

They buried him in the quiet little churchyard among the green trees, far from the sound of the mighty waters he had loved so well. There he sleeps peacefully where young flowers bloom upon the grassy soil, and tuneful birds sing anthems by the sailor's grave. Surely he did not bear his sorrows in vain, but will not the record of his exemplary patience strengthen others to bear their appointed trials, looking to the end, in joyful anticipation of a rest and a reward.

DYING WORDS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

NO. IV.—“I THANK GOD I HAVE DONE MY DUTY.”—LORD NELSON.

Loud pealed the mighty cannon,
 The furious notes of war,
 Amid the dashing breakers
 On the field of Trafalgar;
 Where England's gallant sailors,
 For England's glory fought,
 And the red-cross banner floated
 O'er the desolation wrought.

Home went each winged death-shot
 To every foeman's heart,
 Till a host of noble warriors
 Had fought life's latest part;
 But there came a sweeping broadside,
 Which shook the gallant deck,
 And the flower of Britain's sailors
 Lay dying 'mid the wreck.

That shot called forth the life-blood
 As it rent the trembling air,
 Of the Hero of the battle,
 The master spirit there:
 And NELSON'S voice was silent,
 As they bore his form away,
 From the scene of fearful combat
 That marked that glorious day.

Rest for the warrior spirit,
 Calm for the victor's breast,
 He is sleeping on his laurels,
 By his grateful country blessed.
 Such visions passed before him,
 As his fainting voice was heard,
 Contrasting strangely with the tones
 That gave the rallying word.