

" He has sounded forth his trumpet that shall never call retreat ;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his Judgment-seat ;  
Be swift, my soul, to answer Him ; be jubilant, my feet,  
For God is marching on."

And thus we strew our deceased brother's grave, not with the dead flowers of the Finite, but with the luxuriant foliage of the Infinite. We stand in the mystic circle of immortal hope, and with the eye of faith we penetrate into the land of rest—the habitation of the Saints of the Most High, who dwelleth in the light that is unapproachable. It is a land without shadows. The burnished gold of the streets of the New Jerusalem shall never be dimmed by a falling tear. No weary feet shall pass within the pearly gates. The sorrows and sighing and death of this nether world shall be swallowed up in the unspeakable glory to be revealed hereafter. Sleep on then and rest, thou man of worthy memory ; thy ashes—wet by a nation's tears—shall be cherished in the Sacred Urn of a world-wide sympathy, and the lives of men and women yet unborn shall be lighted to the performance of great deeds by the moral heroism of James Abram Garfield and his hardly less heroic wife.