

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

Although the distinctive features in the character of Mr. Marks stand out with prominence upon the surface of the preceding history, still there are a few incidents not introduced into the body of the work, which perhaps present those distinctive features in a still bolder light.

One distinguishing characteristic, as has been already seen, was his untiring industry. Perhaps no man ever lived who set a greater value upon his time. Seldom, if ever, could he take up the lamentation, "I have lost a day!" if indeed he could say, "I have lost an hour!" The following incidents will illustrate this point, and also exemplify his particularity in the most trivial things which infringed upon his moments. On one occasion, a few months before his death, an inmate of his house blew out his candle without saturating the wick with the tallow, as was his custom in order to make it ignite more readily. The next morning, he said to the individual, very solemnly, "Do you know that you have robbed me of one minute of my precious time?" "How," was the response. "It took me one minute longer than usual to light my candle, in consequence of the manner in which you extinguished it last night." Having, in early life, severely tasked and disciplined his mind by study and intense thinking in the midst of company, he suffered little annoyance from calls, even when pressed with labor. After explaining the importance of his engagements, to those who called, and apologizing for his seeming want of attention, he would request them to converse just as they would if he were disengaged. He would then resume his writing or reading, and at the same time carry on his share of the conversation. From his eminently social disposition, he enjoyed society with the keenest relish, but he never suffered himself to indulge in visits to his friends, only so far as he thought he could promote their spiritual interests. When urged to spend more time with them, he would say to them, if they were Christians, "Soon we shall have an eternity to visit in." As he seldom laid aside his books when riding, on account of a storm, they would often get injured; and if any one suggested that it was not good economy to use books thus, he would reply by giving his valuation in money of one, two, or more hours' study, and then the cost of the book, and according to his estimate, the pecuniary advantage was much in his favor. His reading was always of the solid kind. He had no moments to waste on the ephemeral productions of the press. He remarked not long before his death, that he had never read a novel. Life with him was too serious to waste on such trifles. His mind, trained to such activity in his waking moments, was often in his hours of sleep occupied with the