

we are likely to find a lesson for more than one circumstance of our own.

When a good man dies, we are generally led to look upon the event as a calamity to us, a serious loss to the neighbourhood where he has lived—to the church, and to the family. Yet, by preserving the memory of such, the loss will be considerably diminished, and “the memory of the just” will be blessed to us. We are far from supposing that, because a friend, therefore we should rush into print, and make every possible effort to canonize an unfaithful man; and we are as far from thinking it just, to ourselves, our children, or the Church, to refuse the reproduction of a life which cannot fail to be of service to us all. Nor does it seem a reason of sufficient importance because a man was not wonderfully distinguished for surpassing eloquence in the Pulpit, or at the Bar, or on the floor of the Senate, that, therefore there is nothing in his life worth retaining.

One of the most distinguishing traits in the character of a man is simple, undisguised, yet unfeigned, goodness of heart and life; and perhaps it is not going too far, or implying too much of condemnation towards our common humanity, to say that this is one of the rarest accomplishments of the present age, and therefore worthy of being preserved.

The subject of these pages was not a great man, in the popular sense of the term. He was no illustrious military general, no nation's favorite poet, no burning seraph whose overpowering eloquence moved the nations,