worthy and prominent members, and scarcely had the funeral notes for the lamented Huffman died away before the electric wires announced an event which sent a thrill of horror through this entire community, when two magnificent floating palaces, the United States and America, which had for so long in perfect security floated on the surface of the beautiful Ohio, on the night of the 4th instant collided, and then followed a conflagration which in a few moments swept away the last vestige of them, and into eternity a large portion of their precious human freight, among whom

was Mr. William Garvin, a name which is a synonym for all that is noble, just, and true. * * * * *

Of his career as a merchant I need not speak, for that is a part of the history of our city, and as such is known to you all. Let it suffice to say that in him were combined all the essential qualities of the true merchant, and to this may be attributed in a great measure his success. He ever stood in the foremost rank, and in the darkest hours of our city's history was ready, with his counsel and his means, to further those enterprises which have resulted in the advancement of her true interest.

But the crowning characteristic of our friend was that of a genuine Christian—and this he carried with him in his every-day life, and under all circumstances. He always acted upon Christian principles. But he has gone from among us, and we shall see his face no more. The warm heart that throbbed for others' woes has ceased to beat. The open hand of friendship will no longer be extended to greet us. The voice that so often cheered and encouraged us is hushed in death.

"Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies!"

He has bequeathed to us a rich legacy; let us cherish, preserve, and transmit it.

I now move, Mr. President, that a committee of fourteen merchants be appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the Board on the occasion.

Upon the motion of Mr. Morris, the following committee of fourteen was appointed to draft suitable resolutions to present to the meeting for their action, viz.: Messrs. Sam. Casseday, James Trabue, A. O. Brannin, William Cornwall, A. A. Gordon, W. C. Hite, W. H. Stokes, J. T. Tompkins, George W. Morris, J. S. Lithgow, W. B. Hamilton, Thos. E. Slevin, R. A. Robinson, and Z. M. Sherley.

The committee, after a brief retirement, returned with the following preamble and resolutions, which were adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased the Sovereign Ruler of the universe to take from among us, in a manner so sudden and unexpected, William Garvin, who, for nearly half a century, has been a resident of this city, and who, during the greater part of this long period, has occupied an exalted position as a merchant, having possessed, in an eminent degree, those qualities of head and heart which so signally crowned his labors in the position he adorned;

And whereas, It is proper that the name of one so dear to us, and to whom the city is so much indebted for its growth and prosperity, should be perpetuated; be it therefore

Resolved, That in the death of William Garvin the mercantile community has lost one of its brightest and most cherished ornaments; one who was distinguished for sagacity, enterprise, untiring energy, liberality, and the highest grade of mercantile honor; one who, from first to last, stood in the foremost rank with those who pushed forward the great enterprises which have contributed so much to the permanent prosperity of the city. Society has lost a gentleman by nature, polished in manners, noble without being aristocratic, just without severity, liberal without ostentation, warm-hearted, and true; the poor, whom we always have among us, are bereft of a friend indeed; the church of an humble, consistent member, whose example and counsel she can ill spare, and whose place it will be hard to fill; his family of a devoted husband, an affectionate father, and kind benefactor; and the city of Louisville of a good man, whose name will be honored and revered by those who survive him.

Resolved, That we tender to the friends and relations of our deceased friend our heartfelt sympathy in this the hour of their great affliction.

Resolved, That, as a mark of respect to our departed friend, the Board of Trade rooms be draped in mourning, and its members and other merchants of the city be requested to wear crape rosettes for the period of thirty days.

Resolved, That these proceedings be entered upon the records of the Board of Trade, published in the daily papers of the city, and an official copy of the same transmitted to the family of the deceased.

On motion of Mr. J. M. Duncan, it was resolved that the members of the Board of Trade accept the invitation of the Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church to attend at the funeral services of Mr. Garvin, to be solemnized on some future occasion, of which due notice will be given.

The following members were appointed a special committee to carry out the objects of the foregoing resolutions, viz.: Messrs. Geo. W. Morris, Geo. W. Wicks, and J. J. Porter; and then the meeting adjourned.

FALLS CITY TOBACCO BANK.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Falls City Tobacco Bank, held at its office on Wednesday, December 9, 1868, the annexed preamble and resolutions were proposed by Mr. Moore and unanimously passed:

Whereas, Death, in one of its most frightful forms, has stricken our late associate and friend, Mr. William Garvin; and whereas, his was a name than which none other has stood higher in the esteem of men in our midst, of all classes and all creeds, for those virtues and traits of character which give dignity to manhood; and whereas, in all the relations of the deceased with his fellow-members of this Board, he uniformly exhibited not only the utmost courtesy, but that marked and friendly interest in the individual welfare of each that was so fully in keeping with his exalted character as a man and a merchant; therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of our late associate we recognize not only the loss to our city of one of its oldest, best, and most public-spirited citizens; to the business community, the ever-interested associate that

regarded honor as the first characteristic necessary in the mercantile profession; to his family, the loving, kind, and ever-cheerful husband and father; to his church, the humble and consistent Christian and liberal benefactor; but to us, also, the members of this Board, the friend whose counsels were ever wise, and whose kindness of heart and cheerfulness of manners commanded at once our respect and our love.

Resolved, That a copy of the above preamble and resolution be furnished the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the city papers.

L. L. WARREN, *President*.

H. C. PINDELL, *Cashier*.

FRANKLIN INSURANCE COMPANY.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held December 10, 1868, upon motion, a committee, consisting of James Trabue, President, William Gay, and George W. Morris, was appointed to take action relative to the death of Mr. William Garvin. The following report of said committee was unanimously adopted:

The undersigned committee appointed to prepare an appropriate minute for record in the books of this company on the death of Mr. William Garvin, who during the past twenty-five years has served so faithfully as one of its Directors, feel themselves inadequate to couch in suitable language the various virtues of the deceased. Thousands of hearts have been made sad by the melancholy announcement; indeed, his death caused a sense of loss throughout the entire community, seldom, if ever, experienced before.

To say that he was noble-hearted, pure-minded, of generous impulses, a friend to the friendless, highly esteemed, loved, and venerated, is but to repeat expressions which have found general utterance from the lips of all, for "none knew him but to love him" But he was more, for to all these was added the crowning grace of being a sincere and devoted Christian, and amid all life's vicissitudes he was ever found in the strict line of Christian duty, manifesting in his daily walk the religion which

he professed. The Bible to him was not a sealed book, for he made it the man of his counsel and the guide of his life. How beautifully and truthfully is this evidenced by the fact that where his remains were found one of the silent and impressive witnesses of their identification was his own pocket Bible!

Although removed from our midst and gathered to repose from the scene of his labors on earth, yet he is not dead, but lives again—lives no longer pressed beneath the weight of years with silvered locks and faltering step, but, yielding as the matured stalk to the scythe of time, is garnered in the great harvest home; for “he is not lost, but gone before.”

Your committee would offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That this Board has heard with profound regret of the death of Mr. William Garvin, which occurred on the night of the 4th of December, 1868.

Resolved, That we extend to the widow, children, and relatives of our deceased friend our deep sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved, That, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, we will attend his funeral in a body.

Resolved, That these proceedings be spread upon the records of the company, and a copy of the same be furnished the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That the daily papers be requested to publish these proceedings.

JAMES TRABUE,	}	<i>Committee.</i>
WILLIAM GAY,		
GEO. W. MORRIS,		

R. A. BROWNSKI, *Secretary.*

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

At a joint meeting of the Elders, Deacons, and Trustees of the First Presbyterian Church, called by the Pastor for the purpose of taking such action as might be appropriate in reference to the death of Mr. William Garvin, one of the Elders of the church, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz.:

Whereas, It has pleased God, the almighty and all-wise ruler of heaven and earth, "with whom are the number of our months," and who "setteth bounds to our habitation," in a sudden and unwonted manner to take from us our beloved brother in Christ and fellow-presbyter in the church, Mr. William Garvin, who for forty years has been a consistent and active communicant in this church, a most liberal contributor to its support, and for ten years an efficient and devoted member of the church session; and whereas, it is fitting that the name of one whose life was so fertile of good should be embalmed in the memory of the church and perpetuated in her history for an example to her children; therefore,

Resolved, That in the calamity by which our long favored city has been so suddenly overcast with gloom, and so many families throughout the land clothed in mourning, and to which our beloved brother, William Garvin, fell a victim, we recognize the hand of our God and Father, who, though "his way is in the sea, and his path in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known," watches with sleepless eye over his redeemed children, and has given his word of promise that not a hair of their head shall perish.

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Garvin this church is bereaved of a member and an officer whose example and counsel she can ill spare at such a time as this, and whose place it will be hard to fill; while the Presbyterian Church at large has lost one of its truest, firmest, and most generous friends.

Resolved, That while this stroke of our Father's rod has filled our hearts with grief, our sorrow is mingled with believing joy, having an assured hope that a life so rich in evidences of living faith in Jesus has ended only to give place to heavenly rest and fruition with Jesus, where "the spirits of just men made perfect" with their blessed Lord now await the glorious resurrection day, when the corruptible shall put on incorruption, the mortal put on immortality, and death be swallowed up in victory; and when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, and every faithful Elder and under shepherd shall receive from his hands "a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

Resolved, That we extend to the surviving widow and family of our deceased brother our most heartfelt sympathy, and would mingle our

tears with theirs in this great sorrow. We commend them to "the God of all comfort," who alone is able to give them comfort in their affliction, and sustain and sanctify them in it; and our prayers go up to Jesus, the merciful and sympathizing high priest, that He would walk with them in this fiery trial, and, though all is full of mystery to the eye of sense, strengthen and quiet their hearts with this cheering word of peace: "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the Pastor and President of the Boards of Deacons and Trustees, be transmitted to Mrs. Garvin and family; and that they be published in the secular and religious journals of the city; and also be entered upon the records of the respective Boards of the Church.

S. R. WILSON, *Pastor First Pres. Church.*

J. M. DUNCAN, *Pres. Deacons and Trustees.*

FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.

