

Thro' what varieties of sickness, thro' what fluctuations of property, thro' what diversities of condition, have I seen some of you pass. How many who went to the house of God in company with us, are scattered in their various dispersions; some to the boundless contiguity of the wilderness,

"Where no shepherds tents appear,"

and others to more favoured localities of the Redeemer's presence and institutions. These losses have been supplied by more, who turning to us, as the people of the living God, have said,

"Brethren! where your altar burns
Oh, receive us into rest."

Already we have seen several of our brethren and sisters falling asleep in Jesus, and have followed them with hoping sorrow to the grave, over which the sward even now waves green. 'The fashion of this world passeth away.' No more as your pastor shall I go in and out before you; no more our supplications be mingled for Zion's good; or our thanksgivings be united for supplications heard. I know that a part, perhaps the whole of you, shall never see my face again. But the Gospel which you have not been ashamed to embrace as men, which I have not been ashamed to preach as a minister, and which none of us ought to be ashamed to die for as martyrs, stamping such value on the immortal soul, and leaving the body a putrid carcase as it is to rot awhile, discloses the blessedness of "the dead who die in the Lord." What if the world, like the shadow of a dial has passed, even while looked on, the Sun of Righteousness has risen on the great cycle of Eternity, never to set! What if "one church above, beneath" we are parted by the swellings of Jordan, we shall meet when safe arrived on the other side. Is it not natural to believe, and pleasant to anticipate, that