

Clearness of perception and unerring judgment were also prominent traits in Mr. Massey's character. He was not to be imposed upon in matters of business. Familiar with all the details of his work, and blessed with an exceedingly retentive memory, he was never at a loss when important matters were to be decided; and when the decision was made, it was made once for all. With him there was no wavering, no turning back; when he had concluded a bargain his part was carried out if within the limits of human possibility. He seemed to bear with him a sort of personal magnetism which attracted many friends. This attractiveness may have lain simply in his goodness of heart and his gentle and modest bearing to all, high or low, who came in contact with him. Whatever it was, whether it lay hidden in his soft and lustrous eye, or in the delicate lines of his face, we cannot pretend to say; but that he possessed this power in a remarkable degree is certain. Rough, strong men, unaccustomed to tears, wept like children when he died. Men of business visiting his office, and coming suddenly upon his empty chair, have turned away incapable of speech and left their business undone. These and innumerable other evidences of the strong feelings entertained for him we cannot linger over now, however lovingly we might desire to do so, and we must hasten to the end.

It is sad beyond expression to think of a life of such promise so suddenly cut short. What a future stretched away before him! Had he chosen to enter the arena where worldly fame and power are the prizes contended for, there can be no doubt that he would have won high distinction, not alone by his talents and abilities, but also on account of those qualities of heart and mind which are sure passports to the love of all good men. He chose, however, as many other noble souls have chosen, to walk in the subdued light of a comparatively restricted sphere, rather than beneath the blazing sun. And who shall say that he did not choose well? His has been no aimless life. Though his career was short, he has left the marks of his progress on every foot of ground—monuments nobler far than many having their foundations in human misery, cemented by the blood of husbands and of sons, wet with the tears of the widow and the orphan—monuments of enterprise rewarded—courage triumphant, duty well done, a stainless life, a calm and fearless death, a memory which shall be kept green in a thousand hearts until they, too, shall lie down in the silence and darkness of the grave.