The funeral of Mr. Garvin took place on Sunday, December 20th, at the First Presbyterian Church. In the language of the Democrat, "the citizens assembled almost *en masse* to pay this last tribute to the honored dead. * * * * It was one of the largest funerals that ever passed through the streets of Louisville, and all united in honoring the remains of this worthy citizen, whose memory will ever be green in the hearts of our people."

The Free Christian Commonwealth says: "The sermon was a tribute which could be paid to but few men; but it

was a just tribute when paid to William Garvin. * * * Never have we seen an audience as deeply in sympathy with the speaker as on this occasion."

The Courier-Journal of December 21, 1868, says: "The funeral of the late William Garvin took place yesterday. Few such demonstrations have ever been seen in Louisville, and such a tribute as she paid on yesterday to William Garvin was well worthy a city grateful for the good so noble a member of her society had wrought during a long and useful life. The grief-stricken family of the deceased were not the only mourners in the vast multitude who listened to the solemn funeral service; for every one who had known him grieved with them, and realized painfully the reality of what was transpiring. William Garvin was not a public man—he was only a private citizen—but had he been a statesman no greater honors could have been paid to his memory. The First Presbyterian Church, where the funeral discourse was pronounced, although one of the largest church buildings in the city, was so densely crowded as to render uncomfortable nearly all who arrived early enough to find seats, and hundreds went away, unable to pass beyond the vestibule. On Green Street, Center Street, and Sixth Street there were long lines of carriages and hacks, and in the church-yard, up to eleven o'clock, people were constantly passing to and from the entrance of the church, which was completely blocked with persons who were listening intently to catch the words of the minister. The merchants of the city attended the funeral in large numbers. The service opened at half-past ten o'clock, Rev. Dr. L. P. Yandell pro-

nouncing the invocation. Following this a hymn was sung, and a number of scriptural passages were read by Dr. Yandell. Then came more of the sad, solemn music from the gallery, and as its last notes died away a prayer was offered. After which Rev. Samuel R. Wilson, D. D., delivered a funeral discourse, from Jeremiah ix: 23, 24.

“At the conclusion of the sermon the hymn commencing ‘In the Christian’s home in glory’ was sung. It had been a favorite with the deceased, and one which he had been accustomed to sing with his grandchildren on every Sabbath evening. After a benediction, the immense concourse commenced moving out of the church. * * * * * The procession was nearly a mile in length. Six large omnibuses, draped in mourning, were occupied by members of the Board of Trade. There was no ostentatious display whatever. There was little to mark even the hearse in the long line of moving vehicles, save the tall black plumes above it.”

The procession moved to Cave Hill Cemetery, where the honored remains were deposited in his family lot beside those of his venerated mother, this being the place Mr. Garvin had selected a short time prior to his death. When the coffin was deposited in the grave a hymn was read, followed by impressive burial services, when a benediction was pronounced, and the hundreds who had followed this good man to his last resting-place quietly moved away, and many an unbidden tear forced its way down manly faces, as the cold earth closed over him whom all had known and loved so well.

THE PRESS.

Editors and correspondents of a large number of papers, both religious and secular, have paid eloquent tributes to the character of Mr. Garvin. Selections are given from such as have fallen under the compiler's notice.

Rev. Stuart Robinson, in the *Free Christian Commonwealth*, of December 10, 1868, says:

"A prince and a great man fallen in Israel." * * * Among the victims of the catastrophe was the loved and venerated William Garvin, thus suddenly called to his rest in the seventy-third year of his age. And what is remarkable in the case of this aged and infirm servant of Christ is that, though thus aged and infirm, his death causes a sense of loss throughout the whole community which could not be greater had it been the death of our most prominent citizen, in the very prime and vigor of life.

We leave it to others to record the social, commercial, and civil virtues of William Garvin—his genial kindness of heart ever shedding its warmth around him; his noble acts of generosity as the young man's friend and the poor man's friend, and his lofty public spirit, and his incorruptible integrity. We desire simply to pay our tribute to the William Garvin as we knew him best, the noble-hearted Christian and Presbyterian Ruling Elder. In this view of him we can but exclaim in reference to his sad death, "How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" And the whole church in this region will feel, as the news of his death comes, a sense of deep personal bereavement, and in wonder ask why the Lord should have allowed such a man to be stricken down at such a time as this, when the calls for Christian activity and the demands upon Christian charity are so urgent.

We know of no man in the western church whose loss will come closely home to more Christian hearts, not only in the Presbyterian but in other

Christian churches. Thousands will say, as David said of the death of Abner, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel." For if nature ever made a prince with a mind and heart endowed with all the elements of noble, large-hearted, self-forgetting generosity, that man was William Garvin. Since ever we had any acquaintance with the western Presbyterian Church, that name has stood foremost among her laymen and eldership. But more especially since we have had occasion to know something of the cause of Christ in the western church, and the necessities and suffering of Christ's people in the southern churches, have we learned to love and reverence this aged servant of Christ, as indeed among the noblest-hearted Christians of them all. We desire to record it as a tribute to his memory, that to no one to whom we ever presented any object of Christian charity and benevolence was the Savior's eulogy more appropriate, "He hath done what he could." He never failed in any expectation we had formed of him, large as were our expectations—never that we heard of turned away any worthy application for Christian aid without substantial tokens of his sympathies, or else with such reasons for declining, and reasons so kindly presented, as to cheer and comfort rather than to discourage the applicant.

Mr. Garvin, though modestly shrinking from prominence in the church or public notoriety, had become well known and honored throughout both this country and Britain. Noble old servant of Christ, though age and infirmities had come upon thee, and we knew the time for entering into thy rest was near at hand, yet that fresh young Christian heart of thine rendered thee ever one of the strong men upon whose arm the church leaned, so far as she dare lean upon an arm of flesh. The deep sorrow and source of bereavement that fills the household of two generations, of which thou wert the idol and the joy, is shared to the full by the church, and in a thousand households with whom thy memory will be precious.

The Louisville (Kentucky) Courier-Journal, of December 7, 1868, says:

Mr. Garvin was the oldest merchant in business in Louisville. He was born in Londonderry, county Derry, Ireland, in 1795, and was therefore

seventy-three years of age. He came to this country alone at the age of twenty-one, in 1816, and went to Philadelphia, where he began his career as a clerk in a wholesale grocery house. His next move was to Shelbyville, in this state, then a place occupying a position in Kentucky equal to that of Louisville to-day. While in Shelbyville he was a salesman, and in that place he married. He subsequently went to Glasgow and set up in business for himself. In Glasgow his four children were born, two sons and two daughters. About the year 1827 he moved with his family to Louisville, and went into the wholesale dry goods business here as partner of David S. Chambers, the firm name and style being Chambers & Garvin. In 1835 this partnership was dissolved, Mr. Chambers retiring, and Mr. Garvin carried on the business alone for a year or two. He then went into partnership with Thomas J. Carson and his brother, James Garvin, and Samuel Getty. Three or four years later Mr. Carson retired, and the firm name became Wm. Garvin & Co. Then John Bell, Mr. Garvin's son-in-law, with Samuel Gwin and Robert Russell, became members of the firm. In 1855 the firm name was changed to Garvin, Bell & Co., which style was never subsequently altered, and Mr. Getty afterward withdrew. In October, 1861, Garvin, Bell & Co. closed business, which was not resumed until 1866, when the firm was composed of William Garvin, J. G. Bell, Robert Russell, and John T. Fisher.

Mr. Garvin had been fifty-two years in the United States, forty-one of which were spent in this city, as a wholesale dry goods merchant on Main Street. He was a man of wonderful business capacity, and through all the commercial storms which prostrated so many of the best houses in the country he passed seemingly unmoved. In 1861, when the house of Garvin, Bell & Co. was upon the brink of ruin, with a debt of fully a million to shoulder, and a million and a quarter of uncollected dues in the South, he, though personally unacquainted in the sections where the unsettled accounts of the firm lay, and quite unfamiliar for some time with the conduct of the affairs of the house, set to work, and in an almost incredibly short space of time brought everything to rights, and the credit of the firm suffered nothing from the threatened embarrassment.

But William Garvin was best known, not as the senior partner of the firm of Garvin, Bell & Co., not as the merchant prince, but as the genial,

whole-souled gentleman, the friend and benefactor of his race. His great heart and clear head, his benevolence and good will to men, distinguished him above others, and to many a young man his name has been a talisman. The loss of no one of all our good old citizens could have affected this community more. The announcement that he was missing from the ill-fated United States was a blow to hundreds in Louisville, and many a silent tear has fallen to the memory of William Garvin since the coming of that fatal telegram.

In the First Presbyterian Church, to which Mr. Garvin belonged, Dr. Wilson yesterday pronounced a eulogy upon the lamented dead, and in other of the churches of the city his loss was feelingly referred to in connection with the fearful disaster on the river.

Judge Barker, formerly a prominent citizen of Louisville, now connected with the Memphis Avalanche, in a recent letter to that paper, said a great deal that was true of William Garvin. Judge Barker wrote: "I felt very sad to see my old friend William Garvin limping about. He was so kind and generous-hearted to all young men who were struggling for a start. God bless William Garvin! May his last days be his best days, and may he have a quiet and peaceful exit to the good world."

The Louisville (Kentucky) Democrat, of December 7, 1868, says:

Mr. Garvin, one of the ill-fated passengers of the United States, was in his seventy-third year, and had been identified with the mercantile interests of Louisville for the last forty years. He was a native of Londonderry, Ireland, and came to this country at about the age of twenty-five. He first commenced business in Philadelphia as a clerk. He afterward removed to Shelbyville, in this state, in the early days of Kentucky, and finally settled in Louisville, in the dry goods business, nearly forty years ago. He was a warm-hearted gentleman, and manifested a kindly regard for the advancement of the youth of our city, and many there are who owe their worldly success to the wise counsels and friendly aid of William Garvin. There are thousands who mourn his loss as that of their best and most steadfast friend.

Rev. E. P. Humphrey, D. D., says, in a communication to the Western Presbyterian:

The writer of these lines has known him intimately for more than thirty years, and he is able, therefore, to testify from his own personal knowledge to the sterling natural gifts and to the many gracious affections which God was pleased to bestow upon this venerable man.

