

has been a prominent minister. He had a remarkable constitution, and his physical health until recently had not shown scarcely any loss of vitality. His mind remained clear, and his memory excellent. One year ago, he had an attack of la grippe which, it was thought for a time, would prove fatal, but at Yearly Meeting time, in 6th mo. last, he had improved somewhat, and though not able to attend the meetings he could sit up, and was desirous of having his friends come to see him. His intellect was bright, his conversational powers good. To many of us it was an unusual opportunity made doubly important now, because we shall hear his voice no more. He continued to improve, and during the autumn he attended meeting, and at least one funeral, at which he spoke at length. Shortly before his death he had an attack of pneumonia, which proved fatal.

From a private letter we get the following particulars of his funeral :

"Yes, the well rounded life of Sunderland P. Gardner is closed on earth, and he has been called to higher joys beyond. I left our junction for Farmington depot Sixth-day morning—2nd mo. 17th—and walked to the house—one and a half miles. It was about nine when I got there. Isaac Wilson, Berton Durfee, and a few others were there. The family and relations consisting of nephews and neices gathered at 10. His brother Elisha, from Canandaigua, the only one now living, was not there. Isaac made some very appropriate remarks. The Meeting House was well filled on both sides below. Isaac spoke from the words "Mark the just man, behold the upright—the end of that man is peace." He spoke at some length—well-fitting to the time and occasion—making a few allusions to the deceased, which none present, I think, thought amiss. His text was made practical to all, and I think well taken. At the close he spoke a word of advice to the boys, of the footsteps

left them of worthy example, etc., and comfort to the wife. He told of his last visit with their father and the parting words he gave him, which he had often thought of on his western visit finding strength, and comfort therefrom. Sunderland told him, "Farewell—go on in the cause—I have never regretted the course I have taken,"—etc. Then Isaac made a prayer, when after a few moments the last opportunity of viewing the remains was given. He looked to be in the sleep of quietude and contentment I thought as I passed the corpse. It was his request to have no undertaker nor hearse, which was carried out. He said "his neighbors would attend to that," and I believe there was no lack of care by them. Isaac made a few remarks at the grave, speaking of how frequently the deceased had been called upon to pay the last respects to his fellow companions. It was, indeed, a solemn gathering, and consisted of all classes—"friends and neighbors."

He leaves a wife and three sons, the boys just in the early years of manhood. He had been married three times and had by his first wife two children, both of whom are dead, one of them leaving a daughter who is still living, I believe, and married.

Sunderland was a man of medium height and weight, had a goodly covering of fine brown hair which had turned but moderately grey. His forehead, while not unusually high or prominent, denoted intelligence, his eyes were grey, his mouth large, his lips indicated firmness, and his chin was prominent. His chest seemed fully developed. His manner was unassuming and childlike—Christlike. Except when he was speaking, he would not be taken in an assembly as a very prominent person. But there was a something about his speaking which discovered remarkable power, and from the first sentence to the end he would interest and delight any audience, while portraying deep religious truths. Always pleasing by his oratory even when he did not convince,