"My God, my Father, ere I stray
Far from the path on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say
Thy will be done."

Guy Prentiss Burch, respected, admired, loved by all who knew him, has passed away.

But a week ago Tuesday he was here among us, apparently in full health, attending recitations, exercising at the "gym," and cheerfully making plans for the immediate future. The next day came the news that he had been taken suddenly ill, "nothing serious;" the next, "not quite so well;" then, in rapid succession, came to his anxious friends, "a little worse," "no better," and then those waiting in suspense, longing, praying for good news, began to despair. With startling swiftness came the end. In less than one week from the beginning of his illness Guy Burch had entered upon "the sleep that knows no waking." That active brain, that alert, athletic frame is at rest; the voice that we loved so well is stilled forever.

No longer can we turn to him for the prudent advice and sound judgment that we have been so wont to lean upon; no longer can we look to him to show us the way. To-day we have nothing but a memory of him who was our friend and counselor. But that memory can never fade. It is a vision of noble young manhood; the exemplification of honor, truth, and dignity; the realization of General Walker's cherished ideal,—a manly man.

Stricken in the heyday of his youth, taken from us at the threshold of his fair, young manhood, with his life's work hardly begun, Guy Burch has gone to his eternal rest.

Great as we feel our loss to be, deep as our sorrow is, our hearts go out to the loving family and devoted mother in their hour of affliction. And may it temper their grief to know that the short life of their beloved son has been fraught with good. Coming among strangers, he has, by his gentle, unassuming manner, and by his unselfish nature, won the love and respect of all who knew him; by his pure, manly life, he has set us a noble example that will always live in the memory of his friends.