Mr. Garvin was born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1795, and received his early training there. He belonged to that illustrious race of God's people known the world over as the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians; and it fell to the lot of the Londonderry Presbyterians to fill up, by what they dared to do and to suffer for Christ, one of the grandest chapters in the history of the church. It is right to conjecture that the blood of this "noble army of martyrs" flowed through the veins of our own honored friend. Of such the Lord is the dwelling-place in all generations.

At the age of twenty Mr. Garvin came alone to Philadelphia; thence to Shelbyville, Ky.; thence to Glasgow, Ky.; thence to this city, in the year 1827. He began life as a salesman for other merchants; he soon rose to the position of a merchant prince. * * * * *

As a man, Mr. Garvin was remarkable for the wealth and warmth of his affections. The providence of God, by removing from this life the husbands of his two daughters and the wife of his only surviving son, had gathered into his household three families of grandchildren; he walked before them all not only in the fear of God, but in the spirit of a happy, genial, loving patriarch. A better and more hospitable neighbor, a more tender and true-hearted friend, a more considerate benefactor and counselor to the poor and the distressed, does not live among us.

He has been a member of the First Presbyterian Church about forty years, and a Ruling Elder therein for the last ten years. His love for Presbyterianism was not only and not so much an hereditary sentiment, as the offspring of a well-settled, well-grounded conviction of the accord between the Word of God and the standards of the church. In all the vicissitudes of the church wherein he agreed with his brethren his convictions were his own; wherein he differed from any, his strong sense of justice led him to be just to all, and his Christian charity and courtesy

constrained him to love and honor all in whom he saw the image of the Master. His gifts and benefactions to the church and to its holy enterprises, as well as to every good work among men, were munificent. When rich, he gave as God had prospered him; when straitened, he gave beyond his power. One who was his Pastor was accustomed to say, "Mr. Garvin is a prince in giving."

The Philadelphia Age says:

Among the victims who perished in the late fatal disaster on the Ohio River was William Garvin, Esq., of Louisville, Ky., who was well known to many in this community. When the sad news of his sudden death reached our city, a deep and sincere grief overspread a large circle of friends who knew him well and loved him for his many virtues. Mr. Garvin had nearly, if not quite, reached the Psalmist's age, and, although declining the hill of life, he was still in the possession of sound health and manly vigor. Through many years of business vicissitudes he preserved an unblemished reputation, and was universally regarded as a model gentleman. Strongly marked in character, pure and upright in all his dealings, tenderly devoted to his friends and family, he attracted the loving regard of all that came within his influence. Such a man will not be mourned only in his desolated home, and to-day there are hundreds outside of his own state who deeply grieve at his untimely loss, and will fondly cherish and revere his memory.

Rev. Dr. Rice, editor of the Presbyterian Index, published at Mobile, Alabama, says:

Among those who were lost on the United States we saw the name of William Garvin. The fear at once arose that it might be our old friend, but we would not entertain the thought. We could not endure that our friend should have passed away from earth amid such scenes. But God's ways are not ours. He doeth all things well.

William Garvin was a native of Ireland, but came to America in his youth, and was one of the oldest merchants in Louisville. By his own sagacity, industry, and integrity he had risen to the head of his calling.

In all the great Mississippi Valley, no man stood higher in the esteem and affectionate regard of all who knew him than William Garvin. They will not soon forget the bright, genial countenance, and the warm, cordial pressure of the hand, with which he greeted his friends. He was a man to be loved as well as respected. He was generous, warm-hearted, hospitable, with principles firm and pure like gold tried in the fire.

For many years he had filled the office of Ruling Elder in the First Presbyterian Church of Louisville, in which his strong common sense, his warm, emotional nature, tempered by a sincere, cheerful piety and true Christian modesty, rendered him an invaluable aid to his Pastor.

He sympathized deeply with our southern church in its desolations. When our General Assembly met within his reach, he was there as a deeply interested observer. He seemed to be overflowing with love to the brethren, and his warm heart throbbed in unison with theirs in all their devotion to our beloved church. We had fondly hoped to see him an honored member of our next Assembly at Mobile, but God has ordered otherwise. Amid fire and tempest, but, we trust, without lingering pain, he hath summoned him to the General Assembly and Church of the First-born, whose names are written in heaven.

We need hardly assure his surviving family and friends of our sincere sympathy. We regard it as one of the blessings of life to have known William Garvin, and though the present sorrow be the more profound, it is all the more full of bright and blessed hope.

A correspondent, in writing to the Free Christian Commonwealth, says:

It is thirty-five years since I first knew him. * * * * There was something in the air and manner of that grand old man, a natural, refined simplicity running through his whole physical, intellectual, and moral aspect, which forbade the idea that he could originate or indulge a low or ungenerous purpose.

“His eye, e'en turned on empty space,
Beamed keen with honor.”

Every good man and every good thing had a place in his heart. * * *
The city and state have lost one of their best citizens; the mercantile profession or class has lost the very paragon of just and honorable dealing; and multitudes of people have lost a loving and ever-memorable friend.

A correspondent, writing from Lexington, Virginia, to the *Courier-Journal*, says:

Among all the harrowing incidents, the mere mention of one old man, already on the verge of the grave, who then ceased to be—the sudden close of the peaceful and useful life of William Garvin—made the saddest impression of all. In this hurrying, money-getting, urgent American world, the question often, doubtless, is asked, "What is the use of an old man? His hand has lost its cunning; his step trembles; he works no more." When a patriarch like William Garvin is withdrawn, his life ended, his example made a closed book, the question is answered.

The editor of the *Sentinel* (Shelbyville, Kentucky) says:

This noblest, best of men is gone, and that too so suddenly. Louisville mourns his loss as she never mourned for any other citizen.

In early life Mr. Garvin was a citizen of Shelbyville, and married here. Subsequently he removed to Louisville, and for the last forty years has been prominently connected not only with the progress and business of that city, but indeed with that of the entire Southwest. His name was as familiar to the citizens of Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, and Arkansas as to those of Kentucky. That name wherever known was the synonym of all that is pure and lovely in the character of man. In all the relations of life he was a bright example. A Christian gentleman, a genial companion, a true friend, an honest man—none knew him but to trust and to love him.

A correspondent of the *Western Presbyterian*, writing from Philadelphia, says:

In 1830 I arrived in Louisville, an utter stranger, not even knowing any one by sight. Some introductory letters paved the way for my

reception, and Mr. Garvin was the first to welcome me to his house, the church, and the community. His open, generous, genial manner attracted me, and at once attached me to him, and we have ever since met each other in the most cordial manner, and on the best terms.

Mr. Garvin was a native of Ireland, and attached to that noble race, the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. Well did he fulfill in his own character and disposition the characteristics of that race. Although bold and energetic in action, he possessed a judgment which ever kept him within the bounds of prudence. His business career up to the hour of his death exhibited an energy and capacity seldom witnessed. Associated with him for many years in the same church, I can speak feelingly of his active co-operation in everything that appeared for its benefit and growth. His heart and hand were ever ready for the common purposes of the church, as well as for extraordinary exertions, and his name was never last in order or amount in any religious or benevolent enterprise. Mr. Garvin was a great reader, consequently a highly intelligent and interesting man in general intercourse. I remember well his courteous, pleasant manner and genial smile, and it makes me sad to reflect that those snow-white locks and that countenance, beaming with the kindest feelings, will never more be seen on earth. No, no more on earth! But O, the solace of the Christian's hope, "There is another and a better world;" and well was Mr. Garvin prepared for that world. * * * *

To these extracts from papers published since the death of Mr. Garvin the compiler adds a single selection from an old paper. It is taken from "Reminiscences of Louisville," published more than a year ago in the Louisville Journal, by B. J. Webb, Esq.:

At the head of the list of survivors of our oldest merchants, still in trade, should be placed the name of Mr. William Garvin. This remarkable gentleman, whose head, though it is whitened by the snows of fourscore winters, yet incloses a brain that is apparently as active and acute as when, thirty-five years ago, he was the junior partner in the firm of Chambers & Garvin, and gave to that once famous concern the benefit of

his ready and comprehensive mercantile mind, is still at the head of one of the first business houses of the city. Mr. Garvin has lived through commercial storms that have prostrated others in the dust, and he has had

"Losses huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down."

But he has lived through these storms with an untarnished name, and he stands to-day an example for the imitation of others in all those things which constitute mercantile honor, good citizenship, and gentlemanly bearing.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

From a large number of private letters but a few extracts can be given. None of them were intended for publication; and the compiler is painfully conscious that these detached fragments give little idea of the force and beauty of the original letters, but he has not felt at liberty to publish more, or even to make extracts from those letters which are wholly of a private and personal character.

Geo. H. Stuart, Esq., of Philadelphia, telegraphs, December 6, 1868, as follows:

Whole family overwhelmed with grief at the melancholy death of him so dear to us all, and whose loss to you is irreparable. Thank God, sudden death was sudden glory. May the God of the widow and fatherless be your God. Our prayers go up for you. Am confined with asthma or would go immediately to you. Telegraph fully and command freely.

Mr. Stuart immediately wrote more at length by mail, in which he says:

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND: I do not know how to commence to write to you, or what to say, I am so completely overwhelmed by the terribly sad news which Mr. Russell's telegram brought me last night, and to which I briefly replied by the wires. I can not realize that your dearly beloved husband and my old, honored, and long-trying friend is dead. Can it be so that I shall never look again on earth on the face, the honest, beaming face, of that noble type of humanity, William Garvin? My heart bleeds for you, and that large household of children and grandchildren of which he was the very idol. My heart bleeds for you *all*, and my prayer goes up continually to God that He would grant you richly of his grace, to sustain you amidst this heavy, crushing affliction. Your great consolation must be drawn from the fact that your dearly beloved partner in life was so well prepared for so very sudden a change. Sudden *death* to him, I have no doubt, was sudden *glory*. He often unbosomed himself to me, and spoke of his spiritual hopes and fears; but I ever found him looking alone to Jesus, the author and finisher of his faith. To know William Garvin was to love him. I knew him, and feel I have sustained a loss which can never be repaired. * * * *

My dear Mrs. Garvin, let you, your children, and your grandchildren thank God for such a *husband, father, and grandfather*. While you mourn his loss to you, think of his gain, and of his being forever with Jesus in glory. Look up and say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be His holy name."

