

that love could prompt, or the affection and skill of the doctor could suggest, was done. On Wednesday evening he seemed better: it was but the last effort. Early on Thursday morning the brave loyal spirit fought its last battle, and the mind that had endured the strain of fifty years of ceaseless toil, and yet had never known decay, at last found rest.

So ended the Scholar's life. It was begun, continued, and ended, without hope of reward. For fame he cared little; money, beyond what sufficed for his modest wants, he desired not. Pure love of knowledge was the motive of his work, and to learning, unsoiled with baser aims, he dedicated a long and studious life, rich in fruits. To the world Lane must be the ideal scholar. With us who knew him his memory will live in the sweeter thought of the noble and pure heart that wrapped us in its love.

