

The remains of the deceased were carried to the tomb by members of our Society and congregation, and attended by Mr. Bridgart and myself, Dr. Arrault, (our medical attendant,) Dr. Kirtton, (Colonial Surgeon,) W. H. Selby, Esq., most of our Leaders and Local-Preachers, and about three hundred of our members, preceded by the school-children. Dr. Hendley (of the Army Medical Staff) would also have been present, but for indisposition. At the grave Mr. Bridgart read the remaining portion of our sublime burial-service, and we sang part of that beautiful and consolatory hymn,—

"Hark, a voice divides the sky," &c.

And in "a sure and certain hope" of a joyful resurrection we committed the body of our brother to its kindred earth, rejoicing in the assurance that, when the archangel's trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised from their graves, it shall arise a glorified body, clothed in immortal youth and never-fading loveliness. We cannot but regard this mysterious dispensation of Providence as a loud call to be up and doing the work of Him who hath called us to labour in his vineyard with renewed diligence, knowing that the time is drawing nigh when we too must go to "the house appointed for all living." O that, like our beloved brother, we may be "faithful unto death," and receive the "crown of life!" On the following Sunday morning I preached to a large and attentive congregation, from "Boast not thyself of to-morrow," &c., and in the evening upon recognition in a future state. O that the bereavement over which we mourn may be the means of leading many here to "consider their latter end," that thus out of what seems to us dark and inscrutable, Jesus our Redeemer may get glory to His name in their salvation.

Mr. Bridgart relates a characteristic incident at the funeral, which could hardly have occurred, except among simple African converts. His letter is as follows :—

"I should like to add a line or two to the account you have received of the funeral of the late Rev. Daniel West.

"The mournful event caused a deep sensation amongst the members of our Society and congregations at Bathurst, and developed an amount of sympathy

and feeling from our sable friends, which showed how much they love those who from time to time come to labour amongst them or their countrymen. Every face among the large number of persons who assembled in the chapel to attend the funeral, wore an expression of deep sorrow and concern, and many tears were shed as one and another came to gaze upon the dear remains previous to the coffin being closed.

"The burial-ground is distant nearly a mile from our chapel. It is usual at the funeral of any one of note in our Society, when there is generally a large attendance, for those accompanying the funeral procession to sing while passing to the burial-ground, as in some of the rural districts of England. The singing on such occasions generally consists of favourite pieces, some of them in broken English; of which our people have a large number in their memories. In many of their pieces a single individual—generally a female—sings a line or couplet alone, and then all join in chorus. Frequently lines are extemporized on such occasions.

"Believing they would wish to follow this custom in the case of the funeral of our dear departed friend, I intimated, on the funeral procession leaving the chapel, that they were at liberty so to do. I shall not soon forget the effect produced on my mind by their strains of wild, but throughout appropriate and affecting, music. They sang of the worth and preciousness of the Saviour in a dying hour,—of the glories of the 'better land,'—and, as though addressing the spirit of the departed one, of the joys which he had obtained at God's right hand,—of their determination, by the grace of God, to meet him there,—of his having left home and friends to be a 'soldier of the Cross' in their own native Heathen land,—of his having fallen gloriously in the heat of the conflict—and of the victor's crown which he had obtained.

"As we neared the burial-ground, the singing ceased, and there was a solemn silence for a few minutes. It is difficult, however, for our African friends to suppress their feelings; and, after a few minutes' silence, one of the women commenced, in slow and broken accents, a well-known stanza, which is chiefly heard on jubilant occasions, but