

he goes about from place to place, alone, unguided, getting a hearing where he can. I remember once overtaking him on the road near home. He was walking along briskly, feeling the way before him with his cane, and humming to himself a happy little Irish song. Once a year he came to spend a few days with us. He has a great many friends who feel honored to have him in their homes. His prayer at family worship is beautiful beyond words. It seems first to speak of all of God's birds that sing, and His flowers that send up their incense; then leaving this world it soars to the throne of the Eternal and sings its song of praise there. His whole heart's love has been given to God. When you rise from your knees, you feel that 'earth is crammed with heaven.' I cannot think where he has spent these last five years. Dear me! how white his hair is! I fear the great lion-heart will beat in a wider world one day soon. But not yet. He'll do some work this winter among those old grumblers in the Home, and chuckle over it. But ah! his leave-taking will be his last triumph here. Already I fancy I hear his shout of victory.

“The journey is done, and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall.
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forbore
And bade me creep past.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then Thy breast
O Thou Soul of my soul! I shall clasp Thee again,
And with God be the rest.”*

“But see! That last little bit of glory over Cape Rich is all that's left us. We must go in, it's getting chilly. Here's my street. See you in the morning—Auf Wiedersehen.”

*Browning, *Prospice*.

Of Studies.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse, and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business. . . . To spend too much time in studies is sloth, to use them too much for ornament is affectation, to make judgment only by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect Nature, and are perfected by experience. For natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too