

I would fain spare you and spare myself that detail; but it is interesting amidst its sorrows,—it is instructive in its mournfulness,—yes, it is gladdening amidst its gloom. Here, then, we are reminded of the youth whom God had endued with faculties and powers of no common order,—passing through the ordeal of boyhood's trial, and stepping upon the threshold of youth with brows enwreathed with the brightest crowns of academic honors. The walk of future life is chosen, and the eye looks ardently forward to the goal. But in an unexpected moment death aims his shaft, and the arrow rankles amidst the life-springs. Human assiduities, parental care,—all, all are anxiously employed to revive the decaying strength and recruit the shattered frame. The most devoted and most skilful efforts failing, the more genial skies and balmy airs of southern climes are thought of, as the possible restorer of the sinking energies and weakened constitution. The wide ocean is crossed; distant lands are traversed; and a retreat is sought where milder skies and softer seasons promise renovation to the declining strength. For a time hope is buoyant, and the prospects of restoration to health are inspiriting. Every message from that distant land to the loved ones of home breathes the tone of encouragement and the language of hope. But oh! the insatiate spoiler renews his fatal work; the planted shaft of death, whose sting for a time was felt not, cankers and consumes; disease, with sudden and fearful rapidity, increases; the strength is failing, the frame is sinking, and death is inevitably hastening on. But the thought of dying in a foreign land,—that the hands of strangers should close the dying eyes,—