

for a moment arrested, a right arm was lifted towards heaven, and a voice clear and steady, loud and distinct, spoke out: "Fellow citizens—clouds and darkness are round about him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. Justice and judgment are the establishment of his throne! Mercy and truth shall go before His face! Fellow citizens—God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives." The effect was tremendous. The crowd stood riveted to the ground in awe, gazing at the motionless orator, and thinking of God and his Providence over the government and the nation. As the boiling waves subside and settle to the sea when strong winds beat them back, so the tumult of the people sank and became still. As the rod draws the electricity from the air, and conducts it safely to the ground, so this man had drawn the fury from that frantic crowd, and guided it to more tranquil thoughts than those of "vengeance." It was a heaven inspired burst of eloquence which exorcised the foul demons of revenge and misguided fury. This is the orator whose towering column lies broken to-day almost at its base. This the man, who emerging from obscurity taught the world that there are great and noble lives to be found among all ranks of a free people. The name of "Garfield" will shed an undying lustre on the Presidential chair, for he brought to it the very highest consecrated form of American manhood. The splendour of his position was only second to the splendour of his own worth. Amid the storms with which he battled for eighty days, he himself sat in all the majesty of a conscious calm, and while the world held its breath in suspense and wonder, the mighty conflict proceeded without the slightest abatement of courage. It was a conscious fight against tremendous odds—it was literally a death struggle, and