

Henry, his second son. He was a truly apostolic young man, full of zeal and love for the church, and for the glory of God. Finding his end approaching, he desired to be brought from Rothau, where he had been visiting his brother the physician, to his father's house, and twelve of Oberlin's parishioners instantly offered to carry him in a litter to Waldbach; but as he could not bear exposure to the air, and was therefore obliged to be brought in a covered carriage; these kind-hearted men walked before, removing, for the distance of ten miles, every stone which might add to the motion of the carriage. The death of this fine spirited youth, was it is supposed occasioned by a cold, taken, (while on his journey through the South of France, for the purpose of furthering the effort of the Bible Society,) in humanely exerting himself, to stop the progress of a fire, which had broken out in one of the towns through which he passed. His illness was acute and lingering, and in the anguish of bodily distress, he often exclaimed; "Oh how hard, how very hard it is to die!" A few minutes before his departure, he laid his trembling death-cold hand, in that of his aged father, and endeavoured to press it, after which, repeating several times the words; "from death to life; from death to life;" he softly slept in Jesus.

The astonishment of the whole of the department, was awakened upon seeing the progress which these very ignorant and degraded people made under the management of Oberlin. Every year had increased their happiness, and added to their information, and the valley had at length arrived at a high state of civilization and prosperity. In such great esteem was Oberlin held for his labours in this respect, that wherever he was known, in France, Germany, Switzerland and even in Russia, his name was never mentioned but with the highest encomiums. In the year 1818, the golden prize medal, from the Central Royal Agricultural Society in Paris, was adjudged to him for his fifty years of unparalleled activity and usefulness. M. François de Neufchateau, in the account which he laid before the Society at this time, says.—"There is in France, uncultivated land sufficient for 5000 villages, and if we propose colonizing this inland waste, Steinthal will afford us the most admirable model. Nay, it may with truth be said, that of our 30,000 to 40,000 parishes, none even of the most flourishing, possess the diversity of improvements in domestic economy, which are to be found in Steinthal, or by which the annual of Oberlin, commenced in 1770, could not be studied with profit."

Some years also before his death, he received the decoration of the royal order of the legion of honour.

Thus the valley of Steinthal, in the sixty years of Oberlin's superintendence, from being inhabited by about six hundred of the most ignorant and wretched beings living in hovels, better calculated for the swine they fed, than for the abode of man, was transformed into a blooming garden, and the residence of several thousands of civilized, intelligent people, whose manners and appearance gave the assurance of their domestic comfort, as well as outward prosperity; and during the last forty years of Oberlin's life, there were many who visited Steinthal, as an object of interest; not only the passing traveller through Alsace; but the who, hearing of the success which had attended his exertions, sought to become eye witnesses of the truth.

He was well known in Strasburg, where till the last years of his pilgrimage, he used frequently to resort for the purpose of procuring medicine for the sick, or other necessities. It was his custom to leave home on those occasions late in the evening, that he might not be longer away than he could possibly avoid; he reached the city early in the morning, transacted his business, visited his friends, and those benevolent individuals who interested themselves in the welfare of his people; towards evening he again mounted his horse, and at break of day he was to be seen, taking his usual mountain walk, carrying medicine or some trifling comforts, which he had purchased in Strasburg, to his sick and afflicted parishioners.

We must now proceed to give a short sketch of the last days and hours of this Patriarch. Although his bodily strength had diminished, yet his commanding figure did not bend with age; the lustre of his eye was however quenched, and his still animated countenance had assumed a milder expression. He seldom went out, but devoted his time, more than he had hitherto been able to, to meditation and study.

The good old man, who for so many years, had not only been prepared for death, but longing for its appearance, when he at last received the summons, prepared with cheerful alacrity to obey the heavenly call. On Sunday the 28th of May, 1826, he was seized with shivering and insensibility, which continued till late in the night. On the following day he spoke affectionately with his children, but in broken sentences, and with extreme weakness. He no longer took any nourishment, and his only refreshment was a few drops of cold water, and occasionally having his lips moistened with a wet napkin. On Tuesday, he was heard often to repeat, though without any tone of impatience; "Lord Jesus, receive me to thy rest, yet thy will be done!" In the evening, being visited by Mr. Daniel Legrand, he held out his hand, embraced him, and said, in a distinct voice, "God bless you, and all your family; may he keep you both by night and by day." The night was passed in painful convulsions, which weakened him considerably; but he lay the following day calm, and with a peaceful expression of countenance; and when visited by his old friend, and the partaker of all his joys and sorrows, the elder Mr. Legrand, he raised himself in bed, stretched out his arms towards him, kissed him, and then raised his clasped hands as if in prayer; but fell again immediately into a state of insensibility. The last night was more distressing to his attendants, than to himself. He appeared without sense of pain during the paroxysms, which attacked him at different intervals; and when his perception again returned, he seized the hands of his children and friends, pressing them to his heart; and it was evident that the same principle which had governed his life, was triumphant even in death, and would constitute his eternal bliss—Love, immortal love! Early on Thursday morning, he suddenly threw off his cap, clasped his hands, and raised his eyes to heaven; no voice now issued from that mouth, whose chief delight had been to praise the Lord, but the exulting eyes, spoke volumes of blessedness and heavenly peace. The same expression, though still more hallowed, glowed on his countenance, which was ever remarkable when he besought the parting blessing on his congregation. His eyes then closed to open no more on earth. At nine o'clock the last struggle commenced, and shortly after eleven, that spirit which had so often soared on the wings of faith to God, forsook its perishable tenement; and faith was lost in sight.

The father and universal friend, who for sixty years had laboured for this desolate valley, whose life had been spent in love to God, and good-will to man, was now no more; and deeply did the inhabitants lament the termination of that intercourse, which had been their greatest earthly blessing.

On Monday, 5th of June, the remains of this revered servant of God were committed to the tomb. The whole valley was now in motion: an immense concourse of people, of every age and of every persuasion, both from the neighbourhood, and from a distance, assembled to honour his interment. From every house and every cottage, the inhabitants poured forth to take a last leave of their "cher Papa." Their tearful eyes, their dejected countenances, their words of grief, and yet of hope, proved with incontestable truth, that the transformation he had wrought on the characters of the people, was more valuable and lasting than those on hill or dale, on rock or fell.

As the procession moved along, the bells tolled in melancholy harmony from all the churches in the valley. The inhabitants of the eight hamlets belonging to the parish, followed in a close line, and the children of the different schools, with their teachers, joined in the procession; and among the mourning train, there were many who neither belonged to Oberlin's parish, nor to the same confession of faith.

A company of young females sang in chorus, "Jesus my confidence," or "the Christian's hope in death." The mayor and churchwardens raised the coffin, and the oldest man in the parish went before, carrying the cross which was to be placed at the head of the grave.

The procession passed through the Waldbach church on its way to Foudai, where the small chamber of rest had been prepared for the body. The bearers stopped for a short time under that pulpit from whence his voice had so often proclaimed the blessed truths of everlasting life. Foudai lies above two miles from Waldbach, yet the first of the mournful train had arrived