

Agriculture at Fitchburg, where he lectured in the evening on "The structural growth of domesticated animals." Those who accompanied him, and knew the mental and physical depression which had hung about him for weeks, could not see him take his place on the platform, without anxiety. And yet, when he turned to the blackboard, and, with a single sweep of the chalk, drew the faultless outline of an egg, it seemed impossible that anything could be amiss with the hand or the brain that were so steady and so clear.

The end, nevertheless, was very near. Although he dined with friends the next day, and was present at a family festival that week, he spoke of a dimness of sight, and of feeling "strangely asleep." On the 6th he returned early from the Museum, complaining of great weariness, and from that time he never left his room. Attended in his illness by his friends, Dr. Brown-Sequard and Dr. Morrill Wyman, and surrounded by his family, the closing week of his life was undisturbed by acute suffering and full of domestic happiness. Even the voices of his brother and sisters were not wholly silent, for the wires that thrill with so many human interests brought their message of greeting and farewell across