

hunger for final rest. At home and abroad, his mind turned much to his favorite bard's picture of a sunlit land, "that reckes not of tempest nor of fight."

The Home of fadeless splendor,  
Of flowers that fear no thorn,  
Where they shall dwell as children,  
Who here as exiles mourn.  
Midst power that knows no limit,  
And wisdom free from bound,  
The beatific vision  
Shall glad the saints around ;  
The peace of all the faithful,  
The calm of all the blest,  
Inviolatè, unvaried,  
Divinest, sweetest, best.  
Yes, peace ! for war is needless,—  
Yes, calm ! for storm is past,—  
And goal from finished labor,  
And anchorage at last.  
That peace,—but who may claim it ?  
The guileless in their way,  
Who keep the ranks of battle,  
Who mean the thing they say :  
The peace that is for heaven,  
And shall be too for earth :  
The palace that re-echoes  
With festal song and mirth.

Often in the home circle we heard him read those lines. When we travelled with him we caught echoes of them in his casual reflections ; and it was astonishing how often the sentiment reappeared in his correspondence. An appreciative account of a devotional gathering which he had attended at Mer-