

that, which to him was in the place of clergyman, parent, or friend, was the Bible,—the Bible given to him by his Mother. From that well he cooled his parched lips with the waters of salvation. From that fountain he derived the strength, which sustained his fortitude while the world was closing around him, and the disinterested and holy feeling, which induced him to regard his approaching death as *a dreadful disappointment of the fond hopes* of his parents, rather than his own personal affliction. He sorrowed for them, and not for himself. But this was consistent with the whole tenor of his existence. From his earliest years he had never been denied a wish, for he had never expressed one, which it would have been wrong to gratify. Frugal in expense,—generous in disposition,—charitable in word, as well as deed,—dutiful and affectionate to his parents, to whom “he never occasioned any grief but what they experienced at his death,”*—the tender monitor of his younger brothers,—lively and humorous without a grain of satire in his composition,—without guile, without a fault visible to human eye,—he has left a memory in the heart of every one who knew him, which will always be associated with their dearest yet most painful recollections.

Nor did his warm and grateful feelings confine themselves within his own domestic circle. To his Masters, and the Institution at which he was educated he felt a strong attachment, and displayed more enthusiasm in giving expression to

* The words of *Anthony Stokes*, Chief Justice of Georgia, in his Preface, to the *Constitutions of the Colonies*.