ONCEIVE of a perfect human being, and reflect how near man can approximate to the ideal. Such was Wendell Phillips, whose loss the whole country mourns to-day. He was a man who was known to us all alike, and the scientific world mourns with the rest the death of the great philanthropist. His merits have been recognized the world over. We feel our incompetence to do justice to them, and to speak of some few defects so closely allied to his merits as to be almost inseparable from them seems beyond us. Our young generation, which remembers not the stirring events of antislavery days, mourns his loss with his contemporaries and compatriots.

Is there one among us who has not read of the inexperienced youth, who at the meeting held in Faneuil Hall, on Dec. 8, 1837 (it was the beginning of a new epoch in our history), to protest against the murder of the Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, at Alton, Ill., for giving expression to some anti-slavery principles, when few of any social position or standing in the community espoused the cause of the slave, who was bold enough and confident enough in the righteousness of his cause to confront the attorney-general of the State, surrounded by a host of supporters and by his eloquence win over a large proportion of the scoffers to his side.

This was the first time Mr. Phillips addressed the public; and it is probable that he was never more eloquent than upon this occasion, when the words flowed straight from the heart, having never thought of speaking until he jumped upon the platform to defend the rights of man. How the present generation will remember him as the patriot of their time, like Hancock, Samuel Adams, and Paul Revere, of the past!

Socially Mr. Phillips was, unlike most great men, affable to those whose good fortune it was to know him. Nobody was too humble to approach him without fear of rebuff. He was a thorough gentleman. It is related that an English visitor pointed out to Mr. George Ticknor two gentlemen walking down Park Street, with the remark, “They are the only men I have seen in your country that look like gentlemen.” The observation was significant.

Mr. Phillips' home side of his life was sweet to look upon, his devotion to his invalid wife almost heroic. Never has there been known such unparalleled self-sacrifice to the interests of another. His work is over, and possibly he will not be missed now; but the world will never forget the man “who dared to be a traitor to Union when the Union was traitor to right.”

AFTER a much longer delay than usual, the catalogue of the Institute for 1883-1884 suddenly appeared, shortly after the mid-year