

rises calm and trusting, as though nought but blessings surrounded him.

Another striking characteristic of Howard was his indomitable courage—not only physical but moral courage. He was a hero in the true sense of the word. To-day sending consternation over the court circle of the Emperor of Austria, by his bold denunciation of his cruelty to prisoners—to-morrow carrying terror into a convent of monks who had feasted him, by his stern rebuke of their extravagance and dissipation. Now refusing the invitation of the Czar of Russia to his court, and anon uninvited entering the most deadly pest-houses of Europe, and again calmly standing on the leaking deck of his helpless and storm-tossed vessel, he moves before us like a being of another sphere, a being not subject to our weaknesses, nor daunted by those dangers that appal the stoutest heart.

In those twelve years he had hazarded all that man can hazard, and apparently fulfilled all that heaven demanded of him. But his warm and generous spirit could not long bear the irksomeness of inaction, and the next year he goes on a mission which, for hardihood and boldness, made all his former perils appear light and worthless. He had thoroughly explored the prison-world, and no more remained there for him to learn, and he therefore determined to meet the *plague*—that scourge of Southern Europe. He had dived into the deepest and darkest dungeons, and now he would enter the lazarettos, and breathe their deadly atmosphere.

It is evident that he himself, when he resolved on this undertaking, had but little expectation of surviving it. He therefore arranged all his worldly affairs as if about to die, and refused to let his faithful servant, Thomason, the companion of so many perils, accompany him. Like the Apostle, he went alone, not knowing what should befall him, but willing, if so decreed, to die in a loathsome plague-house, and be buried.

Passing through Italy and Malta, he finally set sail direct for the "cities of the plague." In Smyrna he first came in contact with this terror and scourge of Asia. From thence he went to Constantinople, where he remained a month or more, spending his whole time among the sick and diseased. The smitten wretches fell and died by his side, he stood over the fetid corpse, and walked unhurt amid the most deadly places of the city. He went into the most loathsome pest-houses where no servant, interpreter, or even physician could be prevailed upon to accompany him. From these dreadful exposures he always