and lingering diseases, and contagious spread its foul and putrid fumes over thousands of persons. Here was a field suited to the humane and feeling heart—of comfort andanimation to the heart almost chilled by death's cold hand, and bring balm to the mournful soul the joys of better days.

What language is adequate to describe the good, the pure, and the just, which dare to contend alone against the chilling influence of a frozen-hearted world, and the stream of injustice? That heart which yielded up the calm retirement of a peaceful home and consented to sacrifice time, fortune, strength and life for the relief of destitute humanity. So single heart could expand the entire powers of his mind. In the beautiful language of Burke. He visited all Europe, not to survey the pompous magnificence of palaces or the stately masts of temples, not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art, not to collect medals or collate manuscripts, but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, despair, and death; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the disasters of all men in all countries.

He had himself tasted the bitter cup of adversity, and it seemed to set his sympathies on fire. Impressed with the importance of his designs and the uncertainty of human things, he learned to accomplish as much as possible within the narrow limits of human existence.

He followed up his plans with wonderful vigor and constancy, but by no means with that heat and eagerness, that inflamed