

has passed away from the scenes of his trials, his toils, his triumphs and disappointments. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well. He is at peace, and the passions, the resentments, the slanders and the tempests of the world, can never more disturb his repose. And now it only remains for us to do justice to his splendid memory and to profit by the example of his pure life. I have been chosen as one among others more worthy, to cast a few flowers upon his honored grave. The task is a solemn one and I undertake it with feelings of melancholy pleasure.

George B. Smith was my friend, my trusted, intimate, honored friend. In his honor and integrity I placed the most implicit confidence and was never betrayed. When trouble and sorrow overtook me, and I felt myself sinking beneath the submerging waves of misfortune, I always found his rescuing hand outstretched ready to save. During twenty-five years we have been friends, and during that long period of time, no intentionally unkind act or harsh spoken word interrupted or marred the harmony of our affectionate intercourse.

The contribution I have to make to his memory, will be an offering of pure friendship. If there is anything in his life to criticise, I shall not perform the task. I owe him nothing but gratitude. If he committed errors and made mistakes, I shall not attempt to point them out. On the contrary, it would be far more congenial to my inclinations to draw the veil of impenetrable oblivion over them all, for now while I write here in the deep seclusion of my own room, my mental vision takes a retrospective journey over the long pathway of the unforgotten past, and oh, how often does grateful memory pause to water with its tears the flowers of friendship which his generous hand planted all along the way? In his death the public have suffered a great loss, and I have my share in that, but besides, and far beyond all that, it touches me in a much nearer and deeper sense as a "fee grief." I bore for him a deep and abiding affection. Had he been connected with me by the closest ties of consanguinity I could not have loved him more.

In entering upon my chosen task of writing something as a tribute of respect to the memory of our noble friend, a feel-