

quality of his life. As a student he was unsurpassed in application and persistence. He was observant beyond the average; and gave every promise of entering on a life of usefulness and success. His was not of the meteoric type of intellect that flashes suddenly above the horizon and is consumed of its own misdirected efforts; rather more was it typified by the quiet, unobtrusive, never changing progress of the planet, creating no disturbance, attracting attention more by the majesty of its orbit.

But it is not as a student that we remember him, though as such he was pre-eminent; nor do we recall him as the head of certain movements or organizations, though in this his record is rarely equaled; but as a friend hearty and true, a friend in the sunshine, in the shade, in prosperity, in adversity.

“ Commend me to the friend that comes
When I am sad and lone,
And makes the anguish of my heart
The suffering of his own;
Who coldly shuns the glittering throng
At pleasure’s gay levee,
And comes to gild a somber hour
And give his heart to me.”

“ He flies not with the flitting stork
That seeks a southern sky,
But lingers where the wounded bird
Hath laid him down to die.
Oh, such a friend ! He is in truth
Whate’er his lot may be,
A rainbow on the storm of life,
An anchor on its sea.”