

right nobly was it maintained until nature itself fell broken in the contest.

And now, in the dim religious light, so appropriate to a scene like this—what forms are those which, with stately step and reverent mien bow themselves around the simple bier of Columbia's chief magistrate? These are men who wear imperial crowns as old as history itself—not now in the trappings of regal pomp, but in the far more courtly garments of members of the common brotherhood of humanity. Imperialist and Republican, Autocrat and Democrat, Whig and Tory, Pope and Presbyter, Cardinal and Elder, High Church and Low Church, men who believe in Apostolic Succession, and men who believe it to be a myth; the red-hot Anglican and the sturdy Puritan; the pious Bishop and the no less pious Disciple, all pay homage to this spirit of departed worth, making one long for the time when "man to man the world o'er shall brothers be," and when on the ruins of the present discordant existence there shall be built, upon the firm basis of freedom, harmony and love, a society dominated by a Christian proletariat in which there shall be a race of such men as Garfield.

Neighbours as we are, and intimately connected with the States by ties of commerce and friendship, it is natural that we should "weep with those that weep," and that the voice of our sympathy should be wafted to them upon every passing breeze. Right too, and graceful, that this Ancient Capital, once the scene of painful events, interesting to both countries, should capitulate under the pressure of this universal sorrow, and that love, sympathy and freedom should now unite to weave a garland with which to bind the mourning standards in a covenant of everlasting peace and amity. And as we troop the colors at the grave