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

* * * I need not tell you that if my health at all admitted of it, I would have ere this been on my way to your desolate home; but that *can not* be at present. I have been a great invalid from my old enemy, asthma, for the last two months, and am at present confined to the house. We shall anxiously await some further news, and hope that the precious

dust of our dear friend may be found; but if not, it is SAFE for the RESURRECTION MORN in the care and keeping of *Him* who is "the resurrection and the life." * * * *

Rev. Robert L. Breck, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Richmond, Kentucky, writes:

What shall I say to you, and that large circle of bleeding, crushed hearts around you? My heart is full, but dumb in the presence of a sorrow so sudden and so overwhelming to you all. * * * I bow with you in grief and prayer before the mercy-seat, and with all the earnestness of my soul implore God's grace for you. I wish simply to be known in your great distress among the loving friends of God's dear old servant, whom he has taken so suddenly from your side. "He was not, for God took him." Dear, rare old man! I did not know before how strong a hold he had on my heart. * * * *

Patrick Ward, Esq., of Philadelphia, in a letter replete with sadness and sympathy, says:

I need hardly say that when I received the note of Mr. George H. Stuart, announcing the death of our mutual, long-trying, and sincere friend, it overwhelmed me with grief, as also my wife and my children, who were taught to love and respect him from the time they could lisp his name; they have ever looked upon him as I have done, as my best friend on earth—but it has pleased Heaven to deprive you and us of him. I am joined by my whole family in sending our most sincere regrets for the never-to-be-repaired loss which you, your children, and grandchildren have sustained.

Rev. Andrew H. Kerr, of the Presbyterian Church, writes from Memphis, Tennessee:

MY DEAR STRICKEN FRIENDS: We are all overwhelmed with sorrow at the dreadful calamity which has so suddenly come upon you; and if tears and prayers can avail to assuage your agony, you will at least be still,

be calm, and humbly bow to the will of our Father, who doeth all things well. I was out of the city preaching when the sad intelligence came that my honored, beloved friend had been so suddenly called away. * * * * He was a good man, and a man of God, respected, beloved, and honored at home and abroad. His name, and now his memory, are cherished without a stain. His life was one of noble deeds. His work is done, well done, and there can be no doubt he has already heard the plaudit from the lips of his blessed Savior. He has his crown, he rests from his labors, and his works do follow him. He has but been taken from the sorrow and pain which usually attend those who attain four-score years. The difficult question that will spring up in your mind as to the time, the place, and the manner of his death, you must refer back to that God who will by and by make plain what is now to you so dark and mysterious. * * * * Gather around your Heavenly Father, lean your aching hearts upon his loving bosom, kiss his hand, say, Thy will be done. He careth for the widow, and loves the orphan children. Do not distrust his faithfulness. Only believe. * * * *

Joseph Stuart, Esq., of the firm of J. & J. Stuart, bankers, New York, writes, December 7, 1868:

This sad fate has cast a gloom over the mercantile community wherever he was known. * * * * We trust you may be sustained by that same loving Savior on whom alone your dear husband ever depended. * * * * The shock to my feelings has been so great that I can scarcely write or know what I am doing. * * * * Forty years ago we made your husband's acquaintance, and our relations with him have always been of the most agreeable character. * * * * He was one of our early and steadfast friends. * * * *

John C. Bullitt, Esq., attorney at law, formerly of Louisville, but now of Philadelphia, writes:

Of all men, I know no one to whom death would have come with more calm, and perhaps triumphant, resignation than to Mr. Garvin. No one could have been more beloved. His friends all felt they had a share in

his large heart. He belonged to you, his children, and his grandchildren, but he was none the less the property of his friends. * * * * I lose a friend to whom I was most warmly attached; but you lose — Words fail me in expressing my appreciation of what you must suffer by this sad event. * * * * My impulse has been very strong to go out and be with you and your family for a little while. Perhaps I could be of no service; yet my feelings draw me strongly to you. * * * *

Thomas A. McCreery, Esq., of the firm of Thomas A. McCreery & Co., bankers, New York, writes:

Your melancholy and heart-rending bereavement has cast a deep gloom over my family circle, and although our sympathy and sorrow can do but little to alleviate your affliction, I hope you will accept the tender of both from friends who keenly feel your loss, and mourn with you the mysterious Providence that has taken from you a husband, and from your children a father, whose life has been a bright Christian example to all who knew him. * * * * That one who through life exerted himself to ameliorate the sufferings and advance the welfare of others, should at last be taken away at a time when no friendly hand was near to comfort or aid him, where neither the affectionate care of wife nor children could soothe him in his agony, or administer to his wants, seems hard, very hard! But the ways of God are not our ways, and we must submit to His will, however hard it may seem to us. You have the consoling consciousness of his preparedness for the change, and knowing this it is a *duty* to be thankful and submissive. When we are ready to answer the summons of our Father, it is of little consequence how we depart—one mode is as easy as another. A few moments terminated a useful and honored Christian life. He has left a name which will long live in the city that has known him so long and so well. * * *

E. T. Bainbridge, Esq., of Madison, Indiana, writes:

I know not how to express the love and sympathy that fills our hearts when we think of your irreparable loss. May God bless you, my dear madam, and your children. * * * *

Rev. H. H. Hopkins, D. D., of Owensboro, Kentucky, writes:

I have delayed writing to you till the tempest of grief should be passed, and now I scarcely know what to say. Happily and blessedly you have long been taught in the word of God. You know its holy precepts, its rich consolations, and its soul-supporting powers. Were it not for this, what would you and the children do under this dark cloud which has come so suddenly and so terribly upon you? Christ has redeemed us from sin and its terrible penalties hereafter, but not from the sufferings and calamities of time. * * * * A great city mourns his death, besides multitudes of others. The tide of sympathy which now sets in upon you so strongly is not the shallow, heartless thing of the fashionable world. It is the sympathy rich and solid in the elements of moral and religious life, and much of it goes up in earnest prayers for *you* and *yours*. * * * * The longer I knew him the more I admired him. And when he had to take upon his shoulders the weight of that great old business house, how gladly would I have helped him in any way had it been possible. Dear grand old man, I shall never meet thee again with thy rich, cordial, and inviting smile. and generous and loving shake of the hand.

Major-General R. W. Johnson, of the United States Army, writes from Columbia, Missouri:

I have lost a valued friend; but how much greater your loss—friend, husband, life-companion—gone, gone! * * * * He has preceded us only a few short days, and will stand ready to greet us on the shining shore. * * * *

Major-General John S. Marmaduke (late of the C. S. A.) writes from St. Louis, Missouri:

I rarely met one who so promptly and positively impressed me as one possessed of all those qualities which make man truly noble and useful. * * * * He was cradled and nurtured in better and purer days. * * * * A type of stalwart integrity and vigorous manhood fast passing away.

Charles D. Jacob, Esq., of this city, writes from his sick chamber:

I should have called to offer in person my sincerest sympathy to you and your family in your deep affliction, but that I have been confined to my room. Your father was for many, many years an open professor of religion, and we have the blessed assurance that "whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in heaven." In his daily walk of life it was his nature "gently to hear, kindly to judge," and as for his bounty, there was no Winter in it—an Autumn 't was "that grew the more by reaping." He was full of years that had not a blemish upon them, of spotless integrity, charitable in its fullest sense to his fellow-man; an humble follower of his Savior. Why then should we mourn? Saith the Lord, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." * * * *

J. W. Irwin, of Savannah, Tennessee, writes:

In the death of Mr. Garvin we have lost a long-trying friend, and the community a gentleman worthy of the great esteem in which he was held by all who knew him. His name has long been as familiar to us as household words. * * * *

Rev. William L. Breckinridge, D. D., for many years Mr. Garvin's Pastor, writes from Pleasant Hill, Missouri:

It is with deeper sorrow than I can express that we have heard of the sore affliction which it has pleased God to lay upon you. * * * * I thank God that we have no dread concerning the dear friend whom he has taken away. I rest with the utmost confidence in the persuasion that he was a true lover of the Lord and His people, with a heart set upon His kingdom and glory. So long his pastor and his personal friend, I had good opportunity of knowing him as a servant of God. With minds at ease on that score, what have we, his brethren, his children, and

yourself, to do but to try to submit ourselves to the will of the Heavenly Father, fearfully expressed, but nevertheless His will, holy and gracious. * * * * Your Heavenly Father has done it all. I commend you all to him, and to the word of his grace. I do it with a loving heart, the more, I dare say, out of a grateful recollection of the kindness which has followed me out of your house in all its branches for so many years.

Rev. John D. Mathews, D. D., of Lexington, Kentucky, writes, December 7, 1868:

A struggle, a groan, and his released and redeemed spirit passed into glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life. He realized his prayer while he was uttering it, and the flame that shrouded his body as a winding-sheet proved his ascension chariot to glory, to be forever with his Savior. * * * *

T. A. Hoyt, Esq., of New York, writes:

No words can express the grief with which I learned the death of Mr. Garvin. * * * I am appalled when I think of the awful chariot of fire in which his soul passed away. But his God was as near and as tender to him then as though he had fallen asleep in the bosom of his family. The solitude of that dreadful hour was cheered by the presence of his Savior. * * * It is now about ten years since I first knew Mr. Garvin. That was before the late horrible war, before losses and afflictions had come upon your household. * * * What a prosperous and happy family it was at the time I mention! How like a venerable patriarch did he preside over it; how noble in appearance; how princely in generosity; how affectionate with his family; how devoted to his friends; how kind to all in trouble! * * * Through all his subsequent trials, when riches took to themselves wings and flew away, when the country of his adoption was bleeding at every pore, when domestic sorrow invaded his house and disease his person, through it all he bore himself bravely before men and humbly before God. * * We do all sympathize with you in your great sorrow. We mourn the loss of that great and good man and dear friend.

