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his children and others, without a word—so that they *felt* his opinion. His silence was more eloquent than many words of other men, because there was more in him to be expressed, and his life expressed it without the need of words. How silently was his charity given—his sympathy with poverty and distress—in his own old age and weakness growing tenderer and tenderer towards the suffering and unfortunate! Sometimes in some small thing—the giving of coveted flower slips from his daughter's supply of plants to a negro, the taking warm flannel to a poor rheumatic woman, a gift of a hen to a poor creature who had little notice to expect, the pitying thought of an old negro woman, whose feebleness constantly appealed to him, making him troubled and anxious about her when he was comfortably wrapped a cold night, for fear she should suffer with cold, sending a man to haul and cut her wood, or going himself to do it, when he was so feeble that one of his daughters would accompany him to help. In small things and great, he showed the Christ-like image of love of duty and of the poor. In his old age the intensity of his sympathy and depth of affection for his children made his life broaden out into the channels of theirs, so that he lived in the life of each one. How we loved to please him—how sweet it was to feel that we mirrored his nature, so that in the things we said around him there was the familiar ring of his own humor. The most exquisite part of his fine nature was that turned to his beloved wife—worshipping, cherishing her with a strength that grew only stronger as the powers of life grew weaker. How much of pure and high chivalry there was in his constant care of her, his constant admiration and tenderness—the feeling that would make him think of her at the sight of all