

them. Who will say that death is not an act of greater self-denial to day, than it was two thousand years ago, when there was humanly speaking, so much less to live for, and when earth was not so keen a rival of heaven.

On the other hand we see, in strange and startling contrast with the progress of civilization, the perpetuation, among a large class of people, of the old barbarism, in which all that is material in our manhood is recognized and appreciated, while the intellectual and spiritual is ignored. Hidden beneath the surface of respectable and self-respecting society, where there is apparently so much of serenity, satisfaction and security, there are dark depths of stagnating ignorance, and sluggish currents of fermenting vice. The minds of the masses are not at rest, and great upheavals may stir the nations in the near future. Agitating forces are surely, though perhaps slowly, accumulating, and it is for the leaders of popular governments to say whether they shall blindly break forth to the destruction of the best interests of the people, or wisely conducted to harmless, or even useful issues.

Looking at it in this way we see two sides to the terrible tragedy which culminated in the death of President Garfield. On one side we see the old barbarism which regards a life, no matter how precious it may be to its possessor and his friends, as a mere trifle to be swept aside, when it interferes with the interests of a party, or a person. The representative of the ignorance, envy, and unrest of the seething socialism that hurls defiance against law and order, appears in the person of the murderer. Impatient, impracticable and visionary, it would reach its dreadful destination through seas of the noblest blood and beneath the rain of a nation's tears. On the other hand a grief stricken and outraged people, the source and support of all constituted authority, mourn over the death of their most