Samuel Russell, Esq., formerly of Louisville, writes from Walnut Grove, Illinois:

Good old man, thou art no doubt gone to thine eternal rest on high, and, as it were, in a chariot of fire, as God took his prophet of old to mansions in heaven. * * * * How beautiful was his life! How suggestive to the living the circumstances of his death! It brings home the divine admonition, "Be ye also ready."

S. H. Tucker, banker, of Little Rock, Arkansas, writes:

It is with feelings of the deepest and most heartfelt sorrow that I read the announcement of the loss of that noble-hearted man, William Garvin. My heart is too full, and I can not find words to express the feelings which overpower me. What a great loss to us all, for he belonged to all who knew him, and the feelings of sorrow and regret at his terrible fate are universal.

Rev. William G. Provines writes from Cape Girardeau, Missouri:

All classes, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, have lost a friend and benefactor, and mingle their tears with yours. His memory will live in the hearts of thousands upon whom he conferred substantial benefits. The church must ever mourn his loss, and his place in society can not be supplied. * * * *

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

[This favorite hymn of Mr. Garvin was sung at the conclusion of Dr. Wilson's Discourse.]

In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest;
There my Savior's gone before me
To fulfill my soul's request.

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you:
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

He is fitting up a mansion
Which eternally shall stand;
For thy stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, etc.

Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter—
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial center
I a crown of life shall wear.
There is rest, etc.

Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed—
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest, etc.

Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory—
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you—
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, etc.

DISCOURSE.

BY REV. S. R. WILSON, D. D.

Thus saith the LORD, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the LORD which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the LORD. JEREMIAH ix: 23, 24.

The voice of God's rod has summoned us, my brethren, to this assembly. The joyous peal of the accustomed Sabbath bell has been turned to-day into a funereal knell, reminding us, by its sad and solemn tones, that this earth is not our rest.

The hand of God has fallen heavy upon us. An appalling calamity has overtaken us, at a moment we were not thinking of it, and from a quarter of which we had no suspicion. It has covered our whole city with gloom; it has put out the sweet light of many a household; it has turned the music of domestic gladness into the wail of unutterable anguish. The wind and darkness, the fire and flood, as if envious of our too great happiness, have conspired in the work of our desolation; and against such a conspiracy of what avail the most sleepless care or practiced skill of human eye or

hand? "Except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain." "Who is he that saith, and it cometh to pass, when the Lord commandeth it not?" Stormy wind and midnight gloom, devouring waves and flaming fire but execute His will.

In a case like the present it is natural to ask the question, "Who is to blame?" And the question is one of very grave import. It is a recognition of human accountability, as no-wise impaired by the sovereign providence of God. It is the assertion of the right and duty of man to make inquiry for his brother's life, and to hold to strict and solemn responsibility those to whose vigilance, fidelity, and prudence are intrusted the precious treasures of our hearts; and whenever it is made evident that these have been sacrificed to carelessness, presumptuous ignorance, or insatiate avarice, then should swift and exemplary punishment be meted out to the guilty.

But, after all, let us not forget that even the fatal ignorance and criminal negligence of men are controlled and overruled to the accomplishment of the wise and holy purposes of the Most High, "who ruleth in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth," and whose all-seeing vision notes no less the fall of a sparrow than the upheaval of a kingdom. Of this, how apt are all of us to become unmindful! The Christian as well as others. Again and again is it necessary that we should be reminded of our creature dependence; that "it is not in man that walketh to direct his own steps;" that we know not what shall be on the morrow; that only "if the Lord will" shall we live, and do this or that. Alas!

that it should be so, yet sometimes men come to put such boastful confidence in their own prudence and foresight and strength, as that they fancy they have a covenant against death, and are in league with the elements, and may laugh at destruction and terror. And from this vain dream of self-security the slumberers can only be aroused by the voice of God himself.

It has seemed to me that this had come to be our case as a community. The alarm and ravages of war had passed by us and over us, and left us comparatively unharmed. Its perils and sorrows were almost forgotten amidst the bustle of reviving business and the merriment of returning dissipation. Famine and pestilence, that decimated our neighbor cities, left us untouched. Disaster upon disaster strewed the highways of travel, on our right hand and on our left, with their miserable victims; but it came not nigh to us. Our railways still went and came in safety. Our steamboats were secure as our own bed-chambers. With scarce an exception, no harm had befallen them for a generation. Who of us ever entered their splendid cabins with the thought of danger? Who ever for a moment apprehended that wreck and ruin could possibly swallow up these floating palaces in the path they had so often glided over in safety? Here was our confidence: in the arm of flesh. Here was our sin: we were forgetting God, our PRESERVER; and He has used our idols, in which we trusted, as the instruments of our chastisement.

There was nothing in the condition of the two hapless boats on the night of December 4th—a night sadly to be remembered so long as the silvery waves of our beautiful

river shall flow onward to the sea—there was nothing on that night that would have led any one to anticipate their fate. Every fact that has thus far come to light goes to show that they ought to have passed each other as harmless and friendly as was their wont. Every fact equally shows that some strange misunderstanding, some fatal confusion in respect of the most familiar signals, hurried them on to mutual destruction. The shrill note of that whistle which was accustomed to tell of safety was suddenly turned into a fiend-like shriek of despair. In a moment, two hundred helpless mortals were startled from their beds to meet the devouring fire and yawning waves.

It is not for me to attempt to picture that scene of dread alarm and agony. What imagination can conceive it? What tongue can describe it? What pencil or hues of art depict it? What ear can bear, half told, the fearful tale? Enough it is to know that no age, no condition, no character, could claim exemption from the cruel death. The ministers of Jesus on their mission of love were consumed in the same fire that stifled the breath of the merry dancers and shriveled the hand that had just played its last card; the greedy waters swallowed up, with equal appetite, the tawny servant and the fair and lovely maiden; and the spirit of the sweet babe was borne unharmed to heaven upon the same wings of flame that wafted the soul of the hoary-headed saint to the presence of his Lord.

Of all the victims that fell a prey to that banquet of death there was none more precious than him to whose memory we are come to pay our mournful tribute. Whose heart did

not shudder with the cold thrill of horror when it was whispered that WILLIAM GARVIN was among the missing of that ill-starred night? Whose eyes could refrain from weeping unwonted tears as the sad truth forced, unwillingly, upon them—William Garvin, the noble, the good old man, has PERISHED? Those silvery locks, pure as the snow-flakes; that fair and ruddy face, whose placid smile the children loved to greet; that erect and close-knit form that might have become an athlete, and so well fitted the upright soul as ever casket its jewel:—alas! why could not these symbols of a true majesty stay the proud march of the King of Terrors with his fiery train? No! no! that night he held high carnival, and he must needs find out the choicest sacrifice; and none more choice than this gray-haired man of God, rich with the ripest fruits of seventy harvests!

To attempt, in wordy speech, to pronounce an eulogy upon one so well known while living—now dead, so widely mourned—would be little becoming such an occasion. This vast assemblage, these sable badges of mourning, these tears from the deep fountains of manly hearts, too seldom, perhaps, unsealed in wholesome sorrow; the mead of praise and expressions of grief that have already poured in from New York to New Orleans—let these be his most eloquent eulogy. Seldom is it that a private merchant, rarely that the most eminent statesman, has been more widely lamented: never more sincerely.

There was no truer American in the broad land than William Garvin. He loved his adopted country with all a child's affection. He revered her well-tried Constitution,

and took pride in her grandeur and glory. But he was none the less a true-hearted Irishman. Born in the Emerald Isle, he spent his boyhood among her green fields and generous people; of whom there was no one with a larger heart or more worthy of his country. That country, that people, that pleasant home of his youth he never forgot. He cherished its recollections with the warmth of a first love. He was always sensitive to its honor. And, though he felt all the admiration and love of a true-born American for a Clay, a Jackson, a Calhoun; for a Lacy and an Alexander: his bosom swelled with honest, native pride, as a loving son of Erin, at the names of an Emmet and an O'Connell; a Cooke and an Edgar.

When just passing from youth to manhood, an inexperienced lad, he braved the dangers of the ocean and the uncertainties of a new and foreign land, to build up his fortune amongst strangers. It is needless to follow in detail the steps of his earlier career. We are all familiar with the wanderings, vicissitudes, and perils of body and soul which a young man is exposed to under such circumstances—alone, far from friends and kindred, and the watchful care and mature counsels of wise and godly father and mother. But the seeds of sound Christian principles had been sown in the young heart of William; he had been taught to consult that divinely given Mentor, Conscience, and to listen to her voice; and the fervid prayers of loving parents ascended, morning and evening in his behalf, to that God, in whom their Presbyterian faith taught them to trust as a covenant God. Nor did they trust in vain. The Angel of the covenant watched over

their boy. His way was prospered. His footsteps were directed to a community over which was extended, with molding power, the influence of that remarkable man and gifted servant of Christ, Archibald Cameron. Here, too, through the favor of the good God, he found that richest earthly jewel, a prudent, God-fearing wife. And who can tell how much of that honor William Garvin won from his fellows, and that Christian hope which sustained him under sore reverses and afflictions and bore him triumphantly through them, is due to the words of modest, timely counsel and loving cheer, which, at such times, fell from the lips of SARAH VEECH? God of the widow, be thou the stay of thine aged handmaiden in this hour of her great need, as she, by thy grace, was enabled so often to strengthen thy servant in days of adversity and darkness!

It was in the year 1827 that Mr. Garvin became associated with the business men of Louisville, in a partnership with Mr. D. S. Chambers, who has survived him. From that day to this his name has been incorporated with the commercial history of our city, and identified with its mercantile advancement and growth, through all the varying phases of prosperity and revulsion. Probably no other firm contributed so much toward establishing upon a substantial basis, and extending over the South and Southwest the trade of Louisville, as did that of Wm. Garvin & Co., (afterwards Garvin, Bell & Co.) up to the breaking out of the civil war in 1861. And since the close of that bloody and desolating conflict, through the magic influence of the name of him who now is done with earth, the house was rapidly assuming its former position.

