material things; but the struggle of Mr. Churchill in the pursuit, and his success in the attainment of both, were fairly proportioned. Neither the intellectual nor the material was sacrificed, one for the other,—both were diligently pursued; and something more seems earned by his life than the gravestone biography: "Born in 1765, died in 1841."

He was the son of Zebedee Churchill (a descendant of John Churchill and Hannah Pontus, Plymouth) and Sarah Cushman Churchill. His birthplace was in the backwoods of Middleborough, then a country town larger than all Norfolk County, and, in the absence of railroads, as far from Boston, both geographically and in enlightened social and material progress, as is now, perhaps, any town in the State. His father, whom he never knew, died while Mr. Churchill was an infant. He had no brother or sister surviving. His mother soon married again; and with her thus transferred, without any known near relation; without an educated or influential friend, or any patron from the high social seats of the synagogue; with no inherited means; with no one, so far as known, to aid or guide him,—he was left to paddle along as best he could. The first heard of him is that he worked in an iron foundry at six and a quarter cents per day, and lived on corn-bread and milk and fish, the latter then so abundant in Middleborough that it was, as he told us, the custom among the people to feed their hogs on the finest brook trout.

How, under such circumstances, he came to entertain the idea of getting a liberal education is only less wonderful than how he managed to get it; and on this question we obtain but little light from any conversation with or account from himself in later years. He was too busy a man to spend time in talking of himself or his earlier life, or of anything past. He rather illustrated the sound philosophy of Longfellow, and "acted in the living present, letting the dead past bury its dead." But, somehow or other, he did conceive the idea of getting an education. He was not content with the iron foundry at six and a quarter cents per day, and broke away from it. He heard that somewhere, some fifty or seventy-five miles off, on the other side of Boston, there was such a thing as a college; that in order to get there he must learn something of Latin and Greek; that there was such a thing as a "Latin Accidence" and a Greek alphabet. In some way or other he got the books. He studied, and so far mastered them and all the preparatory studies that one day, in the summer of 1785, taking his only pair of shoes in his hands, and walking barefoot from Middleborough to Cambridge to save their wear, he presented himself