

when they closed their discussions. Still both were so candid, fair and sincere, frankly admitting the force of every fact or argument which made against their respective positions; and, while vigorously assailing each other's views, doing so with so much good temper and entire respect, that it was delightful to listen to them. It was like witnessing a trial of strength between two athletes, yet even a finer spectacle than that, by as much as a mental contest is superior to a physical one. But they were both such honest thinkers that it was plain they cared more to reach the truth than to win a momentary triumph.

Dr. Conover was, in every way, a most estimable person. There was much humor in his conversation, especially before a great sorrow befell him in the loss of his first wife. Even after that event, he did not appear gloomy when in the society of his friends. Though for years he trod "*Via Solitaria*," when at times the bright skies and loving airs of June brought no joy; when the sweet voices of nature seemed out of tune, still at the call of duty he craved life and health, and became reconciled to his lot. And he says in one of the beautiful poems I have alluded to:

"But somehow, ere I am aware,
There comes a hush and thrill,
For all the sunshine and the air,
A *Presence* seems to fill;"

Dr. Conover was a man of the utmost probity of character and purity of heart. "Warm in his affections, an invaluable and faithful friend, a devoted husband and father, and toward his fellow-men exhibiting an enlarged and comprehensive affection and reverence for their rights and liberties."

Now that he is lost to their sight, his friends realize his worth and the great loss they and the public sustain in his death. They appreciate more than ever the gentleness, the elevation, the beauty of his character, and the rare example he afforded in a life of "sweetness and light."