

attested by the unspeakable sorrow of those who survive. Cato, who lived in an age when the state demanded the service of the highest talents, and when the charms of private life were obscured by the splendor of public station, declared that he would rather be a good husband than a great senator. Such was unquestionably the heartfelt sentiment of our deceased friend. No preferment, however flattering, no position, however exalted, no temptation, however gilded, could ever for one moment supplant in his mind and heart the purity, the happiness, the peace and love that centered around his own hearthstone.

Hon. George B. Smith was not afraid to die; he felt prepared for the great change. To an intimate and life-long friend, shortly after the last attack, he so expressed himself. He said it was a matter of very little consequence when a man died, if he had lived as he ought; that life was no chance work; that there was a great architect over and beyond it all.

His life-work was indeed finished, and though he knew it not, he was only awaiting the summons. He has gone in the full possession of all his faculties, in the full vigor of a mature and honored manhood. It is a loss, not to him, but to those who remain to mourn his untimely departure. His life was one of usefulness, of happiness and of honor, and, sustained by an unfaltering trust, he approached the grave,

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."