

. We can scarcely find a better example than in Gustav Rose of the joy from a growing knowledge of nature lasting to the evening of life. Looking back over his long life, he saw how many dark paths of science had been followed out and made clear. This filled him with delight and high hope. "You will yet have more light," he said to the young. "Much must perish, but science will continue to increase." He saw his co-workers and best friends, Mitscherlich, Magnus, Haidinger, above all, his brother Heinrich, called from their work. Their departure and his increasing loneliness filled him with pain. Still he rejoiced in the thought of how much science had been advanced by the common efforts of his departed friends. Thus his spirit exhibited the uncommon spectacle of augmenting cheerfulness to life's close. Three years since it was decided to celebrate his "Doktor-Jubiläum," on the occasion of his completing a half century as an instructor. He never sought honors, but nevertheless all honors fell to his share. When he was made Knight of the Order *pour la mérite*, he considered the distinction too great for him.

Imperishable is the memory which Gustav Rose has left. Not only imperishable, but a memory that is living and active in the hearts of all who knew him. In his science and his many-sided relations to life, he had no enemy, no opponent, no envy, no evil-wisher to disturb him. He lived in a profound peace, of which his eyes were the speaking witness, whose peculiar soulful outlook astonished all with whom he spoke. What is often so hard to the best men, to live in peace and friendship, was allowed to him. As he always strove to judge from a sense of the good, the true and the beautiful, so he expected the same judgment from others. He recognized in the efforts of others only the good. If words and deeds did not accord with his views, he did not attribute to others evil motives—and thus he won to himself the love and respect of all who came in contact with him.

Gustav Rose, in his life, as well as in his science, has left us an example hard to imitate. Until the 11th of July he still gave his lectures. Notwithstanding his great debility,—feeling, he says, "as if I had climbed the "Hummerich" and the "Löwenburg,"—he wrote in the evening a long scientific letter, closing with the words "Rest will do us good; we will go again to our old quarters in Friedrichshafen; would we were there now!" Scarcely had he closed the letter when he was seized with a chill,