

IN MEMORIAM.

"CLIFFORD A. STILES, aged 19 years, second son of Dr. C. A. Stiles, died of meningitis after a brief illness, at the residence of his father, in this city, on the morning of the 8th inst."

We are inclined to view the death of one of youthful promise in the light of an unjust dispensation of the divine will, and especially so when the subject was beloved and esteemed for his many virtues by all who knew him. But when we consider that our vision is limited and that we cannot see into the future, and that "the ways of Providence are inscrutable and past finding out," and that He is allwise, merciful and just, we should accept His decree and bow in humble submission to His will.

The bud which promised to bloom and lend its fragrance to purify the air and charm the eye, has withered, and we are left to bemoan its early death. Our hope, that it might live and serve to give happiness on earth, has perished; and our chief consolation lies in the belief that it has been removed to a better sphere to beautify a garden, such as the eye of man hath not seen, and where its perfume will ascend to the "Throne of our God."

The subject of this tribute of affection was one whose purity of life and many winning ways endeared him to his relatives and friends. Brought up under the watchful eye of loving parents, he determined to study medicine, and follow that profession. In doing this he has fallen a victim of disease, and in his early manhood, lies buried at Savannah, Ga., the home of his ancestors.

There's a beautiful land, by the Spoiler untrod,
Unpolluted by sorrow or care;

It is lighted alone by the presence of God,

Whose throne and whose temple are there;

Its crystalline streams with a murmurous flow,

Meander through valleys of green,

And its mountains of jasper are bright in the glow

Of splendor, no mortal hath seen.

And throngs of glad singers with jubilant breath,

Make the air with their melodies rife;

And one known on earth as the "Angel of Death,"

Shines here as the "Angel of Life"

An infinite tenderness beams from his eyes,

On his brow is an infinite calm;

And his voice, as it thrills through the depth of
the skies,

Is as sweet as a Seraphim's psalm.

Through the amaranth groves of the Beautiful
Land,

With the souls who were faithful in this,

And their foreheads, star-crowned, by the zephyrs
are fanned,

That evermore murmur of bliss,

They taste the rich fruitage that hangs from the
trees;

And breathe the sweet odors of flowers;

More fragrant than ever was kissed by the breeze
In Araby's loveliest bowers.

WM. W. H.

ATLANTA, GA., February 12th, 1887.