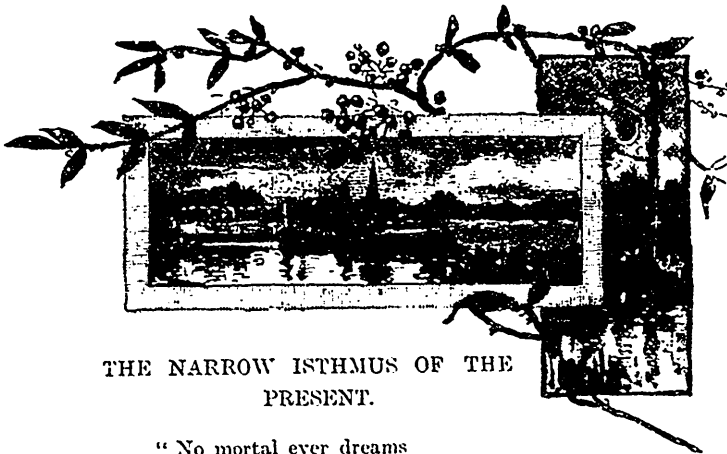


dinary. "His letters to Lord Chesterfield and to James Macpherson," says Dr. George Birkbeck, "are not surpassed by any in our language."

We must hasten to close our theme. Our visions pass more rapidly, but not less palpably, before us. We see him standing bare-headed in the rain at Uttoxeter market-place, to atone for his youthful disobedience. We see him in the London street at night, stooping under the weight of the unconscious magdalen, whom he is bearing to a place of safety. We see him inscribing his last filial message to his mother in her fatal illness, or comforting the querulousness of his singularly consorted household, or befriending the poet Goldsmith, when detained for debt; and, in every case, earning the joy of benevolent service—"the luxury of doing good." In all these situations he has convinced us of his membership in that great humane

brotherhood who shall be beloved among men, and whose name shall be recorded in the book that is kept by angels. He has taught us that the real welfare of our life consists not in rank, or wealth, or the facility for pleasurable indulgence, but in virtue, in piety, in benevolence. For has he not written these truths, and does not his life give emphasis to the propriety of his sentiment?—

"Pour forth thy fervours for a healthy mind,
Obedient passions and a will resigned;
For Love, which scarce collective man can
fill;
For Patience, sovereign o'er transmuted
ill;
For Faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heaven
ordain;
These goods He grants, who grants the
power to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the
mind,
And makes the happiness she does not
find."



THE NARROW ISTHMUS OF THE
PRESENT.

"No mortal ever dreams
That the scant isthmus he encamps upon
Between two oceans, one, the Stormy, passed,
And one, the Peaceful, yet to venture on,
Has been that future whereto prophets yearned
For the fulfilment of earth's cheated hope,
Shall be that past which nerveless poets mean
As the lost opportunity of song."

—In Lowell's "Cathedral."