

Ecclesiastes, in another place: "It is better," says he, "to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting; for *that* is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to his heart. Sorrow is better than laughter, for by the sadness of the countenance, *the heart is made better.*" And again, "The heart of the *wise* is in the the house of mourning."\*

I do not purpose now to enter upon the exposition of these several truths, but suggesting them only, as demanding our solemn acknowledgment in the fear of God, at all times, and especially at this present,—let me turn with you to the contemplation of the melancholy event which has prompted the present discourse. My office will appropriately be, to give expression—so far as I may be able—to our common sorrow over a departed young sister, stricken down in the bloom of youth, in the flush of joyous hopes, and at the entrance upon a career of distinguished usefulness,—our mourning sympathy with her bereaved relatives,—and our religious sense of so afflictive a visitation of God's All-wise Providence. Your hearts, brethren and friends, bear witness that it is for *us*, with many others, "A time to weep—a time to mourn." You will be beforehand with me, in the thoughts which call for utterance on this occasion, and in the unaffected sympathy which would gladly mingle sorrow and tears with those, who under circumstances so fearful and distressing have been visited with affliction.

Two months ago, a little company of Indian singers—brother and two sisters, from the Mohawk Woods, C. W.—came among us, in their way through the country giving Concerts. Their appearance was marked by great simplicity and modesty. In their public performances, they sought no aid—as they readily might, if they had chosen—from fantastic displays of the garb and the customs of their wild forefathers. They made no high

\*Eccl. VII 2—4.