

the ocean to his bedside. The thoughts and aims for which he had lived were often on his lips, but the affections were more vivid than the intellect in these last hours. The end came very peacefully, on the 14th of December, 1873. He lies buried at Mount Auburn. The boulder that makes his monument came from the glacier of the Aar, not far from the spot where his hut once stood; and the pine-trees which are fast growing up to shelter it were sent by loving hands from his old home in Switzerland. The land of his birth and the land of his adoption are united in his grave.