

cherished with grateful recollections. And if all things else be forgot, and no trace of him be left behind, these silent monitors will make green the faded recollection of him who was once remembered with gladness, and though all that was once mortal now lies buried beneath the sod, he yet lives, and "though dead, he yet speaketh." One who had been intimately acquainted with him for years, remarked to the writer that he never knew a more industrious student than John T. Swartz: "while his library, containing the works of Milton, Macaulay, Carlyle, Burns, Byron, Hood, Hume, Rollin, Longfellow, and a host of world wide authors, was adorned and supplied with a liberal hand, and used with unsparing mental effort."

But it is only when we enter the sacred precincts of the family circle, where cold formality has no seat, and where love and kindness go hand in hand, that we become conscious of the true worth of the man. Here, the unassuming and modest young man of society is transformed into the happy and affectionate husband. And as the "dear ones" he has left behind shall gather around the family altar, from day to day, to still offer up thanks to "Him who doeth all things well," though the seat of the absent one be vacant, and hushed be the voice of him who so often with them in years gone by sang the Songs of Zion, and led them in the "Family Prayer," still a fond mother, a kind father and a loving wife, looking into heaven with the eye of Faith, shall see him singing the praises of his Maker, and rejoicing in his Redeemer.

Nor will we, the companions of thy boyhood and sharer of thine early joys and sorrows, ever forget thee. Days, weeks, months and years shall pass away, and the monument commemorated to thee crumble to the dust, yet thy spirit shall be ever fresh within our memories.

"Brother, thou art gone before us,  
And thy saintly soul is flown,  
Where tears are wiped from every eye,  
And sorrow is unknown;  
From the burden of the flesh,  
And from care and sin released,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest."—*Millman.*