

plastic and so promising, is not an unhappy thing to look back upon. In achieving a work of such magnitude as is here going forward, mistakes and follies have been committed. But it is the rounded life of a man, that must form the basis of the estimate of his success or failure. At the final accounting, perhaps, it will be what he has done, or tried to do, for his fellow-man, rather than what he has done for himself, by which he will be judged. By that standard, on Staten Island as elsewhere, the writer of these lines will be content to abide the verdict.

THE END.