

I have spoken of our departed brother as I seldom dare speak of those who have gone to their final home! I have spoken of a friend in the warmth of a personal friendship. But in my remarks I have taken counsel of other hearts than my own, else I would have kept back what my own personal regards would dictate as proper to be said. I read the heart of this community assembled around his grave on the day of burial, as I saw nearly every eye drop its tear of affectionate remembrance over his silent bier. I heard the throbbings of the public pulse in the market place, and in the busy streets, in the kind words of esteem from all ranks and conditions. And, from this general expression of confidence and affection, I took license to speak as my own heart dictated. The partialities of personal esteem have been the expressions only of almost universal assurance and regard. And may the God we worship keep our hearts pure, and our faith unclouded, that our vision may be clear as we approach the dark valley which bounds the promised land. Amen.