

had ever been done before, he lies down to rest—to die.

“Most fittingly did his brother explorers give his name to this spot, the farthest land north trod by human foot. Lockwood Island shall stand, as long as the earth endures, amid the awful wastes and silence of these mysterious regions, as the monument of this brave young soldier. A child of the Church, the subject of ceaseless prayer—of yours, of mine, of his family—we trust that his spirit, chastened and exalted by the hardships he endured, winged its flight from the inhospitable land that refused sustenance to his body, and now rests and waits in the paradise of God. We mingle our tears with his father’s and his mother’s, and with those of all who loved him; but out of the deep we rejoice in the record he has left behind of devotion to duty even unto death. Surely no life is short in which so much is done, or in vain that gives such instruction and such inspiration to other lives. In conclusion, let us not cast away our faith in God, because of the mysteries and trials and sufferings of life.”

THE END.