The history of the vicissitudes of this firm is full of instruction. With its wonderful prosperity and high reputation and far-reaching influence, the rod of adversity and sorrow has often fallen upon it very heavily. One after another its several partners have been called away by death in the prime and vigor of manhood. Mysterious, indeed, to our short-sighted view have been the circumstances attending these calls; but none so strange, so sad, so hard to bear as this. It is not that they should all have died: this is the common lot, from which none are exempt. One event happeneth alike to all: "to the righteous, and to the wicked; to the good, and to the clean, and to the unclean; to him that sacrificeth, and to him that sacrificeth not; as is the good, so is the sinner; and he that sweareth, as he that feareth an oath." "All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again." "There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit: neither hath he power in the day of death; and there is no discharge in that war."

"What tho' we wade in wealth or soar in fame,
Earth's highest station ends in 'HERE HE LIES!'
And 'DUST TO DUST' concludes her noblest song!"

But why, of all the leading business houses in this large city for forty years past, should so many of the prominent members of this one alone, have, as it were, been singled out to fall before the sharpest arrows of the Destroyer, far from home, unsoothed by the presence of familiar faces, untended by hands of love? Why must it be that the foremost, most venerable, most Christ-like, and longest tried of them all, should thus be called away? I can not tell. A voice comes

to me from the Holy Oracle. I will bow my head and be quiet, and in silence listen as it gives its response. "Be still and know that I am God." "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the DEATH of his saints." "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil." "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth: therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty."

We have heard the response of the Holy Oracle to our anxious inquiry. How clear, how full, how adapted to calm the tumult of our thoughts! How superficial that judgment which writes bitter things against those whom God has afflicted! The golden vessels of the sanctuary must be chosen in the furnace. It is the devil's mockery at prosperous Job—"Doth Job serve God for naught?" "Put forth now thy hand and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face." The tempter would drive the upright man to despair, that he might sink under *His* malignant stroke. But he holds fast his integrity. He blesses God. He says, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." It is not only a *hiding* God, in whom he will still confide—nay, it is a KILLING God. And so has it been always with the brightest examples among the cloud of witnesses. "These are they who have come out of GREAT TRIBULATION."

Afflictions are much what we make them. Wholesome and purifying chastisements, if, through grace obtained by prayer, we yield our hearts, submissive, childlike to our Father's

stroke. "If we endure chastening," God dealeth with us as with children; "for what son is there whom his father chasteneth not." But if we faint and rebel, and challenge the goodness and love of the Father of our spirits, then, what was for our profit, is turned into our curse. Chastening becomes wrathful punishment: the discipline of love is changed into the hardening judgment!

Why, you ask, should this white-haired saint not have died in his own peaceful bed-chamber? Why should he be hurried away by so sudden, so violent a death? But stop. It is only the outer form and shadow of death on which you are fixing your undiscerning eye of sense. In any form, at any time, Death is still the King of terrors. One power alone can conquer in the shock of his encounter, come when or as he may. It is the power of faith in Him who, though he was dead, is alive again, and hath the keys of death and of hell. It is the antecedent life that makes all the difference. **THAT** is the sudden death in which the poor soul is driven away in its wickedness, unshriven. **THAT** is the violent death in which the body is racked by long, lingering disease, until the exhausted sufferer can tell all his bones as they look and stare upon him; or in which the heart-strings are rent and torn with the agony of parting from weeping loved ones; or, worst of all, in which the hopeless soul is tortured with dread alarm as it nears Eternal judgment. Not thus in any-wise was the departure of this aged Christian, who, but yesterday, was sitting with us in this House of God; but now is gone. He is not here, for "God took him." His public, social, secret life, attests that it was "hid with Christ in

God." To us on this side, looking through the dimming mists of grief, the whirlwind cloud in which he was caught away to glory is dark and lurid; but beyond our short sight, the sunward side, to angel vision, shines, all luminous, with golden tints and hues of heaven. And so, to eye of faith and hope, as well. For "whatever befalleth and whatever be-tideth," we "know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." And whether the approach of the last enemy be with slow and stealthy marches, to weary out the courage of the Christian soldier by poisoned arrows shot from afar; or he come with swift surprise, like swooping falcon on his prey, the issue of the battle is ever the same: "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

As a merchant, Mr. Garvin combined in large measure and in great harmony of development the several qualities that, when diligently employed, give guarantee of success and popularity. He was possessed of quick perceptions, a clear judgment, ready discrimination of character, strong will and decision of purpose. He had large ambition to excel in his particular calling; which he looked upon as designed for other ends than merely buying and selling and making money. He was a high-minded, honorable competitor in business. He was a man of great public spirit; largely endowed with those qualities best adapted to win for one the confidence of his fellows. He was possessed of most marvelous recuperative

energies. He was sincere as the morning light, candid as the noontide sun, honest as the days were long. Stern and quick as the thunderbolt when occasion required; and genial as the mild breath of May.

It is unnecessary in this presence to do more than recall the fine social traits which so eminently adorned and made attractive to the high and the lowly alike the more private walks of this great man's life. There are few, I apprehend, in this community to whom these distinguishing traits of Mr. Garvin's character are not as well known as to the speaker; most know them far better. It has been not above three years past, that I have enjoyed the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with him in the social circle. Yet it so happens that in him I have lost the earliest of my acquaintances in Louisville. It is now just thirty-two years ago, when, a mere youth, passing on my way through this city, a letter of introduction brought me to the house of Mr. Garvin, then living in Jefferson Street. The cordial welcome, the pleasant hospitality he extended to me then, made me feel at once at home. Its impression was indelible. I have known him as a friend from that day to this, in which I weep him as a beloved brother and fellow Presbyter, gone before me to our better home. May those, here and elsewhere, to whom it was so pleasant to be greeted with the graceful salutations of this dear friend, and the aroma of whose amenities sheds such fragrance over his memory, so copy the Christian example of the man of God as that the sorrow for his departure which now melts the heart shall not prove to be the comfortless sorrow of an eternal separation.

In that feature of Mr. Garvin's character, just now mentioned—his Christian example—is to be found its perfection and glory. For "Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty glory in his might, let not the rich glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord." And this was the glory of this servant of the Lord, so wise in the business of this world; so strong to contend and overcome in its fierce conflict of interests and disasters; so prospered in the acquisition of its riches; so capable of adding lustre to the highest rank of its nobility. His wisdom, his strength, his wealth, his warm-hearted hospitality and tasteful elegance as a gentleman, these rich gifts were all laid with humble self-renunciation at the feet of Jesus. Ambitious as he was to stand at the head of the mercantile profession, and much as natural disposition and participation in the spirit of the age may have urged him on to desire and seek the acquisition of wealth, divine grace had come in to restrain, control, and sanctify these desires and influences, and direct them to a worthy end. The Holy Spirit laid hold upon this strong man, and with his mighty regenerating power and love cast all his nature into the mold of the "Truth as it is in Jesus." A new and heavenly object of ambition opened to his view. The desire of substantial and imperishable riches took supreme possession of his soul. Love for the communion of Jesus and the society of his people subdued and purified that natural fondness for worldly

pleasures and social amusements, in which, perhaps, to the exuberant spirits and large, genial heart of this man, lay the greatest peril of his life.

It was in August of the year 1828, a year memorable in the history of gospel power throughout this whole land, that Mr. Garvin was brought to "give himself to the Lord," and then, in an open public profession, to ratify for himself the covenant made for him by his parents at his baptism. The faith and prayers of those parents had at length received their reward. The seeds of truth, sown in childhood and watered with tears of love, now quickened and brought forth the fruits of a new life. William Garvin became a Christian by profession, and sat down for the first time at the table of our Lord in this church, where he has so often sat joyfully since; but now he will never sit with us here again, for we "shall go to him, he shall not return to us."

During the forty years which have elapsed since he became a professed disciple of Christ, he has been a consistent and exemplary child of God. Not perfect, but going on to perfection. His was truly the path of the just, as the morning light going on and shining with steadily increasing brightness, until the perfect day, despite of mists and clouds and storms. With him Christianity was not a name, it was a living principle of faith; it was not a creed, it was a controlling power; its worship was not a form, it was a love. He was a Christian from conviction. He was a Presbyterian from enlightened choice. He was a True Catholic, for he had spiritual discernment to perceive the image of Christ, though it were half hidden, under an outer form marred by many defects.

And all this he was "by the grace of God." And this grace it was that enabled him to pass through the fearful ordeal of an almost universal commercial and monetary prostration without being utterly overwhelmed in despair, and with his good name and character as a Christian as unsullied as was his pure spirit untouched by the burning flame that dissolved its earthly tabernacle.

As a Christian, Mr. Garvin was a man of prayer. He loved the place where Christians meet to praise and pray. When called upon he would not decline to lead the supplications and thanksgivings of the church. This he did with unpretending simplicity, but not with fluency; a natural diffidence appeared to assert its repressing power at such times, and he could not find freedom of utterance. This is no uncommon case. But in the family circle it was very different; there he could pour out his fervent desires, and tell the wants of his household, and plead with the God of his fathers that He would remember and fulfill all His covenant promises to him and his seed.

