

us to measure and realize how deep the grief and how irreparable the loss. Suddenly, and unexpectedly, and with blinding force came to me the words: "*George B. Smith is dead!*"

There was no warning, no chance for preparation, but like a blow from an unseen hand, came the dreadful tidings, so stunning that the surprised heart seemed to stand still in the extremity of painful astonishment.

In that fearful moment, what availed the clear sky, the bright sunshine, and the wealth of autumnal bloom? The transfixed mind in its great consternation, could discover no beauty and no cheer in these associations. Indeed the gladness that smiled so bountifully around, seemed like the mockery of derisive laughter. Clouds and darkness would have been more welcome, because in harmony with the gloom within.

But a few brief hours before the sad news reached me, that my noble friend was dead, I had heard with inexpressible satisfaction that he was rapidly convalescing; and this coupled with the fact that I had seen him upon the street only the night previous aggravated the shock of the blow. The solemn words dead! dead! dead! rung in my ears like a knell, and echoed and re-echoed through the chambers of my soul. Inscrutable, impenetrable, incomprehensible affliction. How could I have it so? How realize the painful truth, that he was really no more? How walk the streets and know that I should never again behold his massive face; bask in the sunny glow of his kindly smile, or feel the clasp of his friendly hand? It is indeed a hard truth to comprehend. And yet I know that it is so. The words have been spoken which cannot be recalled, and the irrevocable decree has gone forth, that dismisses my distinguished friend from the circles he has so long ornamented. Submission to the implacable decrees of overruling heaven, is a hard lesson to learn; but there is no avenue of escape left open, and we must bear the instruction of the Great Master, simply because there is no help for us, and no way to evade the stroke of the inevitable. Sooner or later, death must overtake all, and perhaps it would suit us poor mortals better if we could choose the time; but that privilege is denied us. Our illustrious friend is gone forever from our midst. He