

## A PASTORAL ADDRESS

TO THE CONGREGATION OF SOUTH GOWER, OXFORD  
AND MOUNTAIN.

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MY DEAR BRETHREN :

It is not with words of feigned affection or false friendship that I address you on the present occasion, for my heart is filled with gratitude, and overflows with love. It is now upwards of twelve months since the Lord inclined my soul to visit this far off land of strangers, and rude tract of desert ; and I can say, with the utmost freedom, I have never yet known what it is to regret the leaving of my native shore ; and never did I spend twelve months with so much pleasure and delight as the last twelve months have been spent. Still, I must say,

“ There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot, than all the rest,”

to which the heart must ever look back with fond recollection—the place

“ Where the home of our infancy stood.”

Around that place, be it ever so homely, there rests a sacred halo which ever makes glad the heart of man. What being, separated from dear relatives, old acquaintances, and familiar friends, sighs not, as memory calls up from its sacred hiding-place those happy hours, when heart met heart in kindred sympathy ! The cold forms of worldly acquaintanceship, having for its basis self-interest and earthly aggrandizement, can never atone for the loss of early associates ; and the absence from that soil on which our first footsteps tottered, endeared by time and distance.

“ Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said—  
This is my own, my native land.”