But not only with his household, but in secret, was he wont to commune with God in Christ. He loved to "enter into his closet, and shut to the door, and pray to the Father who seeth in secret." And it was a beautiful habit with him, of which, now that he is gone, there is no impropriety of making public mention, for it was a practice worthy of general imitation—when he came from the House of God, after hearing the preaching of His word, he immediately would retire and in secret pray for a blessing upon the services of the sanctuary. How encouraging and inspiriting to the heart of the

true minister of Christ would it be to have assurance that such was the general custom of those for whose growth in knowledge and grace he is laboring! And did not "the Father that seeth in secret" fulfill the promise to his servant? Did he not reward him openly? Will any one doubt that *here* was the hidden secret of William Garvin's success in life? Will any one leave out this element in estimating the character of one so eminent? Shall all else be regarded as substantial and this go for naught, *that he was a man of prayer*? Shall every other trait in this life, molded with so much symmetry, be admired and held forth as a model for imitation, and *this* alone be counted of no value, or treated as the weakness of a great mind—a whim—a fancy—a pardonable superstition? I put not the question to the Christian; I put it to the consciences of you that are still only "almost persuaded" to be such. Yes, I will let Skepticism answer. Tell me, ye who mourn to-day this long-tried friend—even as a brother beloved—tell me, of all that you loved and admired him for, is not this the chief and most enduring glory, that "he understood and knew the loving-kindness of the Lord;" that he had learned the true value of his own soul, and that to gain the world and lose it would be infinite loss; that he had found in Jesus of Nazareth an all-sufficient Saviour and a friend that sticketh closer than a brother? Says one who knew him well, and who loved him much, George H. Stuart: "He often *unbosomed* himself to me, and spoke of his spiritual *hopes* and fears; but I ever found him looking alone to *Jesus*, the Author and Finisher of his faith." Oh, listen, ye men with silvery locks, as ye bend mournful your weary heads over the

grave of your departed friend, whom you must soon follow— Oh, listen to the testimony he has left of the value of faith and prayer, and hasten to make Christ—the stay and hope of your dear old friend, William Garvin—your stay and hope! Ah, how often have I heard him speak of these, his familiar friends and compeers, and express the earnest longings of his warm heart to see them safely embosomed in the Church of Christ as humble followers of the Crucified One! How happy would he be could he now know that the desires of his life for the salvation of those he loved had been granted, through the salutary influence of his tragic death! Let it please thee, Oh Christ, to give now, by thy Spirit, this unspeakable blessing, and so turn our sorrow to joy, and for the spirit of heaviness give us thus the garments of exulting praise!

With “the spirit of grace and of supplications,” Mr. Garvin had received the pentecostal spirit of LIBERALITY. As he abounded in other graces, in this also, the grace of giving. Like Cornelius, the noble Roman Centurion, he joined with his prayers his alms also. Freely he had received, freely he gave; not grudgingly, but bounteously, cheerfully; with a simplicity and kindliness of manner that rendered the precious gift the more valuable for the beauty of its setting. Yet there was no parade or ostentation, no sounding of a trumpet in it all. It was the reverse; “his left hand was not permitted to know what his right hand did.” One who has been associated with him in works of faith and labors of love these many years, said to me a few days since: “His liberality was princely. He would always give as much as

any one else—generally more; not uncommonly double as much.” These orphans confided to our church’s care had large space in his sympathies. His purse was always open for their relief. They are too young to know their loss; but than him, we know that they can never find a kinder earthly friend.

Yet his beneficence was not indiscriminate nor capricious. It was exercised with that judicious care which every truly benevolent man should use, in order to insure, as far as possible, a blessing upon their bounty.

The ear heard and called him happy;
The eye saw, and bore witness to him;
For he rescued the sufferer who cried for help,
And the orphan and him that had no helper.
The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him,
And he made the widow’s heart to sing for joy.
He put on justice, and it was to him for a vestment;
As a robe and diadem was his equity.
He was eyes to the blind,
And feet was he to the lame;
He was a father to the needy,
And the cause he knew not he searched out.

He was liberal when he had abundance; he was liberal when his wealth was gone. He gave as the Lord prospered him. He gave in his lifetime—“not trusting in uncertain riches, but in the living God;” * * * being “rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate.” With generous hand and sympathetic heart, laying up in store a good foundation for the time to come, that he might “lay hold on eternal life.” In this respect he was so far the executor

of his own will; and to-day, both here and throughout all the southern land, the widows and orphans of heroic men who fill unknown graves, and the ministers and people of a stricken church, shed tears of grateful sorrow at the remembrance of the kindness of him, whose face they never saw, nor ever shall see until the resurrection morn, when its lustre shall outshine the brightness of the firmament.

As a Presbyter of the Church, Mr. Garvin was, confessedly, one of its pillars; and this is as true of the church throughout the Commonwealth as it is of this particular church. His attachment to her grand and pure gospel Faith, her simple Apostolic and primitive ministry, ordinances, and worship, was strong and unchanging. There was indeed with him, as there ought to be with no genuine son of the Church, no rigid asceticism, no stoical indifference to impressions of pleasure and pain, or to the emotions of sorrow and joy. No ritualistic exclusiveness; no uncharitable pharisaism. For none of all these things, so often falsely charged against it, belong to the principles or spirit or normal influence of our divine system. But still he was an uncompromising Presbyterian; because he was fully persuaded that True Presbyterianism is the best and purest representative of a really Catholic Christianity and Church, such as it came at first from the hands of Christ, its founder, and his Apostles, its first preachers. Nor could he endure to see the church he so sincerely revered, and so ardently loved, and had so devotedly and generously served, dragged from her high eminence, and her power and influence perverted to other purposes than those specified in her commission and solemnly covenanted in her Confession and

symbols. And against this he was one of the foremost to enter his solemn protest, and to wash his hands of all participation in the evil work. It was adherence to principle, not the ebullition of excited passion; it was unshrinking fidelity to his ordination vows as a Ruler in the church, not a morbid sympathy with a lost political cause, that prompted Mr. Garvin to brave the anathemas of a dominant majority in the church, and refuse to sanction or sustain their anti-scriptural decrees. And those anathemas fell as heavily upon him as upon his brethren, who, with him, judged it right to obey God rather than man. It is well known that, like another Duke of Argyle, he did not disdain to put his noble and honored name to that "DECLARATION and TESTIMONY" which, like the "Act and Testimony" of a previous generation, and the more ancient "solemn League and Covenant," has been much misrepresented and more hated. And for this act of conscience, William Garvin, like his less eminent associates, was pronounced guilty of holding most deadly heresies, and of conspiring to overthrow the authority of Christ in his church, and as being a slanderer of that church he loved with all the affection of a child, and had cared for with all the fidelity of a father. And upon this indictment he was excluded from the courts of the church, and in the name of the Lord Jesus, and under claim of his authority, pronounced unfit to exercise the office of a Presbyter—no longer a member of the church, no longer a ruler over this flock, whose children and youth looked up to him as a patriarch! Such was the sentence which rested, unremoved, upon that venerable head when it laid itself down and slept its last sleep. Such the many and

grievous offenses for which this just man had been adjudged an outcast from God's church, when the summons came at midnight for him to give up the account of his stewardship. He had never retracted one word of his Testimony for which he was pronounced guilty. He had never repented of the act for which he was cast out by those calling themselves the Church and assuming to act for its Head. How, then, stands the case now? I beg you, one and all, to pause and reflect; for this is not a light matter; it is not a thing that can be ignored or slurred over at such a moment as this. Not untimely, or in any captious spirit of unkindness, do I ask this question; but because the providence of God has forced it upon me. I should be faithless to the trust you have confided to me on this occasion, faithless to the truth, unjust to the good name of both the living and the dead, were I to pass unnoticed this (as no one can deny) so vital question touching the character of Mr. Garvin as a Christian and as a true and faithful Presbyterian.

William Garvin is the first of the condemned signers of that solemn Protest who has been called to the bar of Christ to hear his irreversible judgment. He was as guilty in this matter as any, for he had more wisdom and influence than most. Nay more; in proportion as he was more widely known and his influence was greater than almost any other of these men, in a like proportion, if they were guilty at all, was his guilt more aggravated than theirs. If the sentence against him was just and true—and have not both they that passed and they that executed it earnestly contended that it was?—then it was an act of Discipline which in its effect reached beyond

this brief *here* into the unseen and eternal *hereafter*? For it shut the doors of the Kingdom of heaven against the unrepentant soul, and that which "*was bound on earth was bound in heaven.*" And now I ask, Do you believe it was a just and true judgment? Does any one believe that that sentence has been ratified by the Judge of quick and dead; and that when the spirit of this servant of Christ appeared in his presence, and gave in its account of the deeds done in the body, the doom of the heretic, the rebel, the schismatic, the slanderer of the holy church of God, was the sentence passed upon that servant by his Lord? I ask, does any one here believe this? Does any one in this city believe it? Does any one throughout the broad land believe it? Is there one of all that Assembly that pronounced that terrible sentence, or of those who became the executioners of its great temporal penalties, who believes it? Perchance there may be one (incredible as is the supposition) who honestly does believe it. If so, we will respect his sincerity, we will pity his blindness, we will pray for his forgiveness. We will not ask his name; let it dwell in darkness, lest it should become a hissing and a by-word to our children, and our children's children.—Certain, however, is it not?—that those who were swift to enforce that sentence even to its utmost rigor and extent, have already shown they do not believe any such thing. They do not believe the Master has approved their deed and "*bound in heaven what they had bound on earth.*" Nay, so far from this, have not they themselves already reversed their own judgment and hastened to do their poor homage to the unsullied Christian character of one, who, whatever else he may

have compromised, never compromised his integrity as a merchant, nor his honor as a man, nor his faith as a Christian, nor his principles or trust as a true Presbyter of the Church; but who esteemed even "the reproach of Christ" more than earthly treasure, and chose rather to suffer *this* affliction with the stricken people of God than to enjoy the great pleasure, so highly prized by him, of preserving unmarred the fellowship of friends with whom he had taken sweet counsel and gone in company to the house of God, and to whom his generous hand was always open. I know he forgave the wrong; but I know too he none the less keenly felt it as a wrong.

I have thus presented before you, Christian friends, a brief and in many respects an imperfect sketch of him to whom, it seems to me, these two comprehensive scripture delineations of character are strictly applicable: "THIS MAN WAS PERFECT AND UPRIGHT, AND ONE THAT FEARED GOD AND ESCHEWED EVIL." "AN ISRAELITE INDEED, IN WHOM THERE WAS NO GUILF."

If in what I have stated there is aught that is not strictly true, or if aught has been omitted essential to a right judgment of the character of the man, you can point out the defect and correct the mistake. I am not here to canonize the dead, or to flatter the living. I do not believe in the maxim, *de mortuis nil, nisi bonum*. Only is this true under suitable limitations. If a man has lived for himself, if he has forgotten God his creator, if he has made this world his god and portion, if he has lived in neglect of the great salvation, if his influence has been negative to Christ's truth and positive for Satan's lie, then it is useless to attempt to deceive the

living; and vain words of eulogy help not the dead. Only when a man's life has been distinguished like that of Enoch, as a walk with God, or has been truly marked in his generation as perfect and upright, only then is the minister of truth warranted in holding it up as an example for others to copy. Such, by all confessed, was William Garvin. A man, 't is true, of like passions with others; a sinner lost, who had found grace in the eyes of the Lord; a Christian struggling with the same doubts and fears as others, assailed by the same temptations, borne down by the same imperfections and weaknesses of the flesh; yet, after all, a bright and shining light, a star of the first magnitude, in whose light a generation has rejoiced—

"Till men beheld his angel face
All radiant with celestial grace."

