

THIS Sermon pretends to nothing beyond the ordinary instruction of the Pulpit; it was preached immediately after the lamented death of a young lady in Halifax, and is now published in deference to the expressed wishes of the Author's friends who heard it. It will have answered his design, if it convey consolation to those who mourn the early removal of so excellent a person, and serve as a memorial of her amiable life and peaceful death.

“ It matters little at what day or hour
The righteous fall asleep ; death cannot come
To those untimely who are fit to die ;
The less of this cold world the more of heav'n,
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.”—