

was over, and his ransomed spirit, loosened from its crumbling tabernacle, took its flight to a purer region, and entered, I doubt not, upon its career of celestial blessedness in its glorified state. Tears of lamentation and sorrow flowing fresh, bathed his clay-cold cheeks; but these were mingled, I trust, with a spirit of heartfelt resignation to the righteous decision of the Almighty, enabling us to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Friday came, and Brethren Cunningham, Viditoe, Parker and Rideout, with a numerous congregation, were in attendance, to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed. The body was borne by sixteen young men to the grave. We followed in slow procession until we were all gathered around his lonely dwelling place. When the coffin was let quietly down, a moving prayer was offered by Bro. Rideout, and the cold earth covered it from our sight. We repaired to the house of God, the praises of the Almighty were sung, the Word of the Lord read, prayer again offered, another hymn sung, and then Bro. Cunningham proceeded to address us from that most solemn and delightful passage, "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live." These words had been selected by the departed about two months before his death. He said they were very precious to him, and he should like to have them preached from at his funeral. I could but feel they were peculiarly appropriate. The truths which they suggest were elucidated and enforced by our esteemed brother in a luminous and impressive style, and he was listened to by a very numerous and attentive congregation, who seemed deeply impressed with the affecting scene which they had witnessed, and with the searching and forcible appeals of the preacher. Brother Viditoe followed in a solemn and appropriate address. Brother Parker offered a melting prayer, and the Choir closed the exercises by singing that beautiful hymn,

"Thou art gone to the grave,
But we will not deplore thee."

Many, I doubt not, felt that it was better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting. God grant that the funeral of our dearly beloved son may be the means of awakening in many bosoms an earnest desire for a preparation for another world.