"Can it be so," exclaims a Christian brother; "can it be so that I shall never look again on earth upon the face, the honest, *beaming* face of that noble type of humanity?" "Dear rare old man!" writes a minister of Jesus, "I did not know before how strong a hold he had on my heart." "I could not come and see you these days, ma'm, for very weeping at the recollection of his kindness," said a simple-hearted woman, as she tried to give a comforting word to the lonely widow of her benefactor. And Patrick Ward, of Philadelphia, now a retired gentleman of wealth, and a Roman Catholic, to whom Mr. Garvin showed kindness in his early life, writes: "I need hardly say that when I received the note of Mr. George H. Stuart announcing the death of our mutual, long-trying, and sincere friend, it overwhelmed me with grief, as also my wife

and children, who were taught to love and respect him from the time they could lisp his name." And so I might go on rehearsing like testimonials to this disciple of Christ, himself so humble and unostentatious in his goodness.

And this shall be our first thought of comfort in this great sorrow, that his memory is so precious to rich and poor alike; that so long it was permitted to us to retain a gift so rare. It was no untimely stroke of the Great Reaper that cut down this noble plant. No! he has come to his grave "in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in, in his season." "The Lord gave," and now at the full end of the term he has set in his promise, "the Lord hath taken away;" surely then, with dutiful, loving—yes, with cheerful hearts, we will bow our heads and worship while we say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

And we will even rob death of his cruel mockery of our woe, by taking comfort from the unwonted form of horror he assumed and the exulting swiftness with which he came—stealthily like the crouching lion, sudden as the lion on his unsuspecting prey. In its outward form and semblance, Mr. Garvin's death to our poor sight was sudden and violent; but to him the pang of bodily suffering could only have been momentary, and to his well-prepared soul "SUDDEN DEATH WAS SUDDEN GLORY." A death like this

"To the believer

Is like the lion which the strong man slew,
And the sweet bees did with their waxen robe
And food ambrosial, cover."

Saved from the racking pain and suffering of wearisome days and watchful nights of long-wasting disease, and saved the pang of bidding a last adieu to weeping wife and children and loving friends; that pang which not seldom gives all that is bitter to the dying moments of the Christian. Yes! it would have been grateful to our sad hearts had we been allowed at least to catch his parting sigh and close with our own hands his sweet eyelids. But we will still be thankful, that in our stead angel attendants, with gentle fingers, pure and bright, shed balmy sleep over his weary eyes, and ere he was fully awake to the fiery storm that raged around him, had caught away his new-born spirit and with songs exultant were convoying it up the starry way to the presence of Jesus. And as to the earthly house which still we cherish, and which so beautiful, we loved to look upon in life, be assured, dear friends, that marred as it is by the relentless flames, it is placid as any martyrs. No signs of agony are there. Its eyelids closed as in the softest slumber; the lips but gently parted, telling that with scarce a conscious pang the ransomed spirit left its dissolving tabernacle, and saw not, felt not, knew not the desolation from which it had come to glory. Take comfort, then, Oh, ye mourners; look not at the things that are seen, but look upward to the things that were not, and are not seen. Look too, believer, behold ye not, how even now, the sunlight of celestial glory spans with the bright rainbow of hope those dark and gloomy clouds, from which are now pouring upon us these water-spouts of overwhelming grief! Oh, linger not with harrowing regret upon the real and indeed painful, but in very truth, most unsubstantial

parts of this affliction. Set free your thoughts from these dark, despairing chains. Let fond memory dwell upon that fair face you so recently looked upon in all its beauty; that firm step for which your ear was wont to listen; that lovely life to you so justly dear; by all so honored and so missed. Let faith and hope with thankful joy dwell upon what that dear life now is in the spirit land, and what that form will be ere long, when the voice of Jesus, "the Resurrection and the Life," shall call it from its quiet sleep.

"Though Love may weep with breaking heart,
There comes, O Christ, a day of thine,
There is a Morning Star must shine,
And all these shadows shall depart."

"Though Hope seem now to have hoped in vain,
And Death seem king of all below,
There yet shall come the morning glow,
And wake our slumberer once again."

"O, glorious hour," hasten to us on thy winged-way, that we may hear this welcome call. That this corruptible may put on incorruption, and this mortal may be clothed with its immortality; that the poor dust, so dear to us fain would we it were inurned in these hearts, may be fashioned like unto the glorious body of its Redeemer. And soon we know surely so it shall be, "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so also them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." O, then comfort yourselves, ye desolate widows, ye twice fatherless children, comfort yourselves with these heaven-sent words of cheer. Refresh your fevered, fainting souls with this good news from that far-off land, whither the

beatified spirit of husband, father, grandsire is gone, and now sees the King in his beauty, whilst on harp of gold he sweetly sings His praise.

“O, had He asked us, well we know
 We should cry, O spare this blow!
 Yes, with streaming tears should pray,
 ‘Lord, we love him, let him stay.’
 But the Lord doth naught amiss,
 And since He hath ordered this,
 We have naught to do but still
 Rest in silence on His will.”

To the Church of which our brother was so long a member and ruler, God has spoken in most solemn and instructive tones. This stroke may well arouse the negligent, the slothful, the worldly, the backsliding, if such there be among us. Yes, it may startle us all with the question of self-searching import, “What if I had been in his stead?” “What testimony would I have left in my life to the value of the Christian name and profession?” “What would such a death have been to me, quick and joyous summons to glory; or sudden dismissal from vain hopes and slighted privileges to sheer, unutterable despair?” Oh, beloved, stricken flock, “Hear ye the rod and who hath appointed it.” “Let us search and try our ways and turn again to the Lord. Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens. We have transgressed and rebelled.” * * Yet “the Lord will not cast off forever: but though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies.”

To the young men of Louisville, in whom Mr. Garvin took

so deep an interest that they might acquit themselves worthily, a single word must at this time suffice. You have been permitted to enjoy an example of the noblest type. A model after which, if you fail to copy, methinks you will prove yourselves unworthy your manhood. See in this truest of friends an illustration of the Apostle's declaration, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is; and of that which is to come." See how superior sobriety is to dissipation; diligence in business to slothfulness and wasteful pleasures. See the advantage in this world of decision of purpose and fixedness of principle, of integrity, candor, and a high sense of honor. Above all, see the value, the inestimable value of early religious instruction, and of the consecration of the dew and strength of youth and manhood to the study, love, and imitation of Jesus of Nazareth. And should you at any time be tempted to indulge in the skeptic's fling or the scoffer's jest at the Christian's faith and hope, let the remembrance of these solemn scenes which you witness to-day rebuke and stay your madness. And if, as your thoughts are now turned in pleasing meditation upon the triumphant goal and term of the good man's life, you should say to yourselves, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his;"—be persuaded at once to begin to live the life of the righteous man. Bring the talents God has given you for usefulness, and let Jesus sanctify them by His blood, that so by them you may win true glory, honor, and immortality.

To those in this assembly who have been the associates of Mr. Garvin in business—to the companions of his early man-

hood, the endeared friends of a ripe old age, to which now, by the sparing mercy of God, you are arrived. You who have admired the grand compactness and symmetry of his character, beautified as it was by Christian grace; you who found so much delight in his genial laugh in hours of relaxation from daily toil, and to whom his tender sympathy was so soothing and bracing in hours when disaster and sickness and death have bidden laughter go away, and scared sleep and rest alike from your bed-chambers—to you, after all I have already said, it needs only that I should add but one single word more. Dear friends, to you the time is short,

“Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what its worth, ask death-beds.”

Ask those, who, on that sad night which robbed us of so rich a jewel, would have given worlds for one brief hour to prepare to meet their God. “The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness.” In Jesus of Nazareth, William Garvin’s Lord and Saviour, alone that way is found. Come then to Jesus—Oh come just now. Remember,

“He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.”

And be assured, for I know it well, the “heart’s desire and prayer to God” for him you mourn, for every one of you was “that you might be saved.”

Brethren of the Church Session, God has made a sore breach upon our small, but hallowed circle. Much indeed shall we miss our fellow-watchman whilst we keep our vigils on these

walls of Zion, during the night-time that yet remains to us. But we cannot complain that the Good Master has sent for him and given him rest from watch and ward. Let us seek out diligently and by prayer, for those to whom the Head of the church will give wisdom and grace to take the oversight of His flock, as one and another of our number shall be called to join our brother, and lay down our holy office at the feet of the Chief Shepherd and Bishop of souls. And let us renew our zeal and diligence and gird up our loins and hasten forward in our work and be always ready as servants that wait for their Lord; not knowing at what hour he will call for us.

“Ye who your Lord’s commission bear
His way of mercy to prepare:
ANGELS He calls ye: be your strife
To lead on earth an angel’s life.
Think not of rest; though dreams be sweet,
Start up, and ply your heavenward feet.
Is not God’s oath upon your head,
Ne’er to sink back on slothful bed,
Never again your loins untie,
Nor let your torches waste and die,
Till, when the shadows thickest fall,
Ye hear your MASTER’S midnight call?”

That call, may we, and all who with us this day mourn our brother, be ready joyfully to hear and gladly welcome.

“AND THE PEACE OF GOD, WHICH PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING KEEP YOUR HEARTS AND MINDS THROUGH CHRIST JESUS.”
AMEN!

H Y M N .

[The following is the beautiful hymn read at the burial of Mr. Garvin.]

Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains their spirits pour;
O, why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, but gone before.

Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share
Who are not lost, but gone before.

To Zion's peaceful courts above,
In faith triumphant, may we soar;
Embracing in the arms of love
The friends not lost, but gone before.

To Jordan's bank, whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus, convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.