

but a competence which provides the opportunity for idleness without the stimulation of a large fortune is often accountable for that result. He became a citizen of the world. He had acquaintances in every capital in Europe. Denationalized, he drifted with the tide of travel, north in the spring, south in the autumn, like a derelict. He made a collection of musical manuscripts and spent hours at a time over those brought to him for sale, passing his smooth fingers over the papers and holding them to the light, in search of fraud. His luminous skin became sallow and the brightness faded from his eyes, but his grace had become polish and his epigrams left a sting. He died at middle age, unmarried, in Vienna.

In his will he left ten thousand dollars as the nucleus for a public library in his native town, and grateful citizens gave his name to the building when completed, adding to the sum yearly with such enthusiasm as to produce healthful emulation in neighboring towns.

Many a hospital, asylum, school, mission, library, is the outward form of an inward remorse, of a baffled hope, of a revenge upon thwarted heirs, of a bitter disappointment, of an atonement for a fault buried deep in the heart. The stones cannot speak, but there are hungers and tragedies in them. The symbol, redeemed from its dark birth by its contact with human needs is a source of refreshment, health and joy, as the sewage water of a great city is