

I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these, our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

One by one the days went by. His favorite oxen were driven towards his window, that the dying man might once more look into the loving eyes of his poor dumb friends. At last the day came on the morning of which with prophetic instinct he exclaimed: "I shall die to-night!" Before the next day dawned, in the midst of his family, in his old home of Marshfield by the sea, with the ocean roaring up the beach, and with dying lips slowly breathing those words, "I still live," more glorious in their meaning than he dreamed, the great soul passed away.