

journeyings toward the sunrise lands would be incomplete without some reference to that overwhelming sorrow which shadowed my homeward way, and the tidings of which fell like a personal bereavement on so many thousand hearts and homes. And though

"He bears a truer crown
Than any wreath that we can weave him ;"

yet this simple *In Memoriam* is affection's homage to departed worth. His is one of the few "immortal names that were not born to die," and though we shall no more hear his burning and electric words, yet the spiritual sentiments and noble lessons that fell from his pen and from his lips will live forever in our hearts, and be the constant inspiration to a higher and holier life.

"Offer thy life on the altar ;
In the high purpose be strong ;
And if the tired spirit should falter,
Then sweeten thy labor with song.
What if the poor heart complaineth,
Soon shall its wailing be o'er ;
For there in the rest that remaineth
It shall grieve and shall weary no more.

"Then work ! brothers, work ! let us slumber no longer,
For God's call to labor grows stronger and stronger ;
The light of this life shall be darkened full soon,
But the light of the better life resteth at noon."

—*Punshon's Pilgrim's Song.*

THE END.