

Chance" or "Fixed Fate," and this is modern scientific faith, on what is termed "a philosophic basis." We are content to read the mysteries of redemption in the page of Revelation, and the mysteries of wisdom, of goodness and eternal mercy in the wide spread pages of nature and of Providence. The best and wisest of the sons of men have borne witness to the truth, that the Lord reigneth be the people never so impatient, and thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory, such evidence is not wanting even in those trying times in which our lot has been cast. Just now, we have reached a period of the deepest silence,—a period of which it would be figuratively true in the future historian, were he to describe it in the very language of Apocalypse and say, "there was silence in the earth about the space of half an hour." Do we ask what are the causes of this unprecedented gloom? Why are the marts of commerce deserted? Instead of business topics, men without any particular volition of their own talk "Death." It is not with the value of stocks, but the value of lives—nay the value of *one* life, that the world is at present concerned. The great cities of civilization have put on the habiliments of mourning. The fleet messengers of commerce stand still. Sudden paralysis has fallen upon the world of pleasure. Justice takes the blind from off her eyes to witness humanity in mourning—Meteor stars mark the strange event, and angel bands take note of the deep sighs that swell from loving hearts, and heaven itself must be touched to its eternal depths by such a marvellous manifestation of human sympathy and human sorrow—No need to ask the cause—"Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

The name of President Garfield shall stand conspicuous on the brightest bead-roll of human excellence and human