

knew him better, will not forget how, in the vigor of health and in the possession of a tender, honest, and enlightened conscience, his one ambition was to make the best of himself and the most of the splendid opportunities with which he was favored, and for which he did not forget to thank a Providence specially kind; and how, when prostrated in sickness, when the future for him was only a vista of possibilities beyond the present pain, he could let go one after another of those plans so dearly cherished, accept God as the Master of the scenes and tell us, in lulls of keenest suffering, that it is not for us to choose the part we shall act.

That vista, for us, narrowed and darkened until it closed in the gloom of the tomb; but for him, it grew broader and brighter, until it shone with the light of the Eternal City.

“ Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour ;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent
dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.”