

"But still further, there was a beauty in his life which carried even those who knew him but casually and slightly into a new range of feeling, not merely of admiration, but of affection, and which, in all who knew him well, was transformed into a tender and venerating love.

"A former colleague of his said to me many years ago, 'Parkes has but one fault—if fault it may be called—that he cannot believe that there is anyone in this world not as good as himself.' Another early friend and colleague said to me quite recently, 'He was nearer to perfection than any man I ever met with.' A pupil of his, and one of my present colleagues, said to me some years ago, 'I never went round the wards of the hospital with Dr. Parkes without wishing to be a better man, and not only so, but I felt that I might become such.'

"No nobler testimonies than these can be borne to any teacher, any man. To create the desire for goodness, and to inspire the hope and belief that it may be approximated, even if not attained to the degree that he had reached, is that beyond which human character can scarcely pass. Not many hours before his death I told him of what my colleague had said, and his reply was, 'Thank you, very much, I cannot tell you how it cheers me.' And then he closed his eyes, and lay back upon his pillow, and said 'Farewell.' His face was calm and peaceful, and he said, 'I shall sleep.' I watched him for a few moments as he lay, with closed eyes and tranquil look, and thought that nothing so beautiful I had ever seen. White as the pillow on which his head was resting, there was more than ideal beauty in his face, for it was the real and still living clothing of the heart and mind of one whose memories of past and blameless life had given him perfect peace, and whose faultless heart was strengthened by, as he told me, his confident belief in the Eternal Life. In the combination of moral, mental, and physical beauty, Dr. Parkes was to my knowledge never equalled, to my belief cannot be surpassed. Pure as a sunbeam, strong as a man, tender as a woman, keen as any scientist to unravel the hidden mysteries of life in its minutest detail of chemical and physiological research, yet practical in the application of his knowledge to the cleansing of a drain or the lightening of a knapsack, he made the world much richer by his life, much poorer by his death. I can wish for you nothing better in this world than to live as he has lived, honoured and beloved by all who knew him, and to die as he has died, to the sorrow of those whom he and you may leave behind, but yet a sorrow tempered and softened by the gratitude we ought to feel that "such as these have lived and died."

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